ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES

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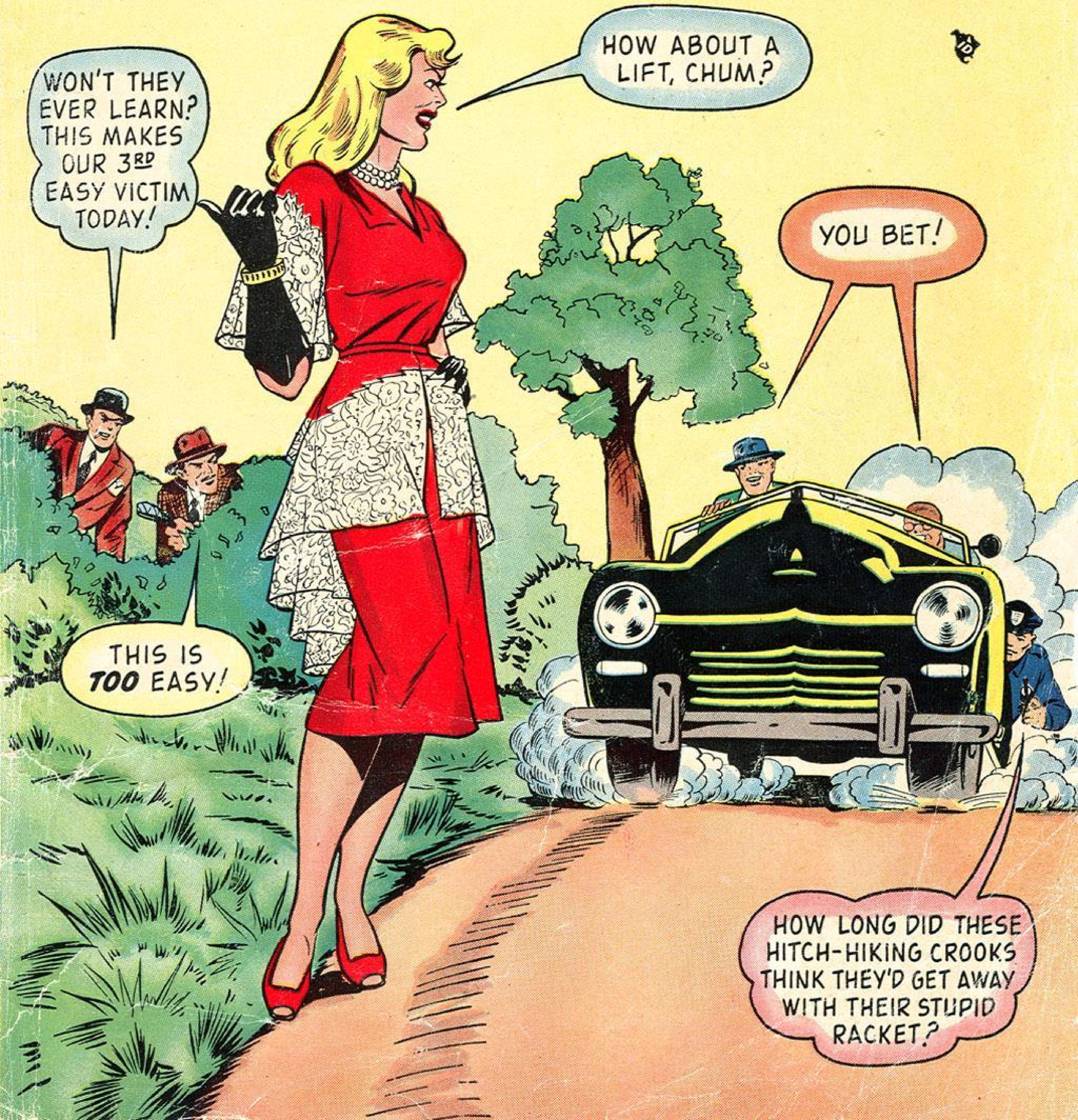
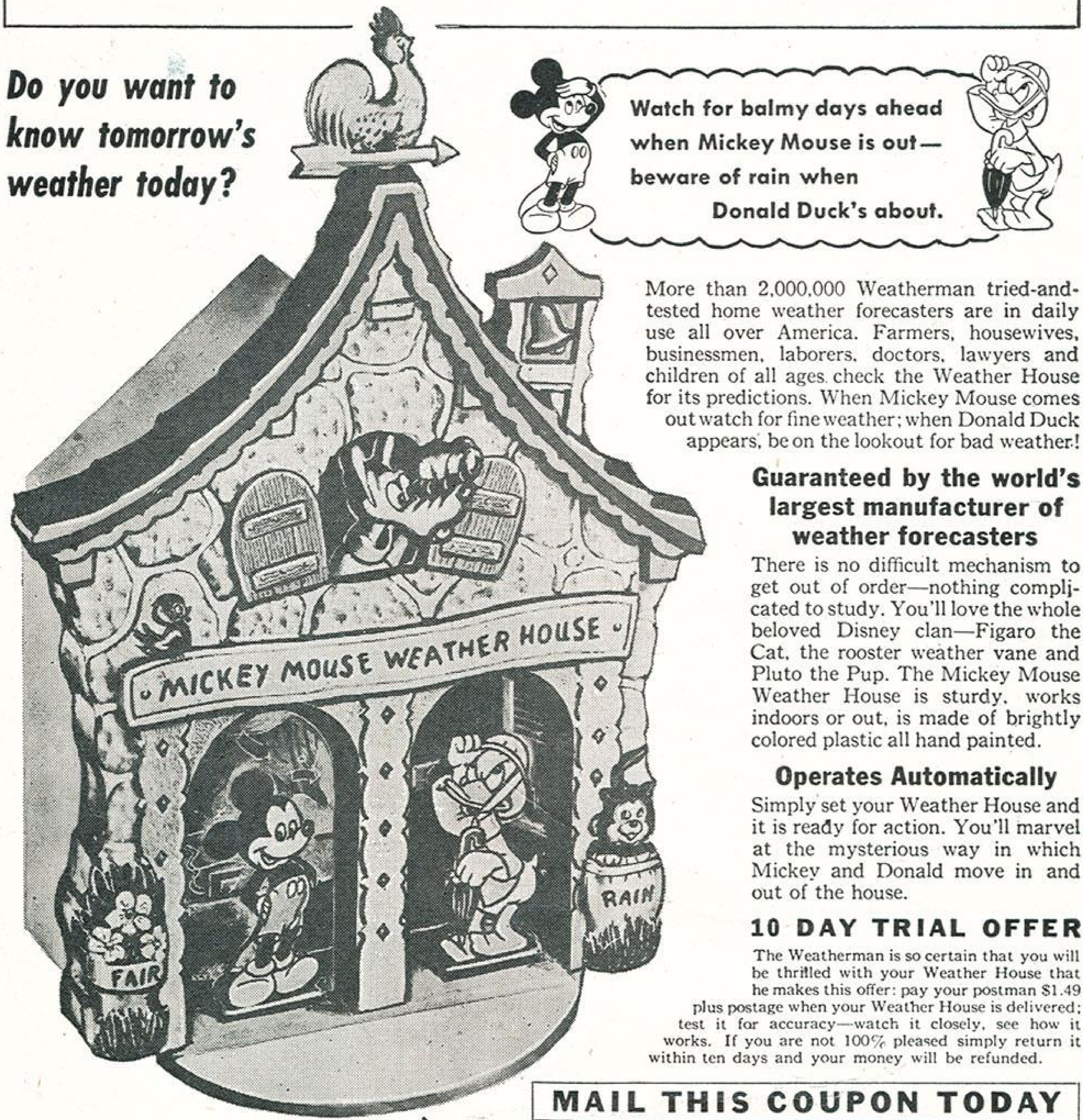

WON'T THEY EVER LEARN? THIS MAKES OUR 3RD EASY VICTIM TODAY!
HOW ABOUT A LIFT, CHUM?
YOU BET!
THIS IS *TOO* EASY!
HOW LONG DID THESE HITCH-HIKING CROOKS THINK THEY'D GET AWAY WITH THEIR STUPID RACKET?

Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck
WEATHER FORECASTER

Do you want to know tomorrow's weather today?


Watch for balmy days ahead when Mickey Mouse is out— beware of rain when Donald Duck's about.
MICKEY MOUSE WEATHER HOUSE
FAIR
RAIN

More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

Guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturer of weather forecasters

There is no difficult mechanism to get out of order—nothing complicated to study. You'll love the whole beloved Disney clan—Figaro the Cat, the rooster weather vane and Pluto the Pup. The Mickey Mouse Weather House is sturdy, works indoors or out, is made of brightly colored plastic all hand painted.

Operates Automatically

Simply set your Weather House and it is ready for action. You'll marvel at the mysterious way in which Mickey and Donald move in and out of the house.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

The Weatherman is so certain that you will be thrilled with your Weather House that he makes this offer: pay your postman $1.49 plus postage when your Weather House is delivered; test it for accuracy—watch it closely, see how it works. If you are not 100% pleased simply return it within ten days and your money will be refunded.

GIFT OFFER

We will send you a genuine

SUN DIAL WRIST WATCH

if you order your Weather House promptly

THE WEATHERMAN

430 N. Michigan Avenue Chicago 11, Illinois

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Weatherman, Dept. M R
430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Dear Weatherman: Please rush..........Mickey Mouse Weather Forecasters. Upon delivery I will pay the postman $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. I may return the Weather House within 10 days and get my money back if I am not 100% pleased.

☐ send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose $1.49—ship prepaid.

Name..
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address..

City....................Zone........State..............

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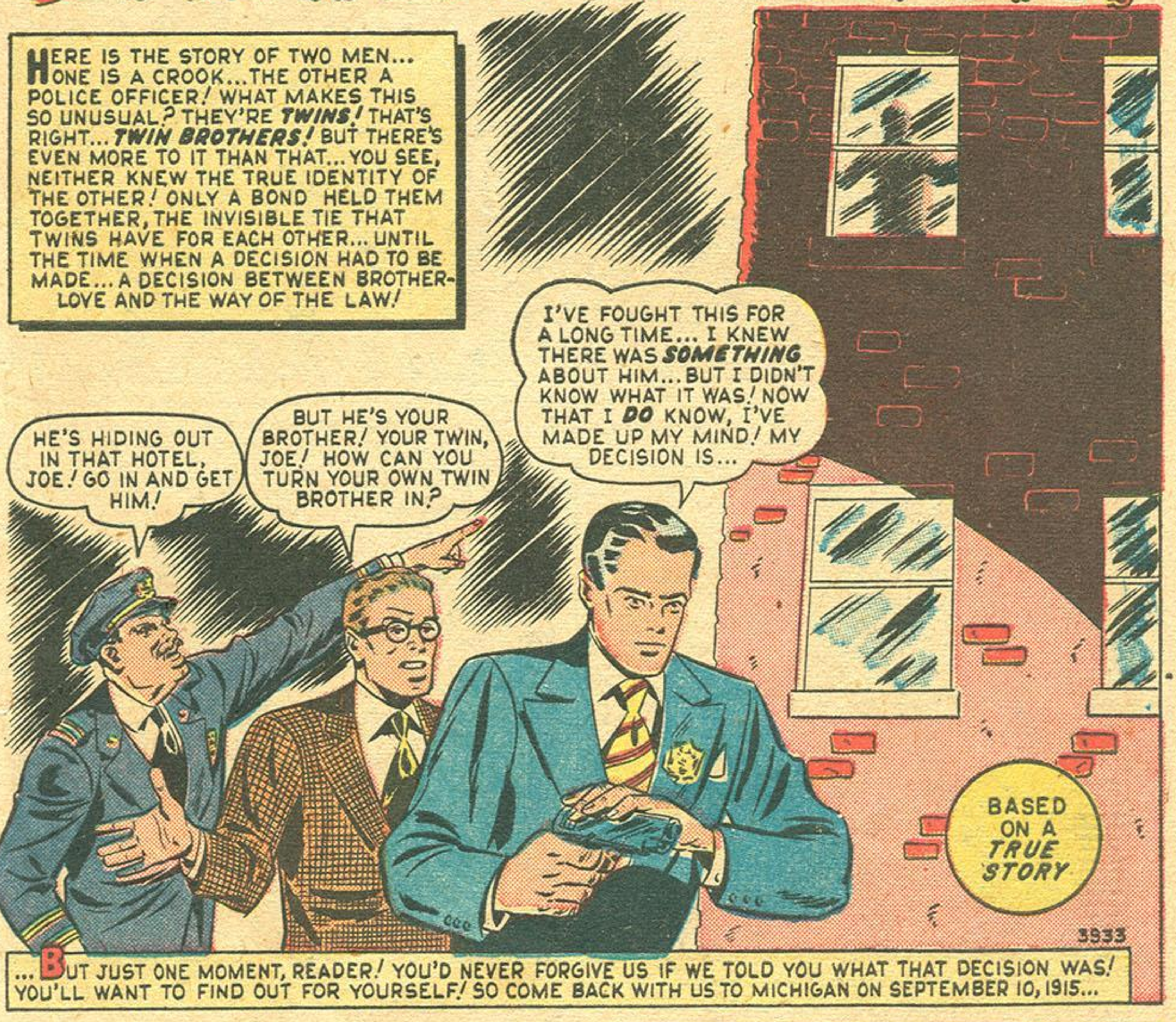
Board of Education, New York City

"STRANGE REUNION!"

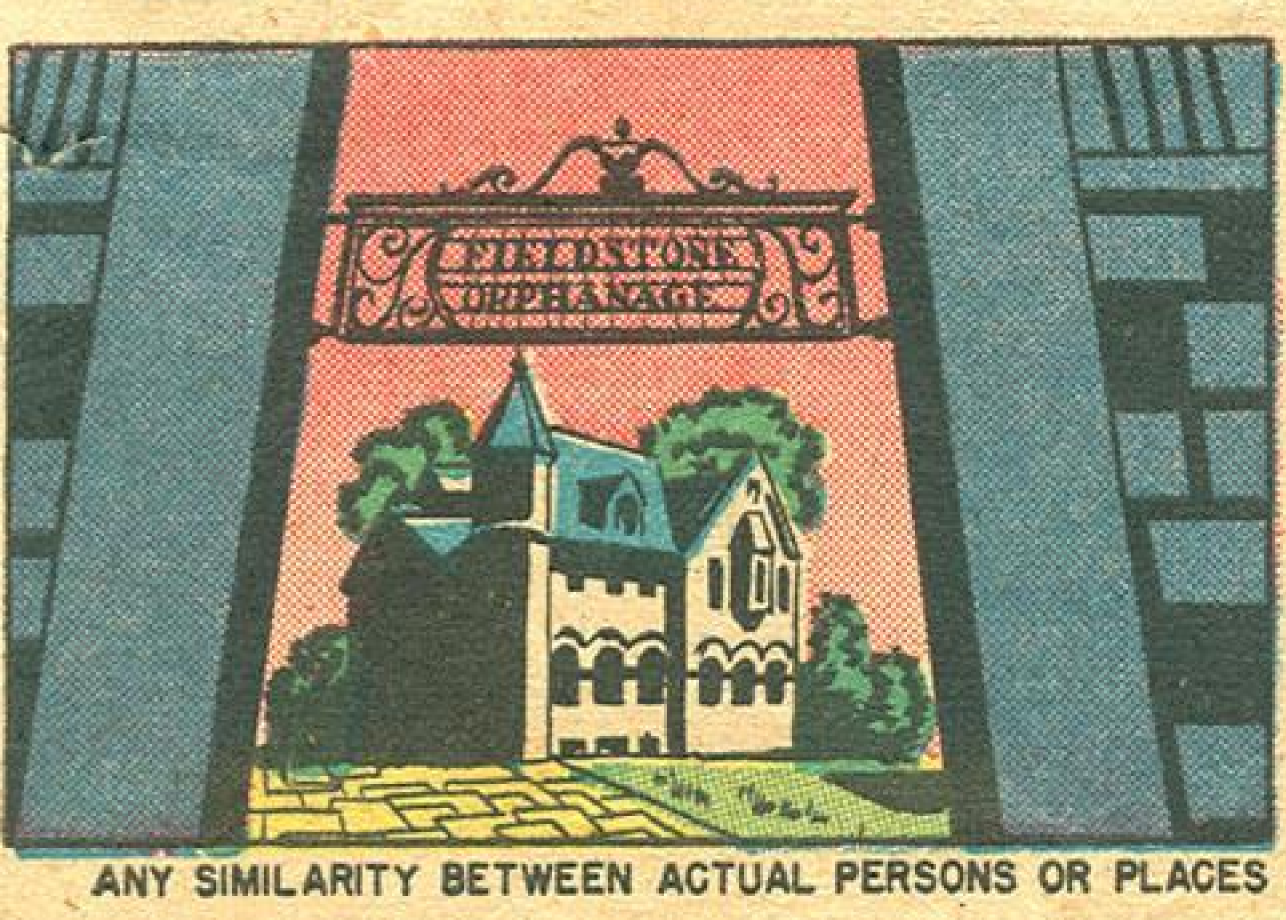


HERE IS THE STORY OF TWO MEN... ONE IS A CROOK...THE OTHER A POLICE OFFICER! WHAT MAKES THIS SO UNUSUAL? THEY'RE ***TWINS!*** THAT'S RIGHT... ***TWIN BROTHERS!*** BUT THERE'S EVEN MORE TO IT THAN THAT... YOU SEE, NEITHER KNEW THE TRUE IDENTITY OF THE OTHER! ONLY A BOND HELD THEM TOGETHER, THE INVISIBLE TIE THAT TWINS HAVE FOR EACH OTHER... UNTIL THE TIME WHEN A DECISION HAD TO BE MADE... A DECISION BETWEEN BROTHER-LOVE AND THE WAY OF THE LAW!

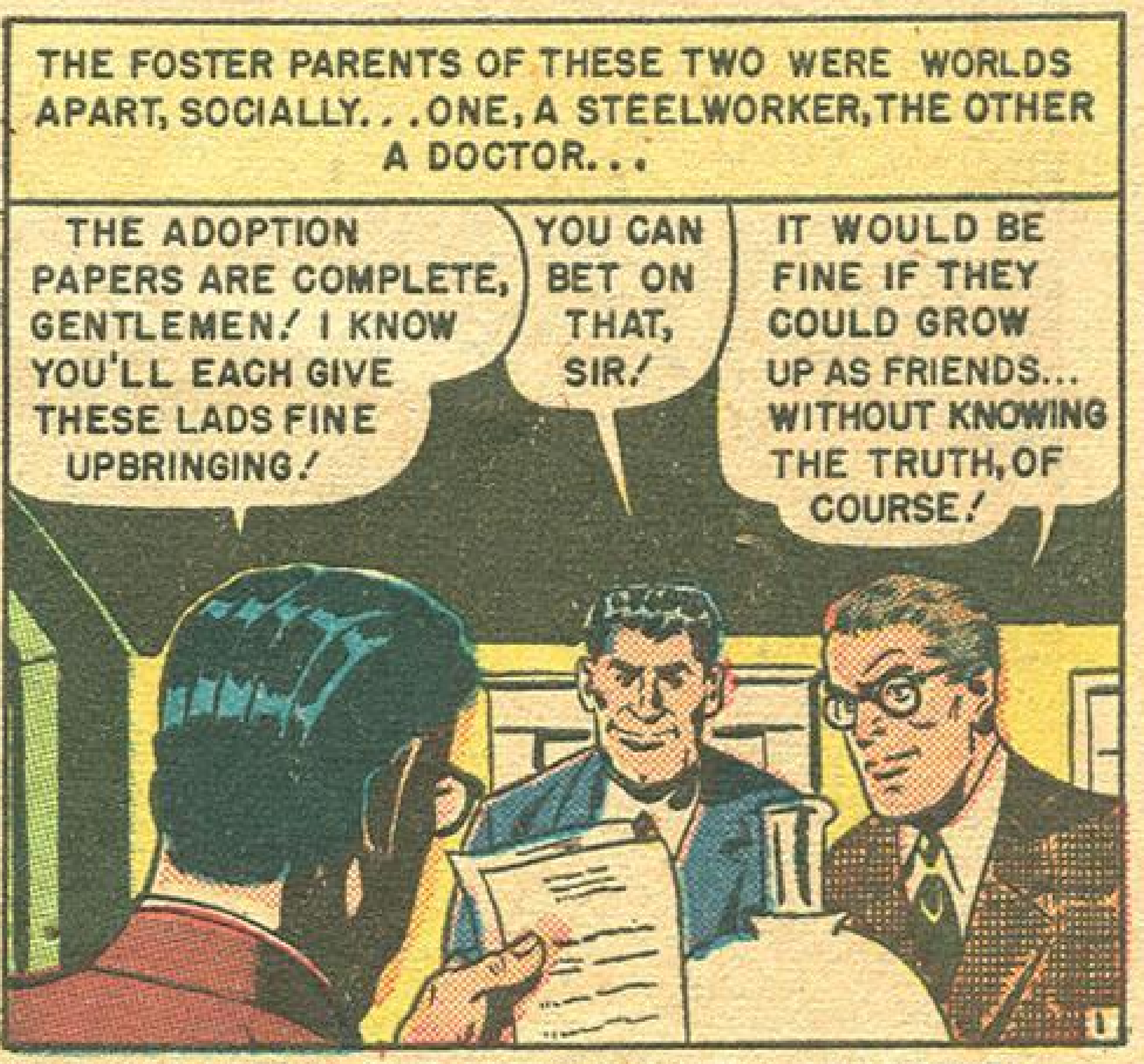
HE'S HIDING OUT IN THAT HOTEL, JOE! GO IN AND GET HIM!
BUT HE'S YOUR BROTHER! YOUR TWIN, JOE! HOW CAN YOU TURN YOUR OWN TWIN BROTHER IN?
I'VE FOUGHT THIS FOR A LONG TIME... I KNEW THERE WAS ***SOMETHING*** ABOUT HIM... BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS! NOW THAT I ***DO*** KNOW, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND! MY DECISION IS...
BASED ON A ***TRUE STORY***
3933

...BUT JUST ONE MOMENT, READER! YOU'D NEVER FORGIVE US IF WE TOLD YOU WHAT THAT DECISION WAS! YOU'LL WANT TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF! SO COME BACK WITH US TO MICHIGAN ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1915...

ORPHANS ARE THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF LIFE'S CRUEL JOKES AND CRAZY WHIMS! FOR THEM THERE IS ONLY ***ONE*** HOPE...ADOPTION, AND A CHANCE FOR A NEW LIFE! AND ONE DAY, A PAIR OF TWINS WAS BEING GIVEN THAT CHANCE! LET'S LOOK...



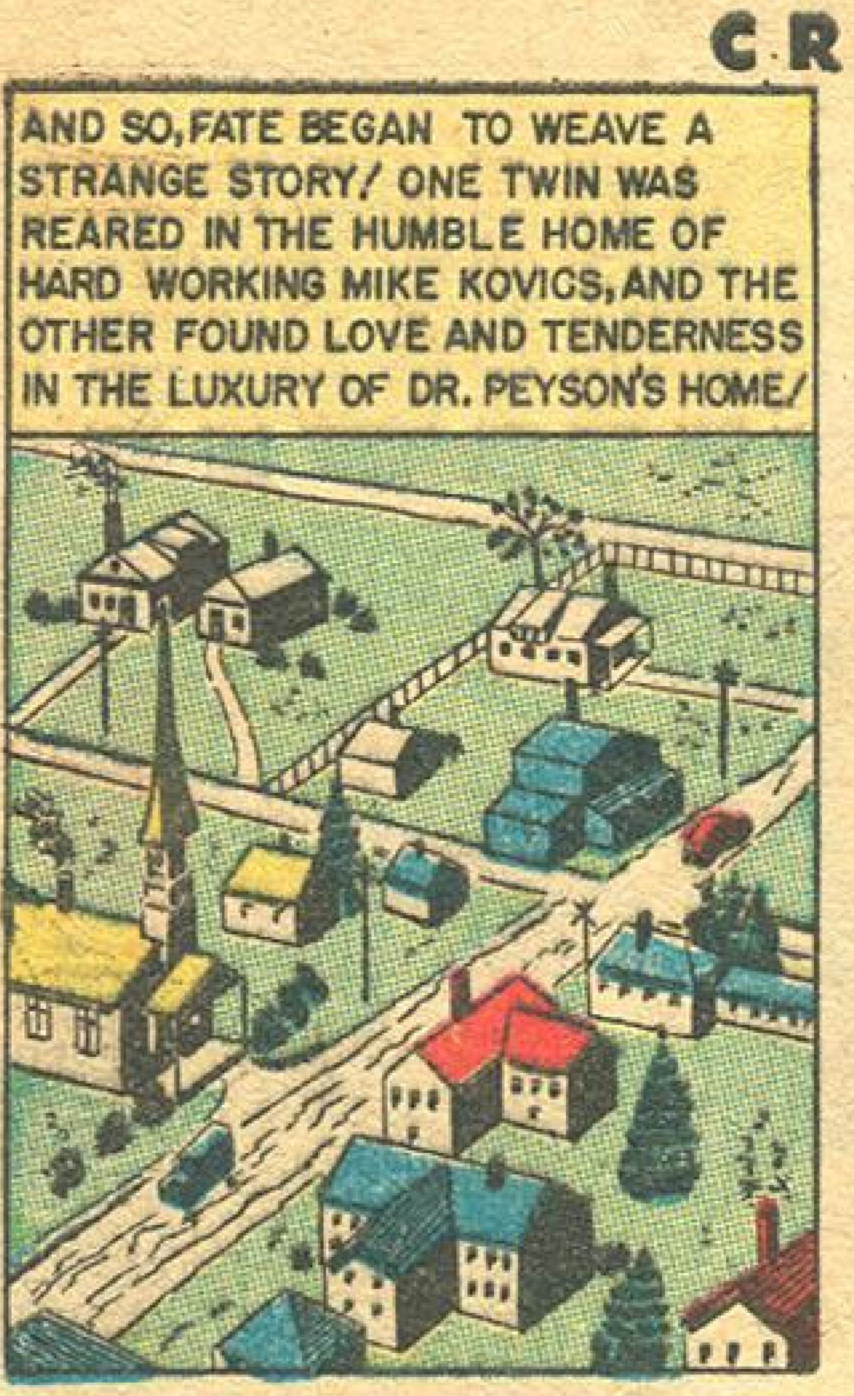
FIELDSTONE ORPHANAGE

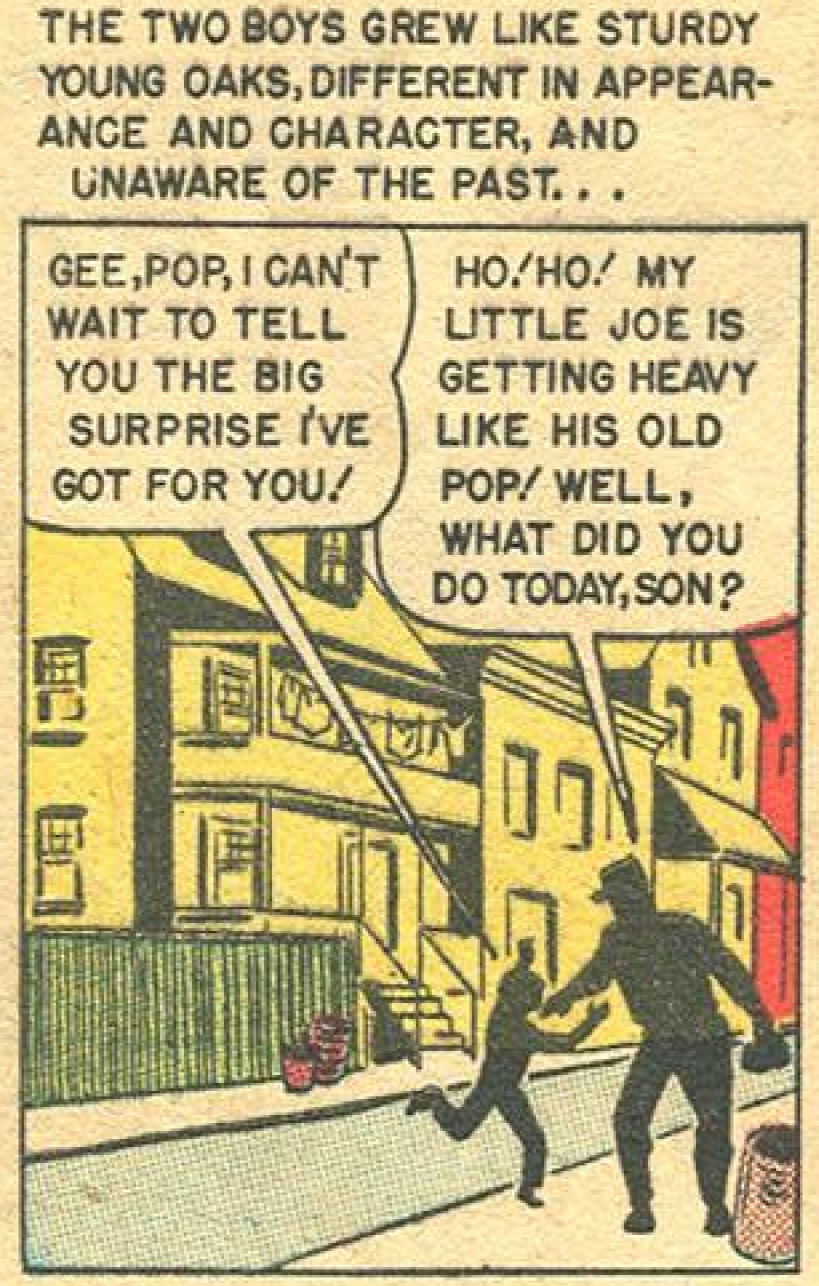


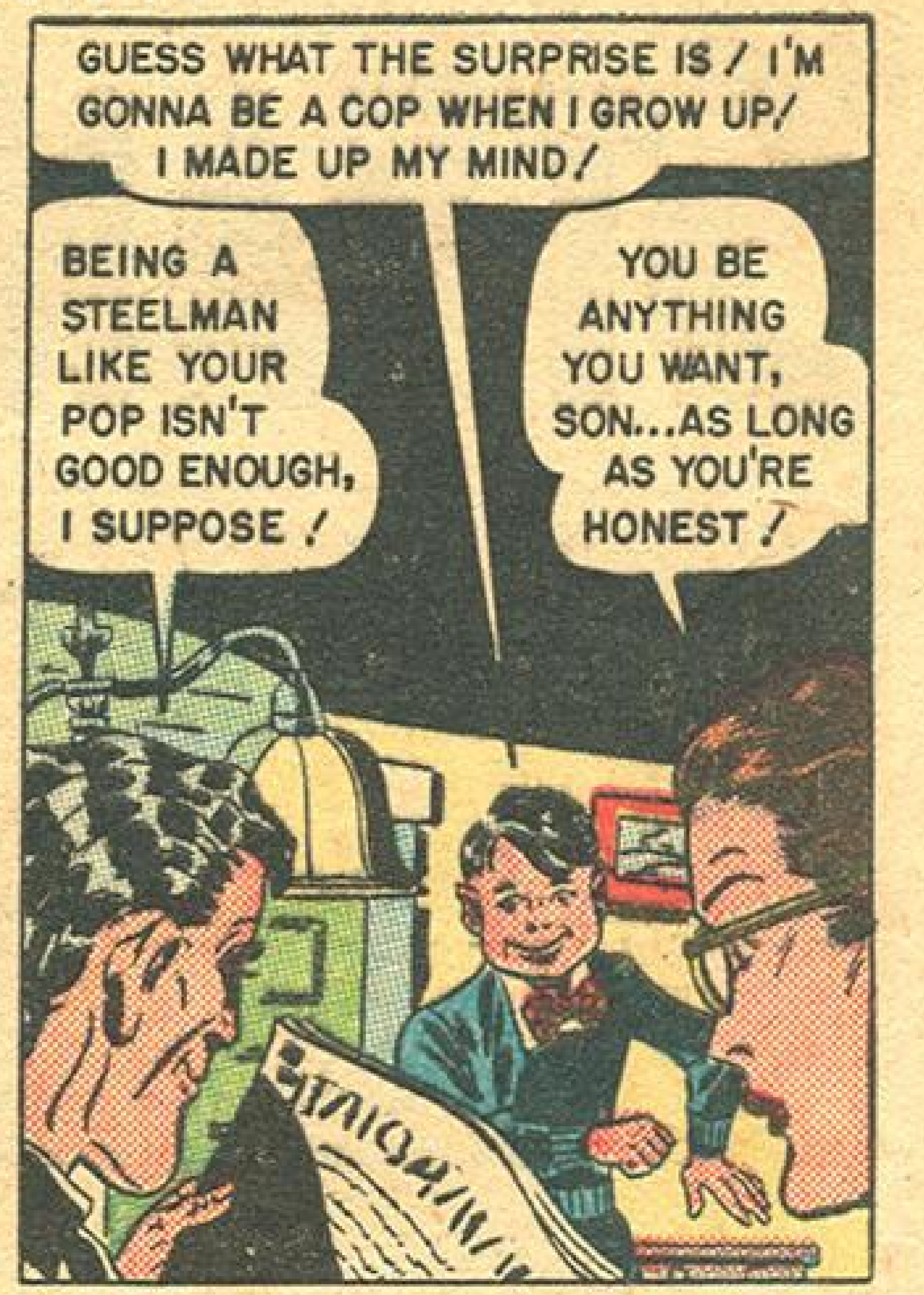
THE FOSTER PARENTS OF THESE TWO WERE WORLDS APART, SOCIALLY. . .ONE, A STEELWORKER, THE OTHER A DOCTOR. . .

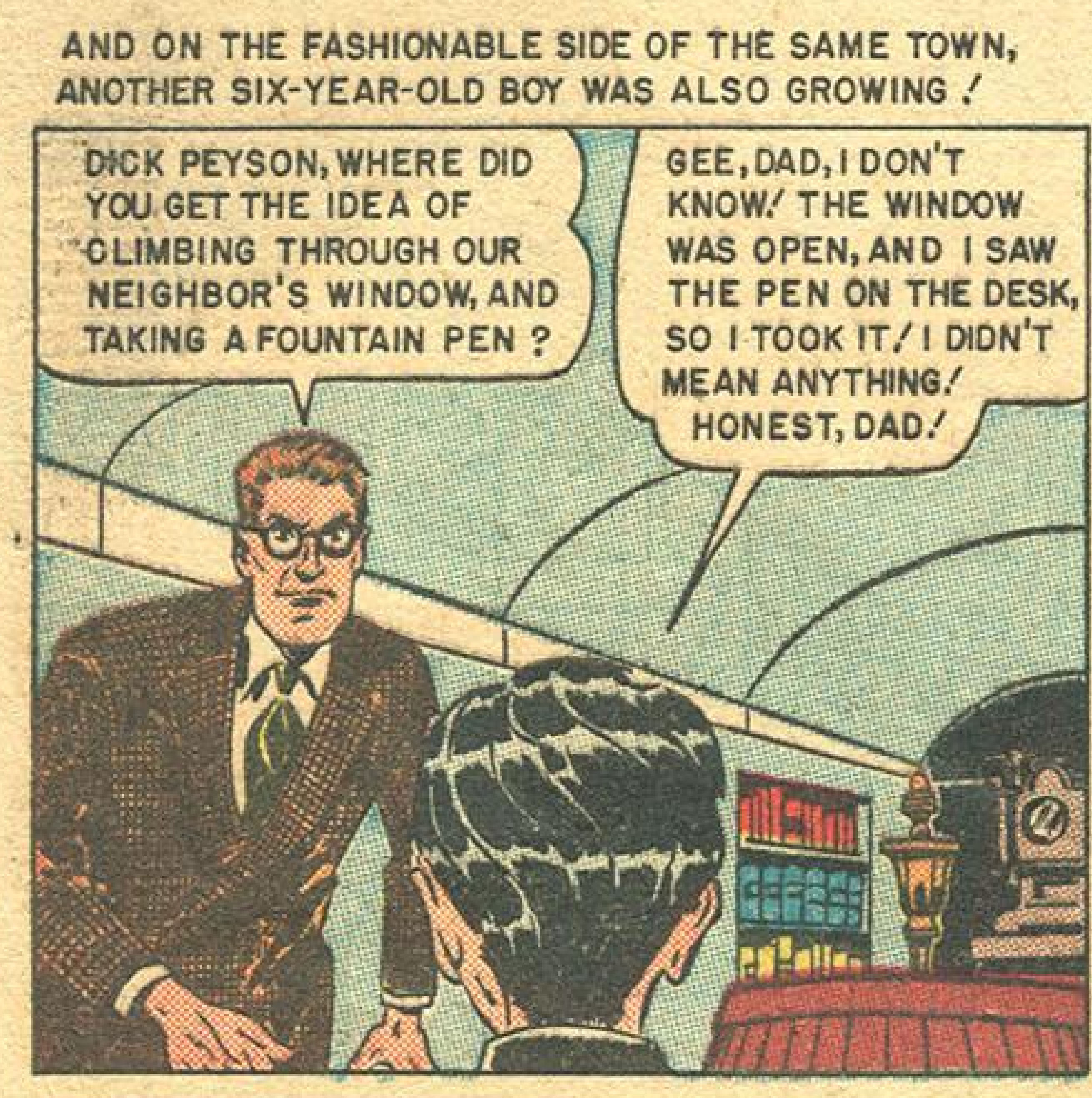
THE ADOPTION PAPERS ARE COMPLETE, GENTLEMEN! I KNOW YOU'LL EACH GIVE THESE LADS FINE UPBRINGING!
YOU CAN BET ON THAT, SIR!
IT WOULD BE FINE IF THEY COULD GROW UP AS FRIENDS... WITHOUT KNOWING THE TRUTH, OF COURSE!
1

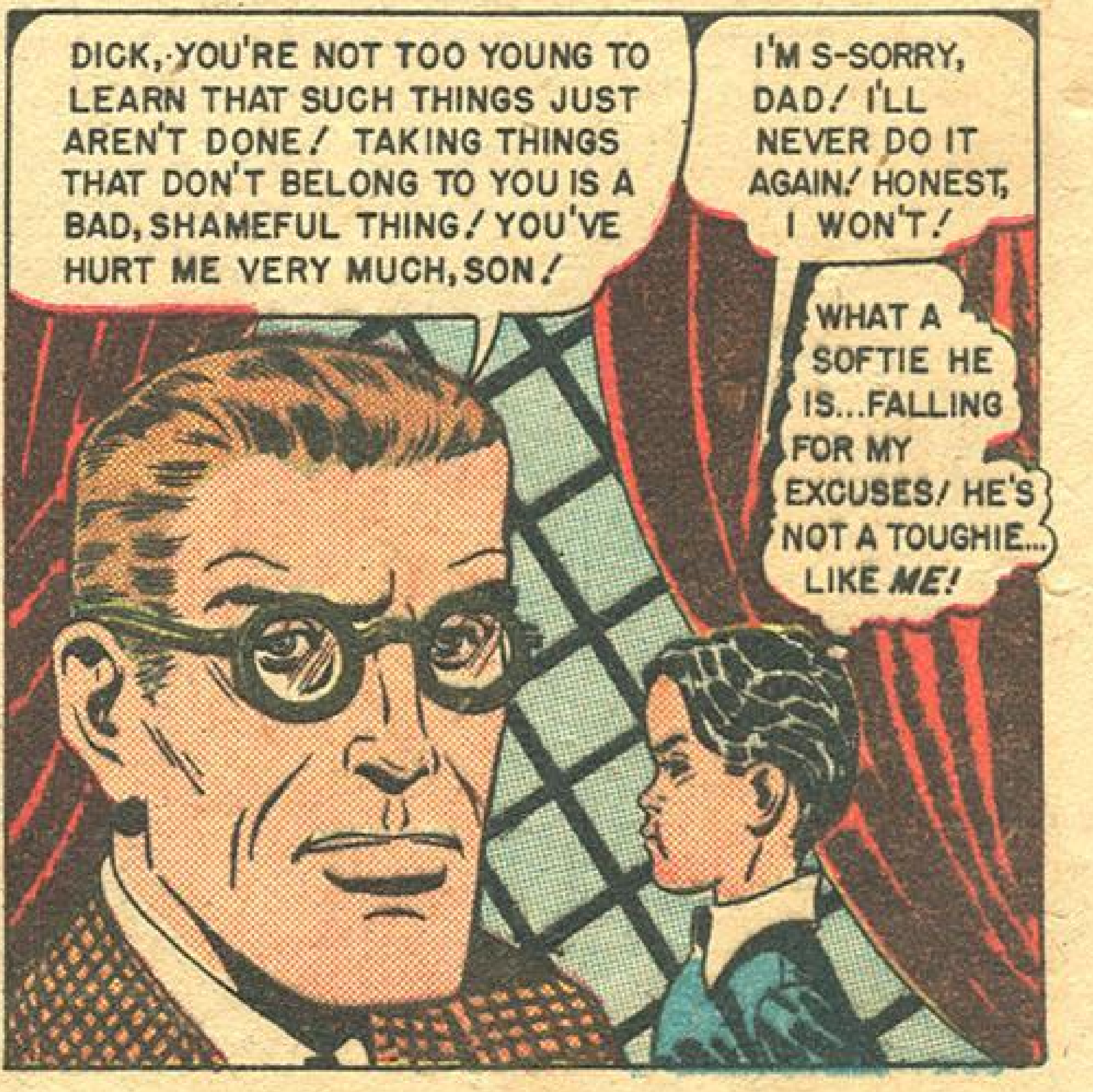
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

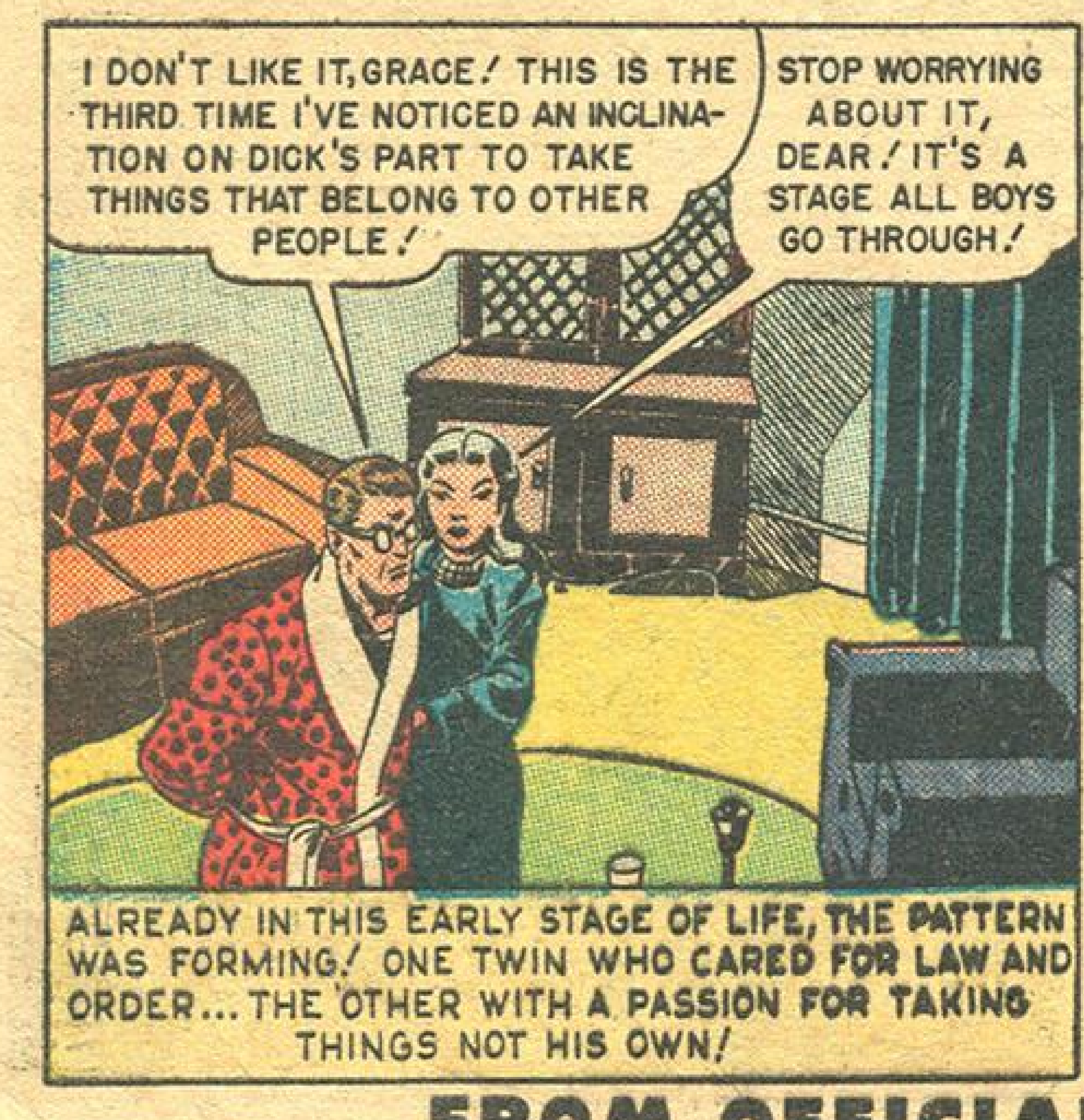

AND SO, FATE BEGAN TO WEAVE A STRANGE STORY! ONE TWIN WAS REARED IN THE HUMBLE HOME OF HARD WORKING MIKE KOVICS, AND THE OTHER FOUND LOVE AND TENDERNESS IN THE LUXURY OF DR. PEYSON'S HOME!

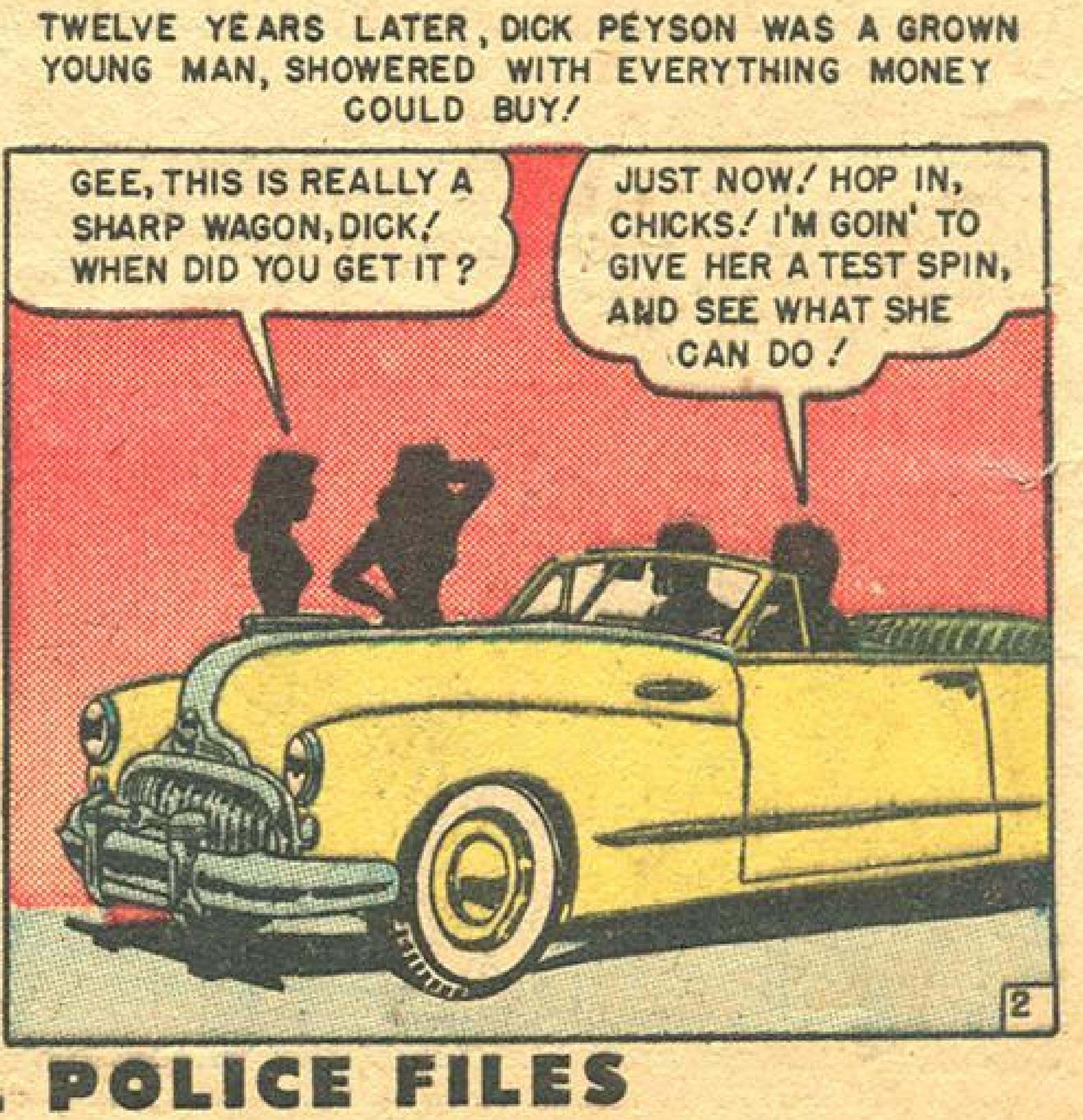

THE TWO BOYS GREW LIKE STURDY YOUNG OAKS, DIFFERENT IN APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER, AND UNAWARE OF THE PAST. . .
GEE, POP, I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL YOU THE BIG SURPRISE I'VE GOT FOR YOU!
HO! HO! MY LITTLE JOE IS GETTING HEAVY LIKE HIS OLD POP! WELL, WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY, SON?

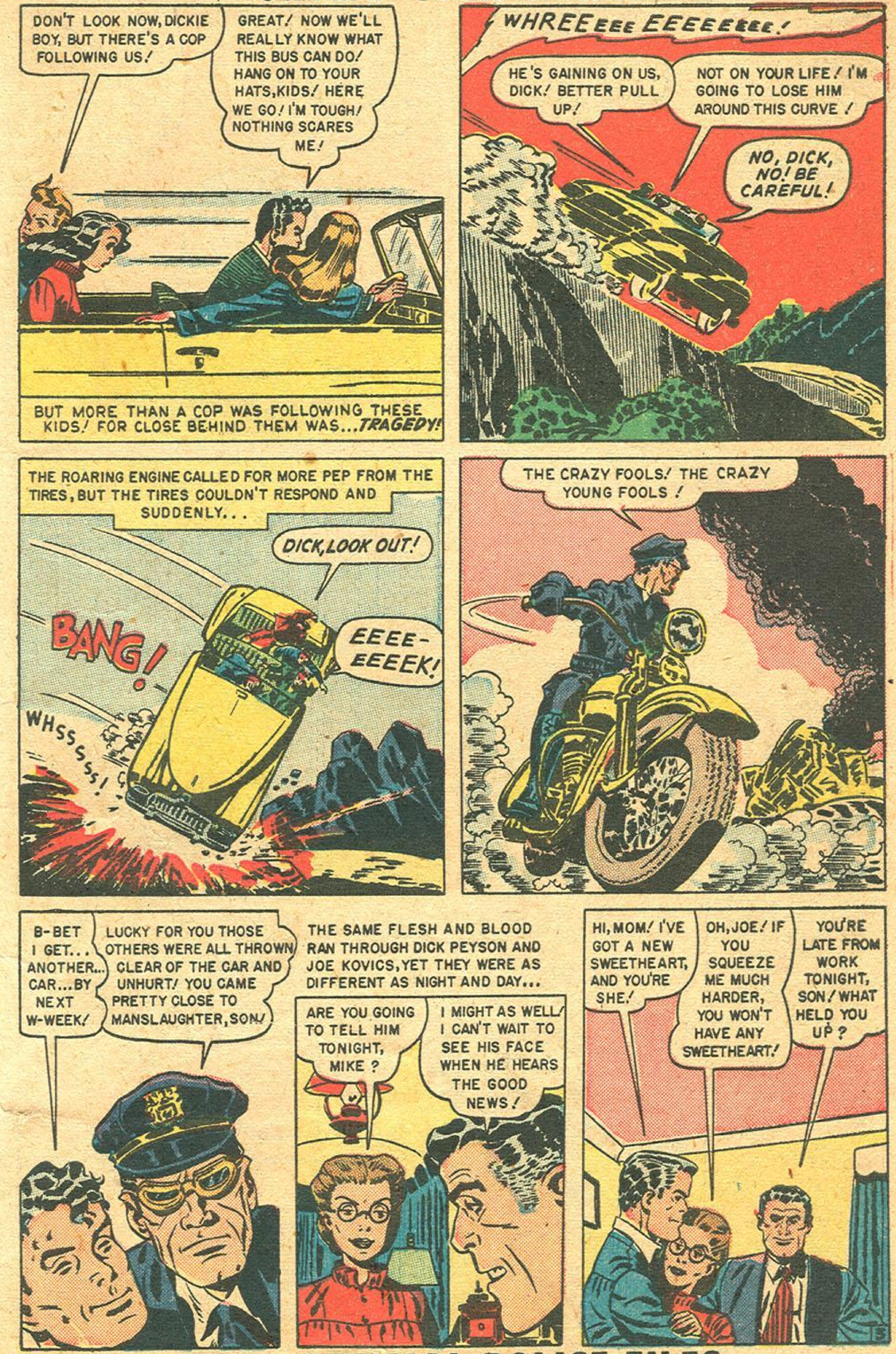

GUESS WHAT THE SURPRISE IS! I'M GONNA BE A COP WHEN I GROW UP! I MADE UP MY MIND!
BEING A STEELMAN LIKE YOUR POP ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH, I SUPPOSE!
YOU BE ANYTHING YOU WANT, SON...AS LONG AS YOU'RE HONEST!

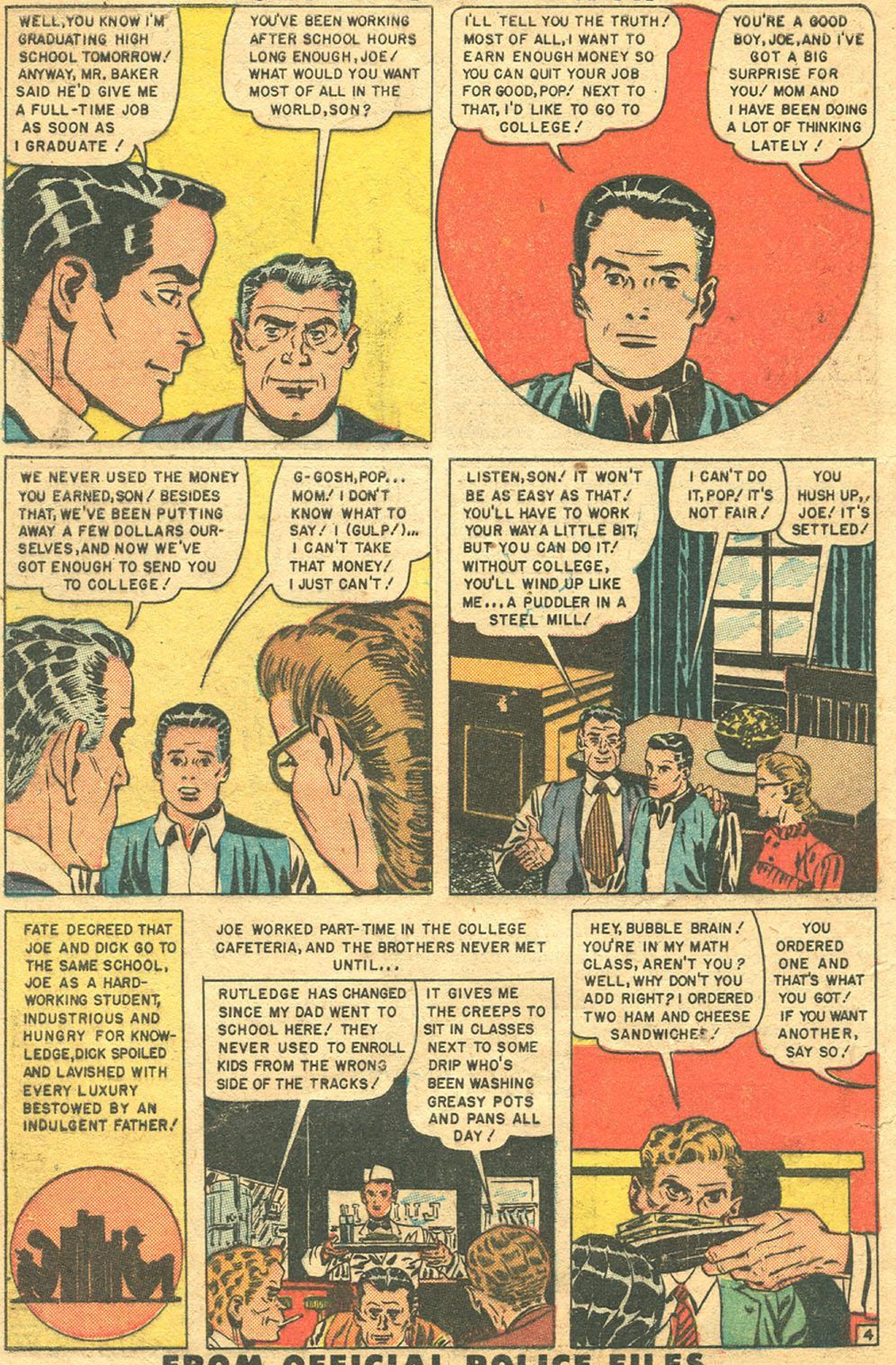

AND ON THE FASHIONABLE SIDE OF THE SAME TOWN, ANOTHER SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY WAS ALSO GROWING!
DICK PEYSON, WHERE DID YOU GET THE IDEA OF CLIMBING THROUGH OUR NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW, AND TAKING A FOUNTAIN PEN?
GEE, DAD, I DON'T KNOW! THE WINDOW WAS OPEN, AND I SAW THE PEN ON THE DESK, SO I TOOK IT! I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING! HONEST, DAD!

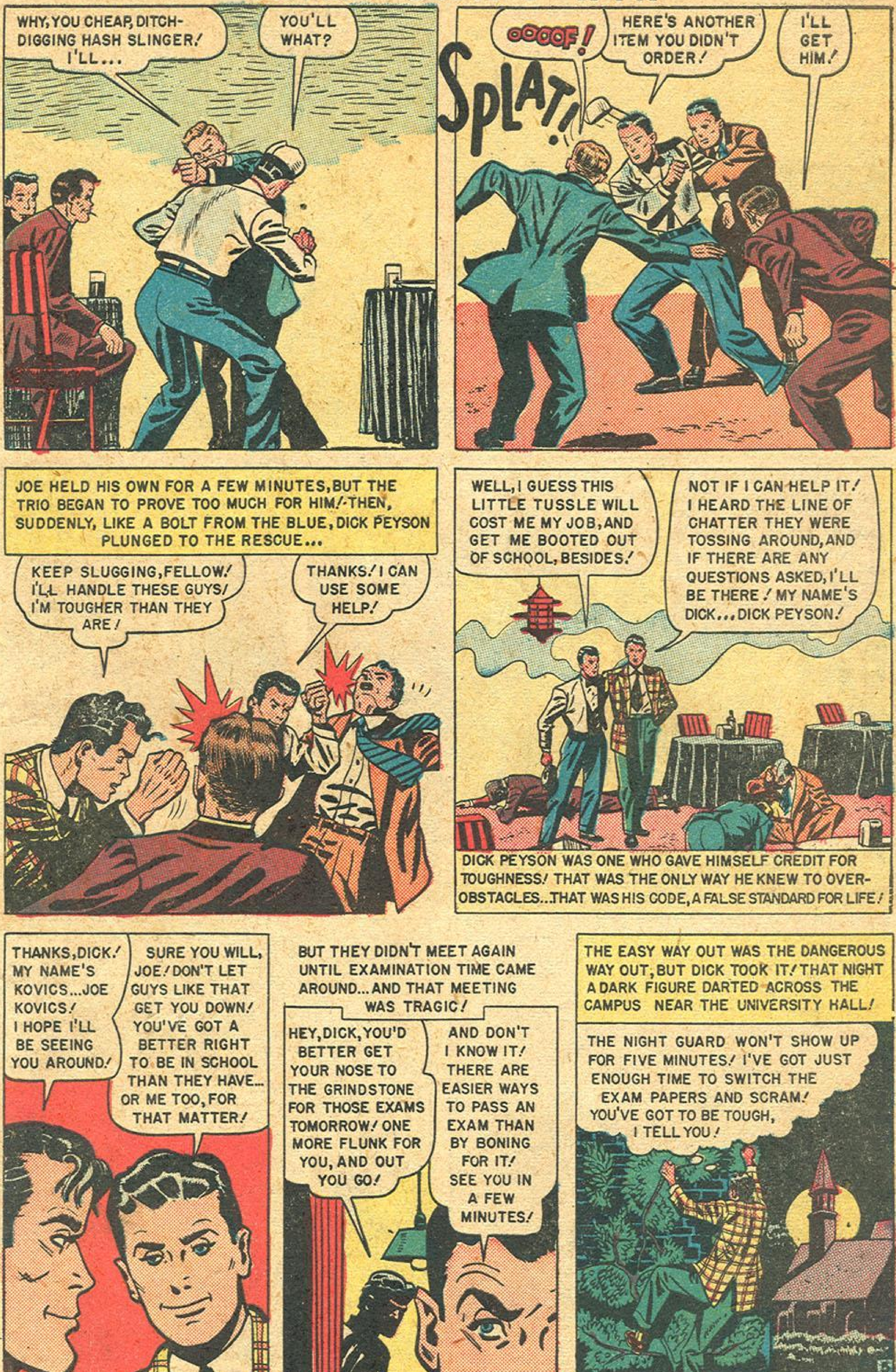

DICK, YOU'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO LEARN THAT SUCH THINGS JUST AREN'T DONE! TAKING THINGS THAT DON'T BELONG TO YOU IS A BAD, SHAMEFUL THING! YOU'VE HURT ME VERY MUCH, SON!
I'M S-SORRY, DAD! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN! HONEST, I WON'T!
WHAT A SOFTIE HE IS...FALLING FOR MY EXCUSES! HE'S NOT A TOUGHIE... LIKE ME!

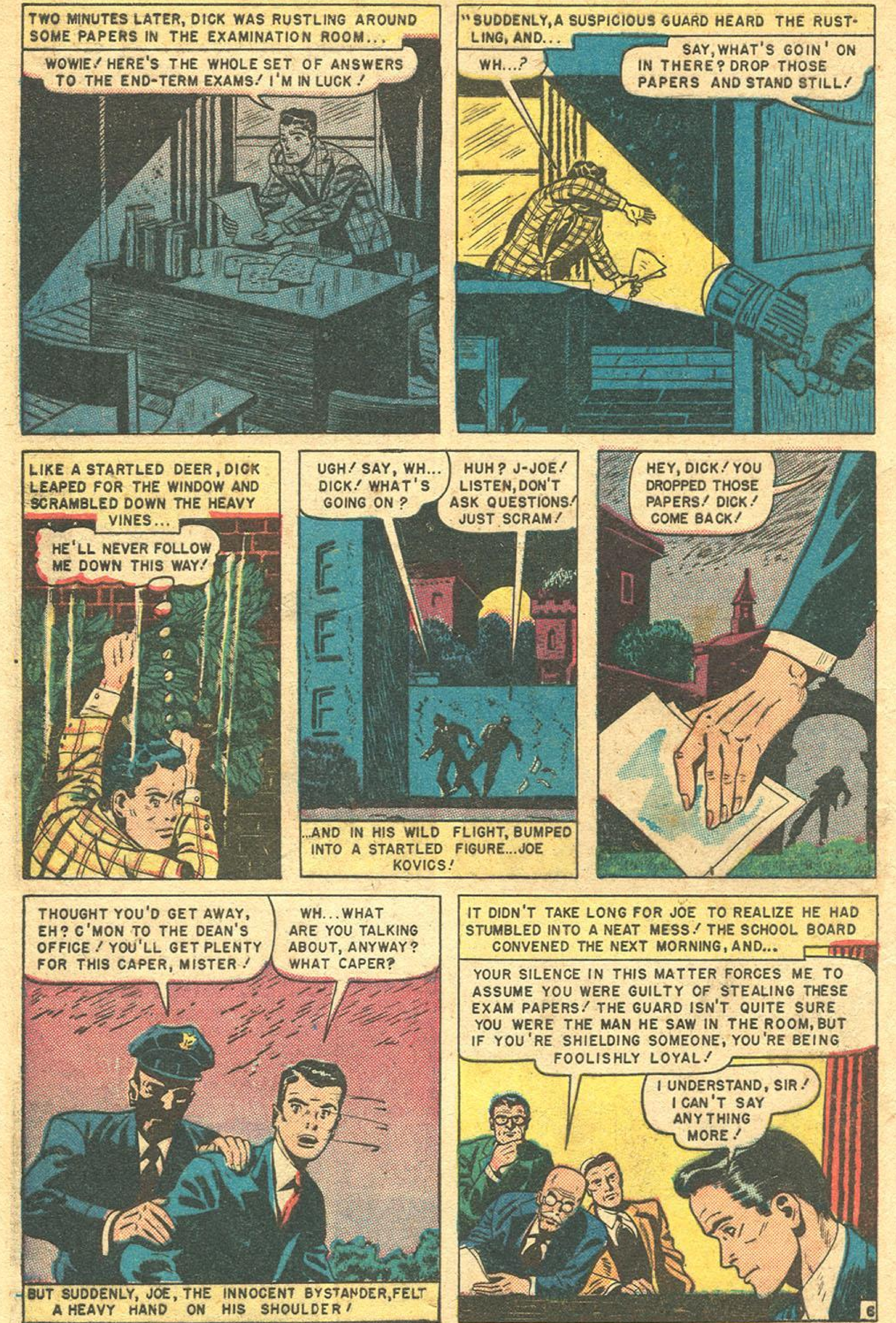

I DON'T LIKE IT, GRACE! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME I'VE NOTICED AN INCLINATION ON DICK'S PART TO TAKE THINGS THAT BELONG TO OTHER PEOPLE!
STOP WORRYING ABOUT IT, DEAR! IT'S A STAGE ALL BOYS GO THROUGH!
ALREADY IN THIS EARLY STAGE OF LIFE, THE PATTERN WAS FORMING! ONE TWIN WHO CARED FOR LAW AND ORDER... THE OTHER WITH A PASSION FOR TAKING THINGS NOT HIS OWN!

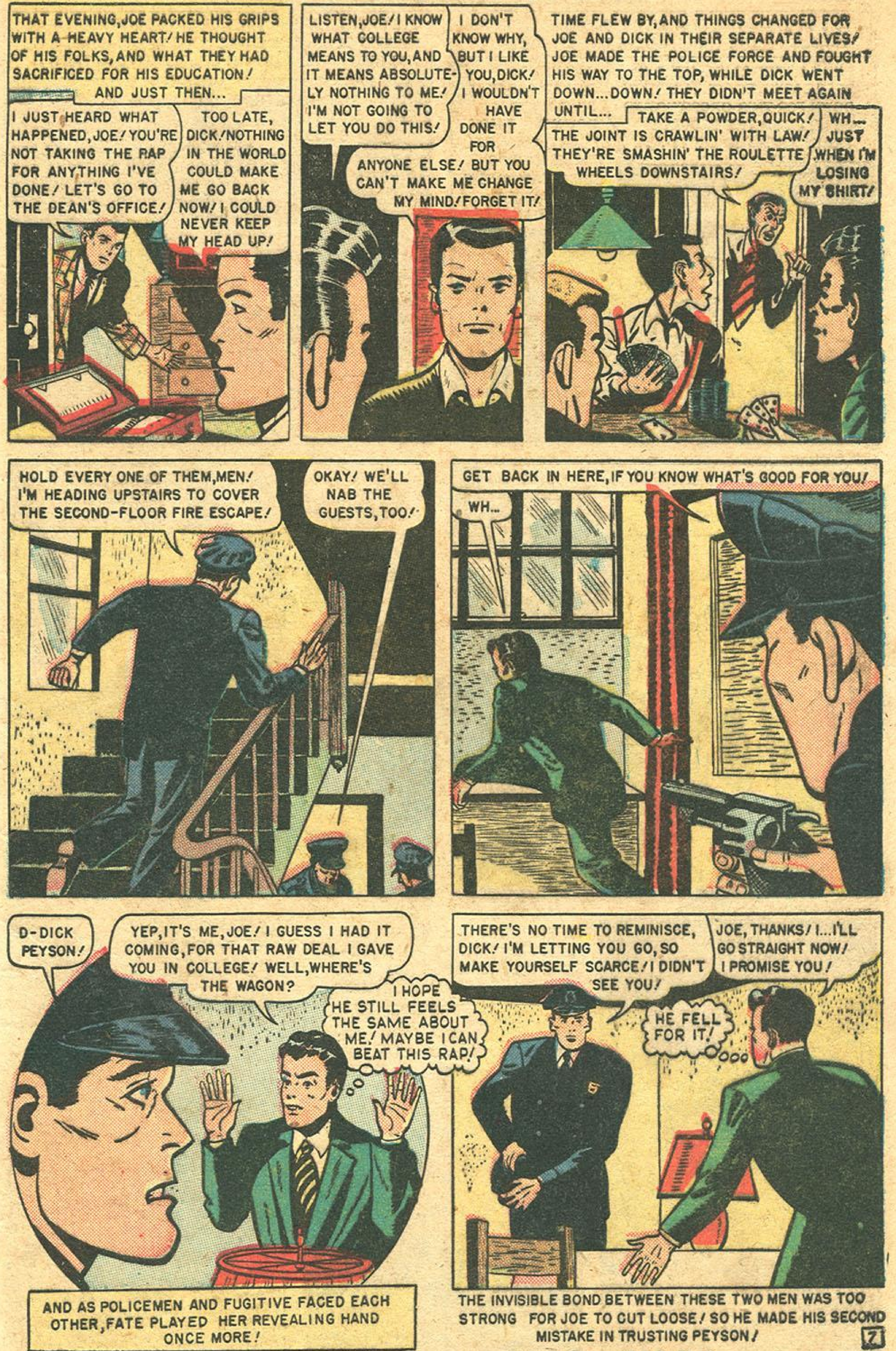

TWELVE YEARS LATER, DICK PEYSON WAS A GROWN YOUNG MAN, SHOWERED WITH EVERYTHING MONEY COULD BUY!
GEE, THIS IS REALLY A SHARP WAGON, DICK! WHEN DID YOU GET IT?
JUST NOW! HOP IN, CHICKS! I'M GOIN' TO GIVE HER A TEST SPIN, AND SEE WHAT SHE CAN DO!

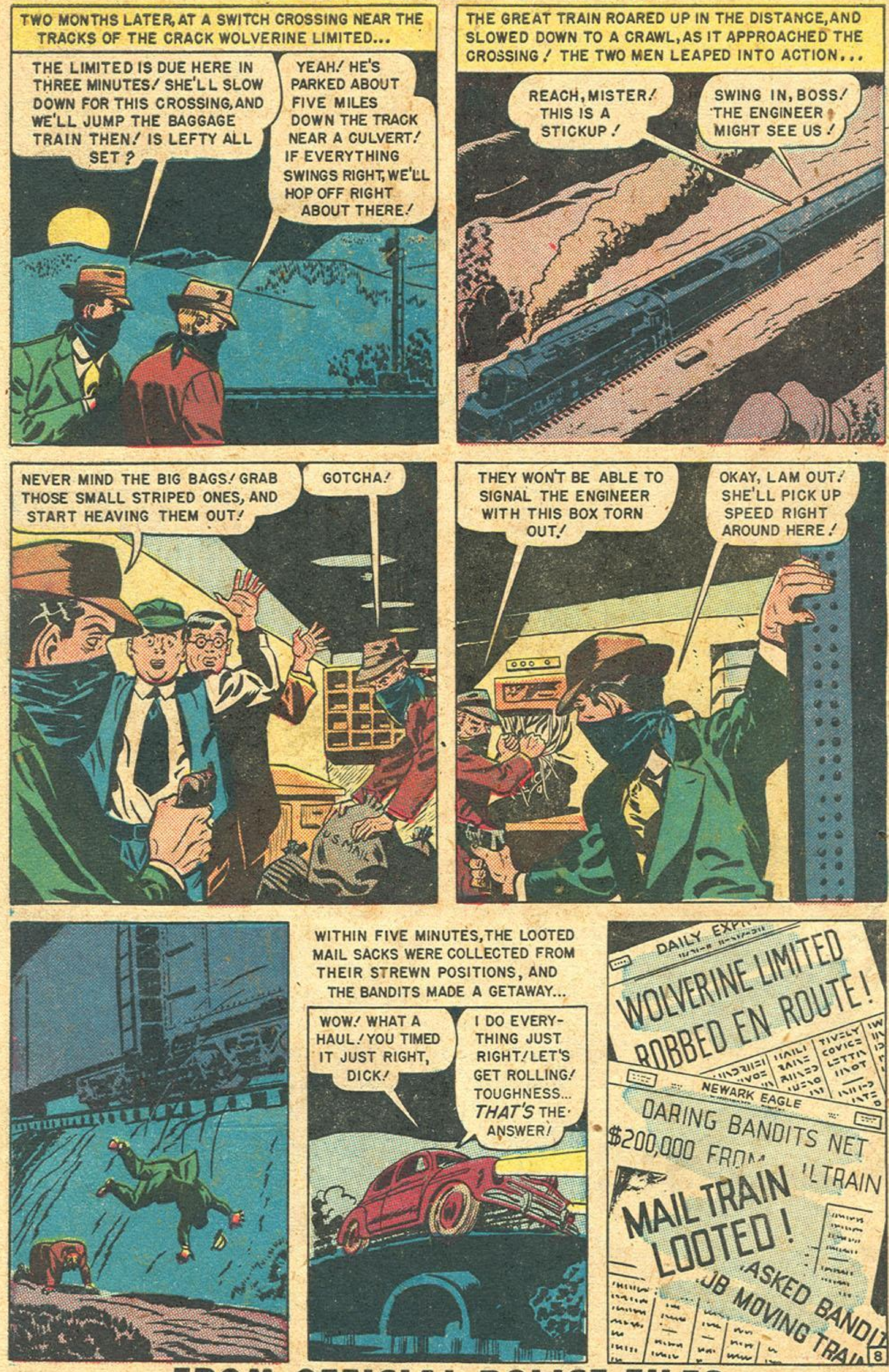

DON'T LOOK NOW, DICKIE BOY, BUT THERE'S A COP FOLLOWING US!
GREAT! NOW WE'LL REALLY KNOW WHAT THIS BUS CAN DO! HANG ON TO YOUR HATS, KIDS! HERE WE GO! I'M TOUGH! NOTHING SCARES ME!
BUT MORE THAN A COP WAS FOLLOWING THESE KIDS! FOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM WAS... TRAGEDY!
WHREEeee EEEEEeee!
HE'S GAINING ON US, DICK! BETTER PULL UP!
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M GOING TO LOSE HIM AROUND THIS CURVE!
NO, DICK, NO! BE CAREFUL!
THE ROARING ENGINE CALLED FOR MORE PEP FROM THE TIRES, BUT THE TIRES COULDN'T RESPOND AND SUDDENLY...
DICK, LOOK OUT!
BANG!
EEEE-EEEEK!
WHSSSSSS!
THE CRAZY FOOLS! THE CRAZY YOUNG FOOLS!
B-BET I GET... ANOTHER... CAR... BY NEXT W-WEEK!
LUCKY FOR YOU THOSE OTHERS WERE ALL THROWN CLEAR OF THE CAR AND UNHURT! YOU CAME PRETTY CLOSE TO MANSLAUGHTER, SON!
THE SAME FLESH AND BLOOD RAN THROUGH DICK PEYSON AND JOE KOVICS, YET THEY WERE AS DIFFERENT AS NIGHT AND DAY...
ARE YOU GOING TO TELL HIM TONIGHT, MIKE?
I MIGHT AS WELL! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE HEARS THE GOOD NEWS!
HI, MOM! I'VE GOT A NEW SWEETHEART, AND YOU'RE SHE!
OH, JOE! IF YOU SQUEEZE ME MUCH HARDER, YOU WON'T HAVE ANY SWEETHEART!
YOU'RE LATE FROM WORK TONIGHT, SON! WHAT HELD YOU UP?


WELL, YOU KNOW I'M GRADUATING HIGH SCHOOL TOMORROW! ANYWAY, MR. BAKER SAID HE'D GIVE ME A FULL-TIME JOB AS SOON AS I GRADUATE!
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING AFTER SCHOOL HOURS LONG ENOUGH, JOE! WHAT WOULD YOU WANT MOST OF ALL IN THE WORLD, SON?
I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH! MOST OF ALL, I WANT TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY SO YOU CAN QUIT YOUR JOB FOR GOOD, POP! NEXT TO THAT, I'D LIKE TO GO TO COLLEGE!
YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, JOE, AND I'VE GOT A BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU! MOM AND I HAVE BEEN DOING A LOT OF THINKING LATELY!
WE NEVER USED THE MONEY YOU EARNED, SON! BESIDES THAT, WE'VE BEEN PUTTING AWAY A FEW DOLLARS OURSELVES, AND NOW WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO SEND YOU TO COLLEGE!
G-GOSH, POP... MOM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! I (GULP!)... I CAN'T TAKE THAT MONEY! I JUST CAN'T!
LISTEN, SON! IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS THAT! YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK YOUR WAY A LITTLE BIT, BUT YOU CAN DO IT! WITHOUT COLLEGE, YOU'LL WIND UP LIKE ME... A PUDDLER IN A STEEL MILL!
I CAN'T DO IT, POP! IT'S NOT FAIR!
YOU HUSH UP, JOE! IT'S SETTLED!
FATE DECREED THAT JOE AND DICK GO TO THE SAME SCHOOL, JOE AS A HARD-WORKING STUDENT, INDUSTRIOUS AND HUNGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE, DICK SPOILED AND LAVISHED WITH EVERY LUXURY BESTOWED BY AN INDULGENT FATHER!
JOE WORKED PART-TIME IN THE COLLEGE CAFETERIA, AND THE BROTHERS NEVER MET UNTIL...
RUTLEDGE HAS CHANGED SINCE MY DAD WENT TO SCHOOL HERE! THEY NEVER USED TO ENROLL KIDS FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS!
IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS TO SIT IN CLASSES NEXT TO SOME DRIP WHO'S BEEN WASHING GREASY POTS AND PANS ALL DAY!
HEY, BUBBLE BRAIN! YOU'RE IN MY MATH CLASS, AREN'T YOU? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU ADD RIGHT? I ORDERED TWO HAM AND CHEESE SANDWICHES!
YOU ORDERED ONE AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GOT! IF YOU WANT ANOTHER, SAY SO!


WHY, YOU CHEAP, DITCH-DIGGING HASH SLINGER! I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT?
SPLAT!!
OOOOF!
HERE'S ANOTHER ITEM YOU DIDN'T ORDER!
I'LL GET HIM!
JOE HELD HIS OWN FOR A FEW MINUTES, BUT THE TRIO BEGAN TO PROVE TOO MUCH FOR HIM! -THEN, SUDDENLY, LIKE A BOLT FROM THE BLUE, DICK PEYSON PLUNGED TO THE RESCUE...
KEEP SLUGGING, FELLOW! I'LL HANDLE THESE GUYS! I'M TOUGHER THAN THEY ARE!
THANKS! I CAN USE SOME HELP!
WELL, I GUESS THIS LITTLE TUSSLE WILL COST ME MY JOB, AND GET ME BOOTED OUT OF SCHOOL, BESIDES!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! I HEARD THE LINE OF CHATTER THEY WERE TOSSING AROUND, AND IF THERE ARE ANY QUESTIONS ASKED, I'LL BE THERE! MY NAME'S DICK... DICK PEYSON!
DICK PEYSON WAS ONE WHO GAVE HIMSELF CREDIT FOR TOUGHNESS! THAT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW TO OVER- OBSTACLES... THAT WAS HIS CODE, A FALSE STANDARD FOR LIFE!
THANKS, DICK! MY NAME'S KOVICS... JOE KOVICS! I HOPE I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND!
SURE YOU WILL, JOE! DON'T LET GUYS LIKE THAT GET YOU DOWN! YOU'VE GOT A BETTER RIGHT TO BE IN SCHOOL THAN THEY HAVE... OR ME TOO, FOR THAT MATTER!
BUT THEY DIDN'T MEET AGAIN UNTIL EXAMINATION TIME CAME AROUND... AND THAT MEETING WAS TRAGIC!
HEY, DICK, YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE FOR THOSE EXAMS TOMORROW! ONE MORE FLUNK FOR YOU, AND OUT YOU GO!
AND DON'T I KNOW IT! THERE ARE EASIER WAYS TO PASS AN EXAM THAN BY BONING FOR IT! SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!
THE EASY WAY OUT WAS THE DANGEROUS WAY OUT, BUT DICK TOOK IT! THAT NIGHT A DARK FIGURE DARTED ACROSS THE CAMPUS NEAR THE UNIVERSITY HALL!
THE NIGHT GUARD WON'T SHOW UP FOR FIVE MINUTES! I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SWITCH THE EXAM PAPERS AND SCRAM! YOU'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH, I TELL YOU!


TWO MINUTES LATER, DICK WAS RUSTLING AROUND SOME PAPERS IN THE EXAMINATION ROOM...
WOWIE! HERE'S THE WHOLE SET OF ANSWERS TO THE END-TERM EXAMS! I'M IN LUCK!
"SUDDENLY, A SUSPICIOUS GUARD HEARD THE RUSTLING, AND...
WH...?
SAY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THERE? DROP THOSE PAPERS AND STAND STILL!
LIKE A STARTLED DEER, DICK LEAPED FOR THE WINDOW AND SCRAMBLED DOWN THE HEAVY VINES...
HE'LL NEVER FOLLOW ME DOWN THIS WAY!
UGH! SAY, WH... DICK! WHAT'S GOING ON?
HUH? J-JOE! LISTEN, DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST SCRAM!
...AND IN HIS WILD FLIGHT, BUMPED INTO A STARTLED FIGURE...JOE KOVICS!
HEY, DICK! YOU DROPPED THOSE PAPERS! DICK! COME BACK!
THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, EH? C'MON TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE! YOU'LL GET PLENTY FOR THIS CAPER, MISTER!
WH...WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ANYWAY? WHAT CAPER?
BUT SUDDENLY, JOE, THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER, FELT A HEAVY HAND ON HIS SHOULDER!
IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR JOE TO REALIZE HE HAD STUMBLED INTO A NEAT MESS! THE SCHOOL BOARD CONVENED THE NEXT MORNING, AND...
YOUR SILENCE IN THIS MATTER FORCES ME TO ASSUME YOU WERE GUILTY OF STEALING THESE EXAM PAPERS! THE GUARD ISN'T QUITE SURE YOU WERE THE MAN HE SAW IN THE ROOM, BUT IF YOU'RE SHIELDING SOMEONE, YOU'RE BEING FOOLISHLY LOYAL!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR! I CAN'T SAY ANY THING MORE!


THAT EVENING, JOE PACKED HIS GRIPS WITH A HEAVY HEART! HE THOUGHT OF HIS FOLKS, AND WHAT THEY HAD SACRIFICED FOR HIS EDUCATION! AND JUST THEN...
I JUST HEARD WHAT HAPPENED, JOE! YOU'RE NOT TAKING THE RAP FOR ANYTHING I'VE DONE! LET'S GO TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE!
TOO LATE, DICK! NOTHING IN THE WORLD COULD MAKE ME GO BACK NOW! I COULD NEVER KEEP MY HEAD UP!
LISTEN, JOE! I KNOW WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO YOU, AND IT MEANS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO ME! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO THIS!
I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I LIKE YOU, DICK! I WOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT FOR ANYONE ELSE! BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME CHANGE MY MIND! FORGET IT!
TIME FLEW BY, AND THINGS CHANGED FOR JOE AND DICK IN THEIR SEPARATE LIVES! JOE MADE THE POLICE FORCE AND FOUGHT HIS WAY TO THE TOP, WHILE DICK WENT DOWN...DOWN! THEY DIDN'T MEET AGAIN UNTIL...
TAKE A POWDER, QUICK! THE JOINT IS CRAWLIN' WITH LAW! THEY'RE SMASHIN' THE ROULETTE WHEELS DOWNSTAIRS!
WH... JUST WHEN I'M LOSING MY SHIRT!
HOLD EVERY ONE OF THEM, MEN! I'M HEADING UPSTAIRS TO COVER THE SECOND-FLOOR FIRE ESCAPE!
OKAY! WE'LL NAB THE GUESTS, TOO!
GET BACK IN HERE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!
WH...
D-DICK PEYSON!
YEP, IT'S ME, JOE! I GUESS I HAD IT COMING, FOR THAT RAW DEAL I GAVE YOU IN COLLEGE! WELL, WHERE'S THE WAGON?
I HOPE HE STILL FEELS THE SAME ABOUT ME! MAYBE I CAN BEAT THIS RAP!
AND AS POLICEMEN AND FUGITIVE FACED EACH OTHER, FATE PLAYED HER REVEALING HAND ONCE MORE!
THERE'S NO TIME TO REMINISCE, DICK! I'M LETTING YOU GO, SO MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE! I DIDN'T SEE YOU!
JOE, THANKS! I...I'LL GO STRAIGHT NOW! I PROMISE YOU!
HE FELL FOR IT!
THE INVISIBLE BOND BETWEEN THESE TWO MEN WAS TOO STRONG FOR JOE TO CUT LOOSE! SO HE MADE HIS SECOND MISTAKE IN TRUSTING PEYSON!


TWO MONTHS LATER, AT A SWITCH CROSSING NEAR THE TRACKS OF THE CRACK WOLVERINE LIMITED...
THE LIMITED IS DUE HERE IN THREE MINUTES! SHE'LL SLOW DOWN FOR THIS CROSSING, AND WE'LL JUMP THE BAGGAGE TRAIN THEN! IS LEFTY ALL SET?
YEAH! HE'S PARKED ABOUT FIVE MILES DOWN THE TRACK NEAR A CULVERT! IF EVERYTHING SWINGS RIGHT, WE'LL HOP OFF RIGHT ABOUT THERE!
THE GREAT TRAIN ROARED UP IN THE DISTANCE, AND SLOWED DOWN TO A CRAWL, AS IT APPROACHED THE CROSSING! THE TWO MEN LEAPED INTO ACTION...
REACH, MISTER! THIS IS A STICKUP!
SWING IN, BOSS! THE ENGINEER MIGHT SEE US!
NEVER MIND THE BIG BAGS! GRAB THOSE SMALL STRIPED ONES, AND START HEAVING THEM OUT!
GOTCHA!
U.S. MAIL
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SIGNAL THE ENGINEER WITH THIS BOX TORN OUT!
OKAY, LAM OUT! SHE'LL PICK UP SPEED RIGHT AROUND HERE!
WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, THE LOOTED MAIL SACKS WERE COLLECTED FROM THEIR STREWN POSITIONS, AND THE BANDITS MADE A GETAWAY...
WOW! WHAT A HAUL! YOU TIMED IT JUST RIGHT, DICK!
I DO EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT! LET'S GET ROLLING! TOUGHNESS... *THAT'S* THE ANSWER!
DAILY EXP
WOLVERINE LIMITED ROBBED EN ROUTE!
NEWARK EAGLE
DARING BANDITS NET $200,000 FROM
LTRAIN
MAIL TRAIN LOOTED!
ASKED BANDIT
JB MOVING TRAI
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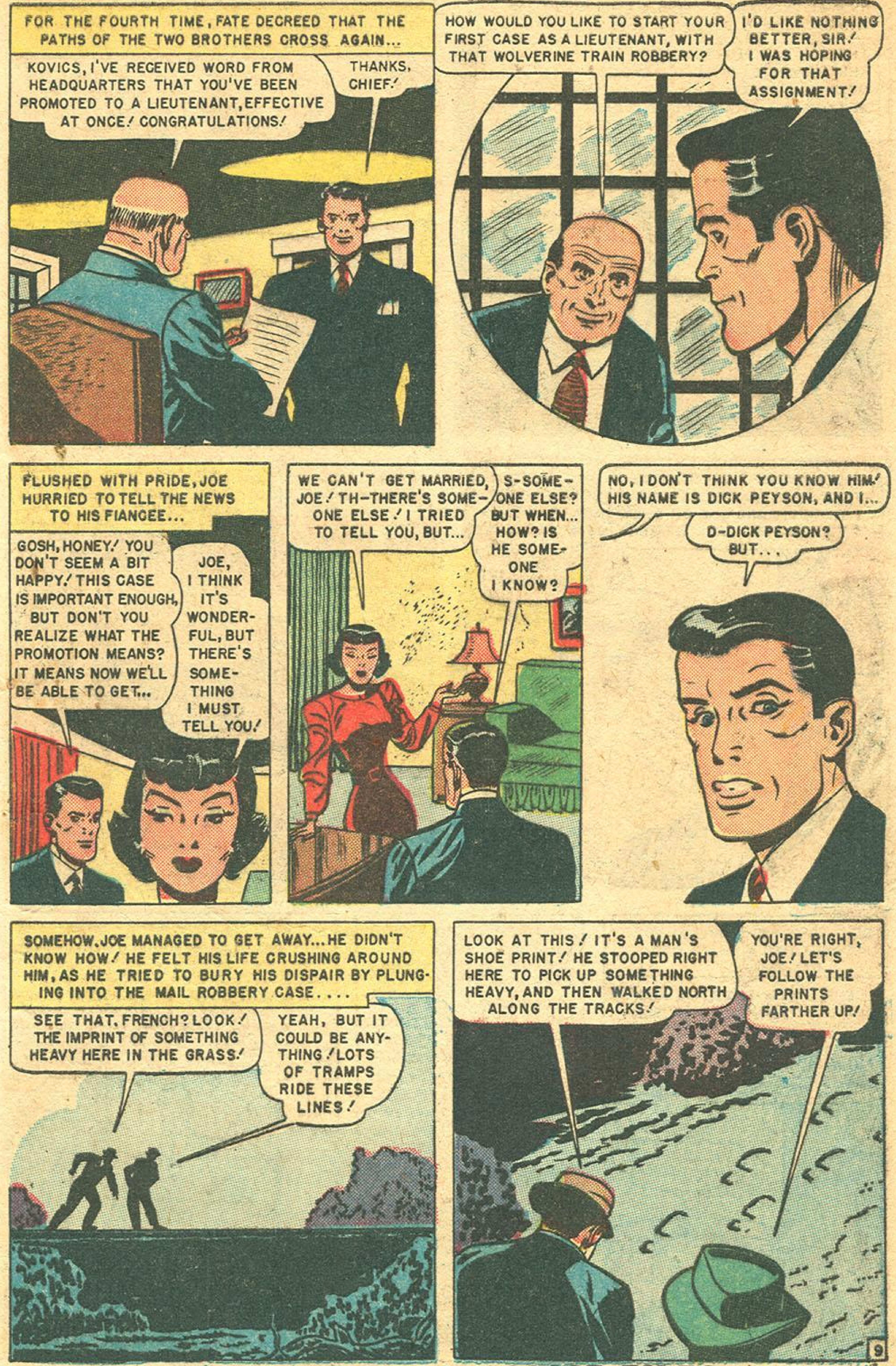
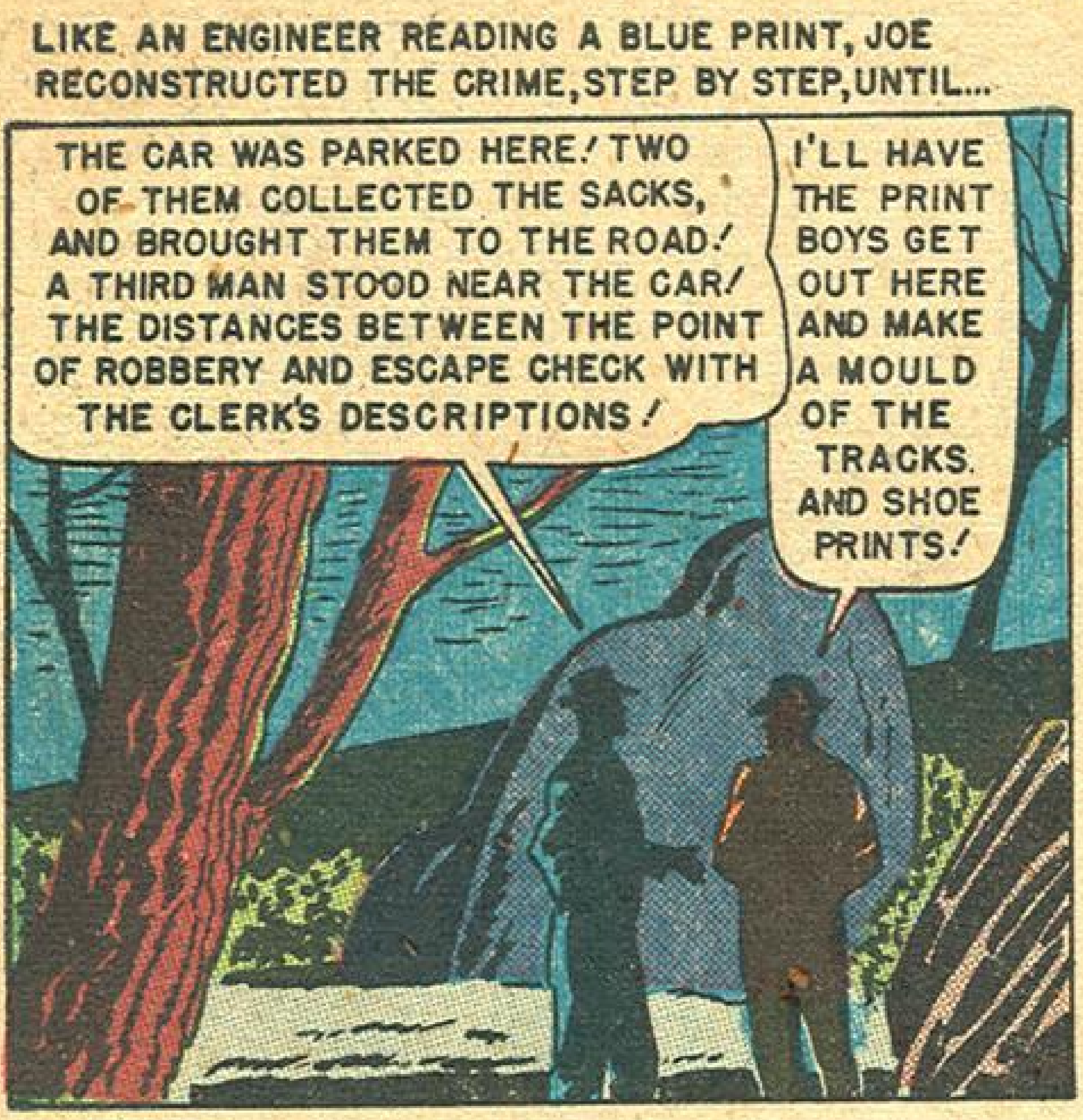
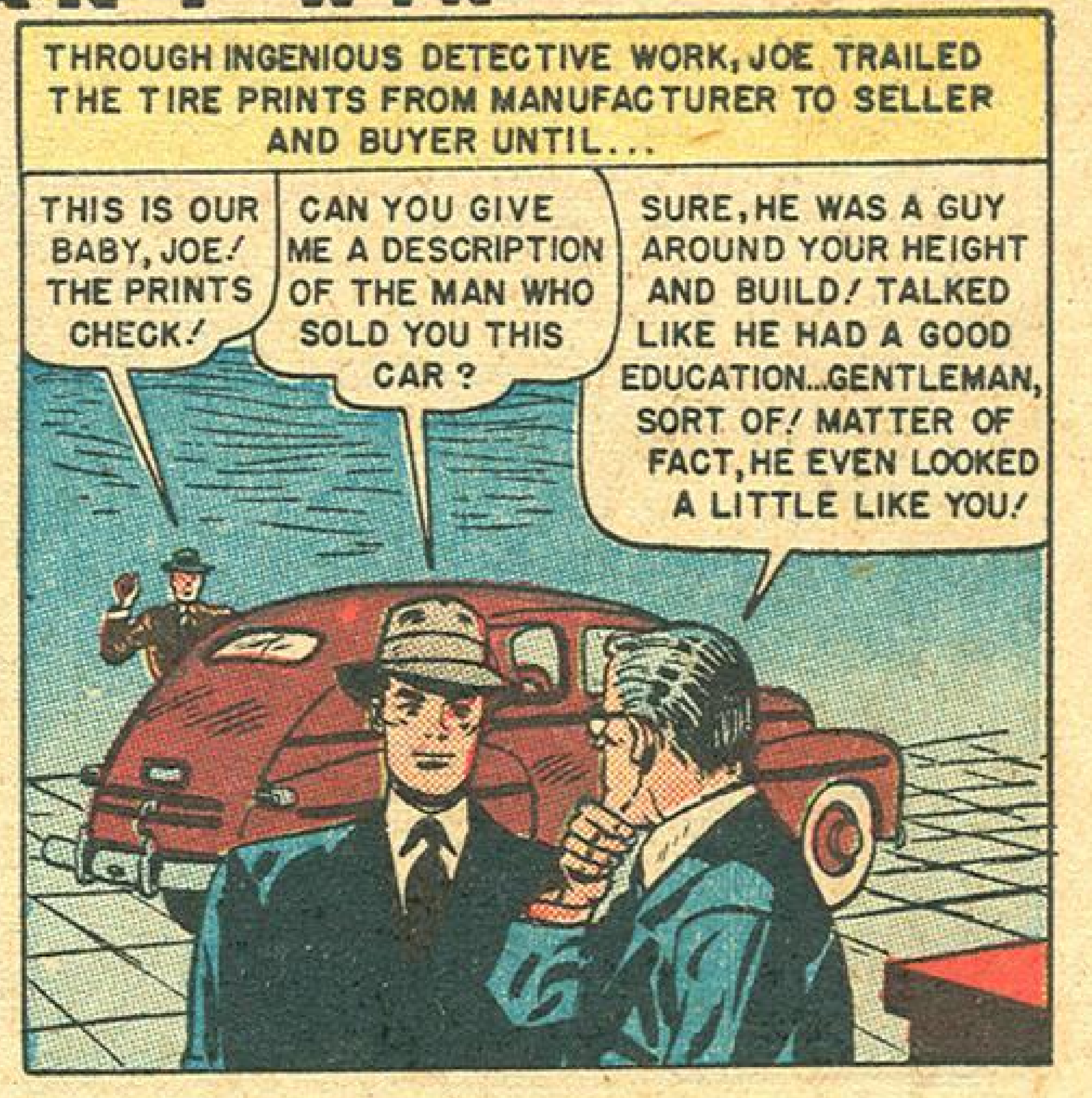
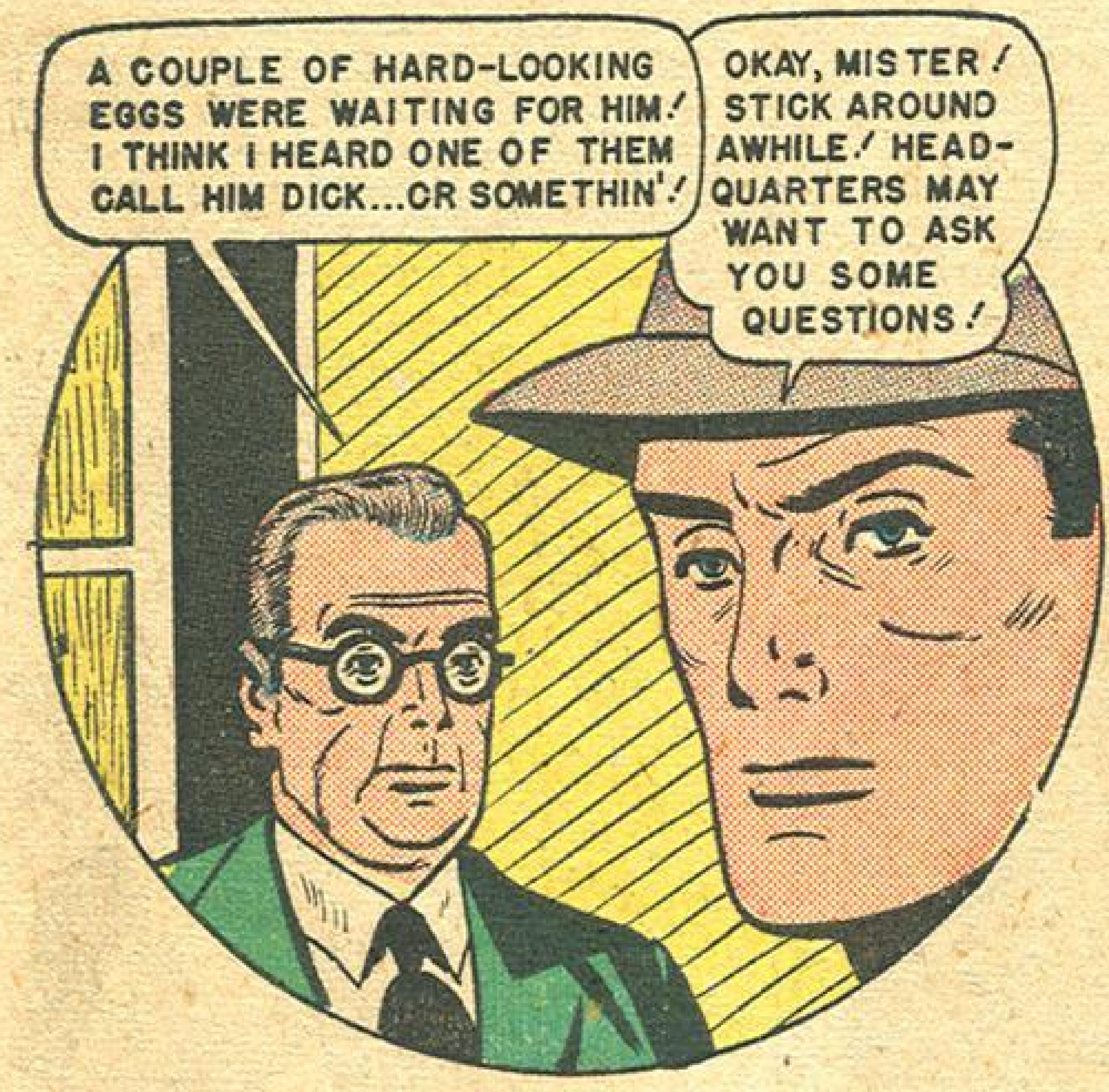
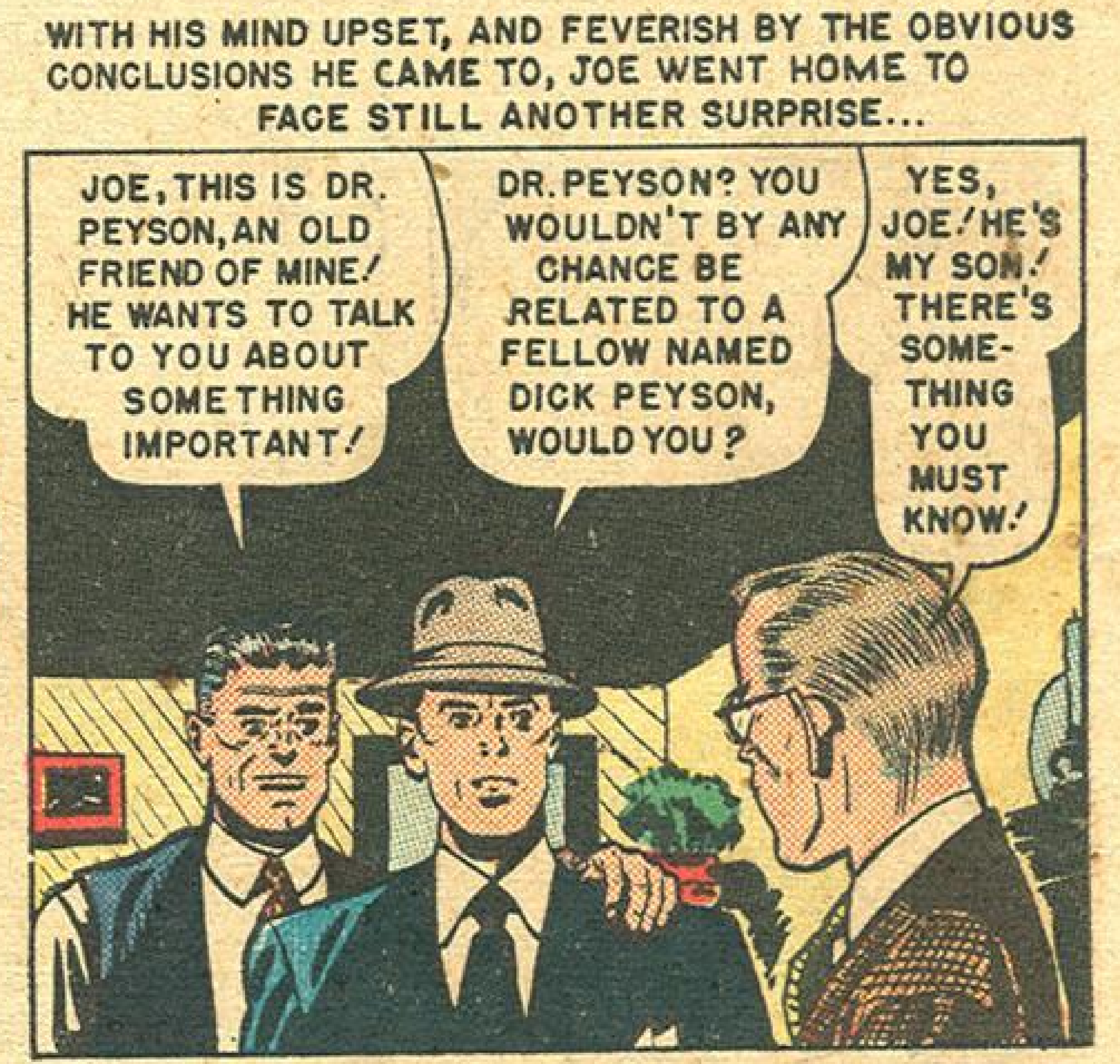
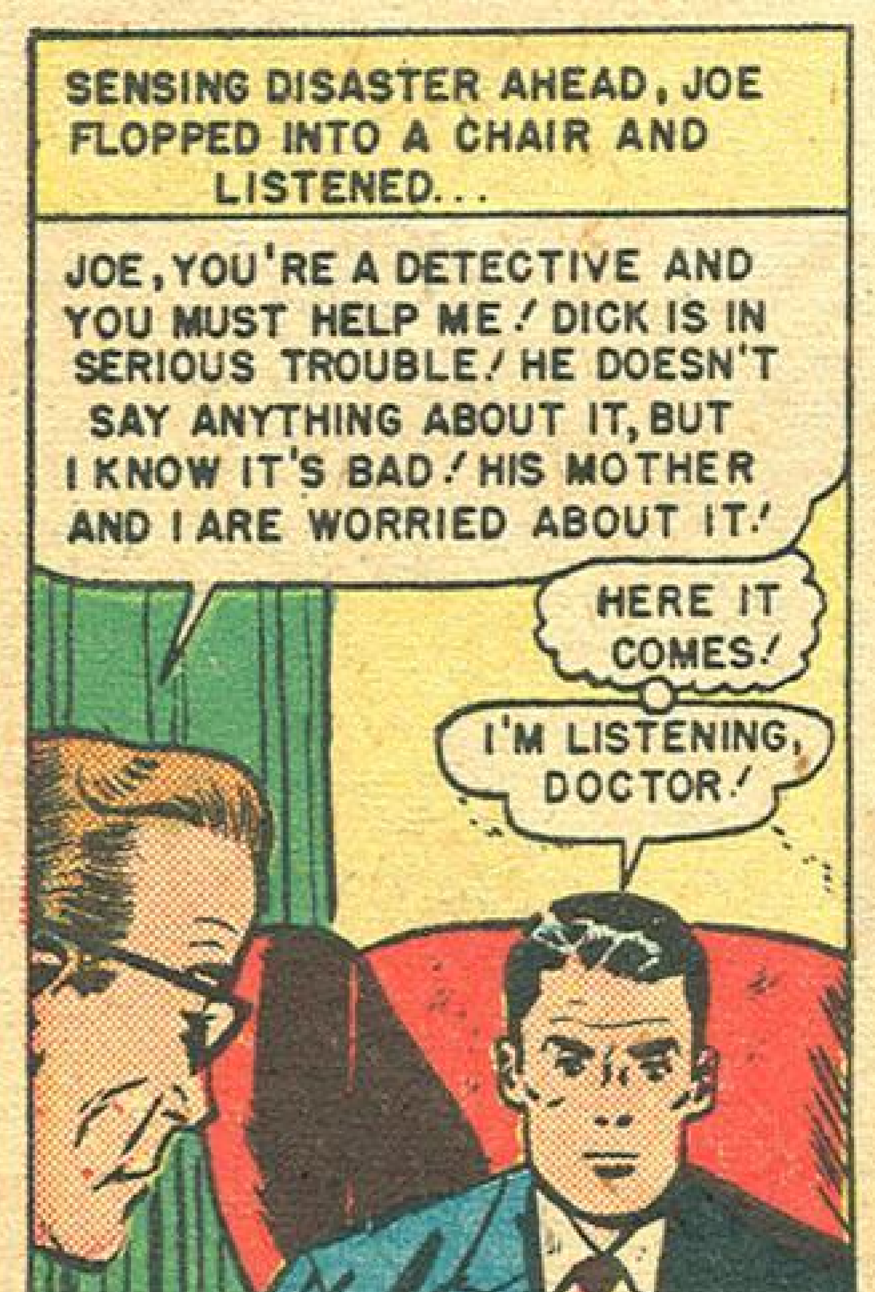

FOR THE FOURTH TIME, FATE DECREED THAT THE PATHS OF THE TWO BROTHERS CROSS AGAIN...
KOVICS, I'VE RECEIVED WORD FROM HEADQUARTERS THAT YOU'VE BEEN PROMOTED TO A LIEUTENANT, EFFECTIVE AT ONCE! CONGRATULATIONS!
THANKS, CHIEF!
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO START YOUR FIRST CASE AS A LIEUTENANT, WITH THAT WOLVERINE TRAIN ROBBERY?
I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER, SIR! I WAS HOPING FOR THAT ASSIGNMENT!
FLUSHED WITH PRIDE, JOE HURRIED TO TELL THE NEWS TO HIS FIANCEE...
GOSH, HONEY! YOU DON'T SEEM A BIT HAPPY! THIS CASE IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH, BUT DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT THE PROMOTION MEANS? IT MEANS NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET...
JOE, I THINK IT'S WONDERFUL, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU!
WE CAN'T GET MARRIED, JOE! TH-THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE! I TRIED TO TELL YOU, BUT...
S-SOMEONE ELSE? BUT WHEN... HOW? IS HE SOMEONE I KNOW?
NO, I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW HIM! HIS NAME IS DICK PEYSON, AND I...
D-DICK PEYSON? BUT...
SOMEHOW, JOE MANAGED TO GET AWAY... HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW! HE FELT HIS LIFE CRUSHING AROUND HIM, AS HE TRIED TO BURY HIS DISPAIR BY PLUNGING INTO THE MAIL ROBBERY CASE....
SEE THAT, FRENCH? LOOK! THE IMPRINT OF SOMETHING HEAVY HERE IN THE GRASS!
YEAH, BUT IT COULD BE ANYTHING! LOTS OF TRAMPS RIDE THESE LINES!
LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A MAN'S SHOE PRINT! HE STOOPED RIGHT HERE TO PICK UP SOMETHING HEAVY, AND THEN WALKED NORTH ALONG THE TRACKS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, JOE! LET'S FOLLOW THE PRINTS FARTHER UP!

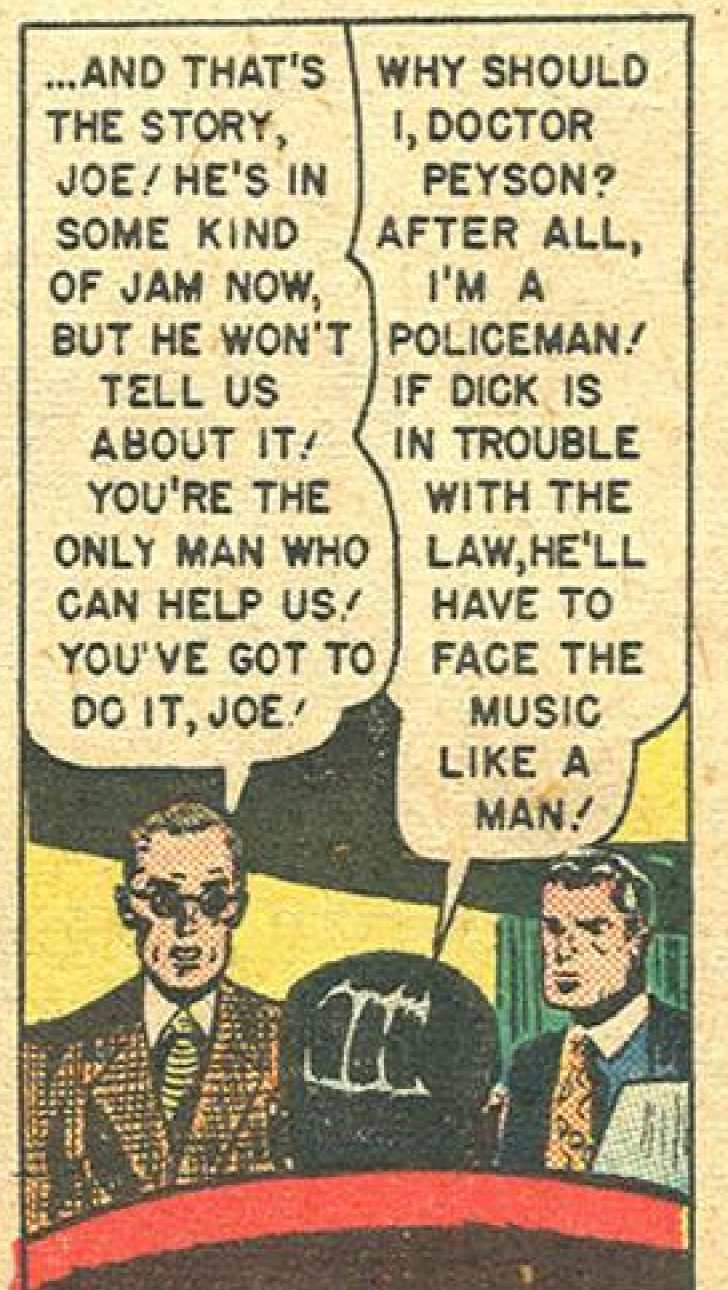

LIKE AN ENGINEER READING A BLUE PRINT, JOE RECONSTRUCTED THE CRIME, STEP BY STEP, UNTIL...
THE CAR WAS PARKED HERE! TWO OF THEM COLLECTED THE SACKS, AND BROUGHT THEM TO THE ROAD! A THIRD MAN STOOD NEAR THE CAR! THE DISTANCES BETWEEN THE POINT OF ROBBERY AND ESCAPE CHECK WITH THE CLERK'S DESCRIPTIONS!
I'LL HAVE THE PRINT BOYS GET OUT HERE AND MAKE A MOULD OF THE TRACKS AND SHOE PRINTS!

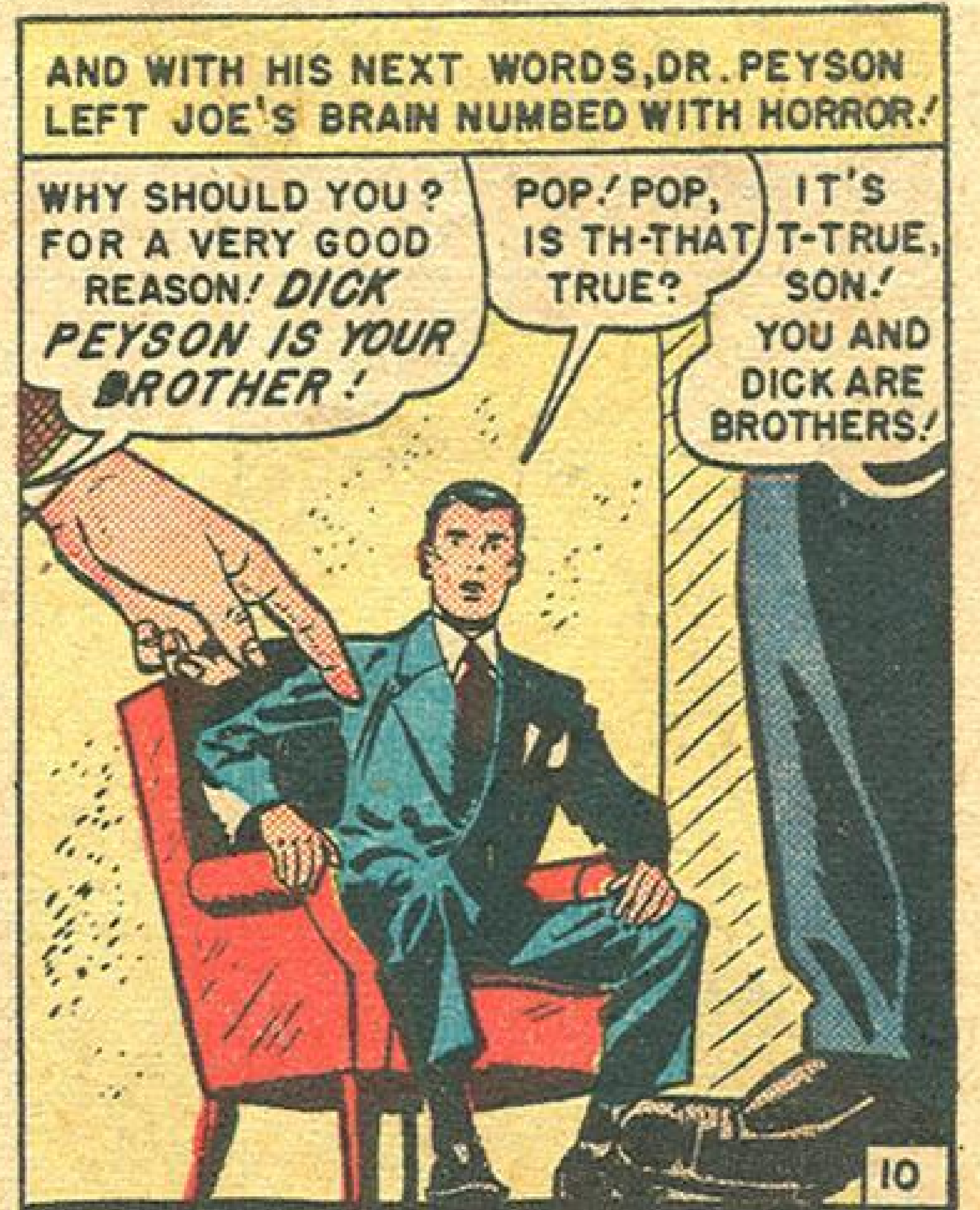

THROUGH INGENIOUS DETECTIVE WORK, JOE TRAILED THE TIRE PRINTS FROM MANUFACTURER TO SELLER AND BUYER UNTIL...
THIS IS OUR BABY, JOE! THE PRINTS CHECK!
CAN YOU GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO SOLD YOU THIS CAR?
SURE, HE WAS A GUY AROUND YOUR HEIGHT AND BUILD! TALKED LIKE HE HAD A GOOD EDUCATION...GENTLEMAN, SORT OF! MATTER OF FACT, HE EVEN LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE YOU!

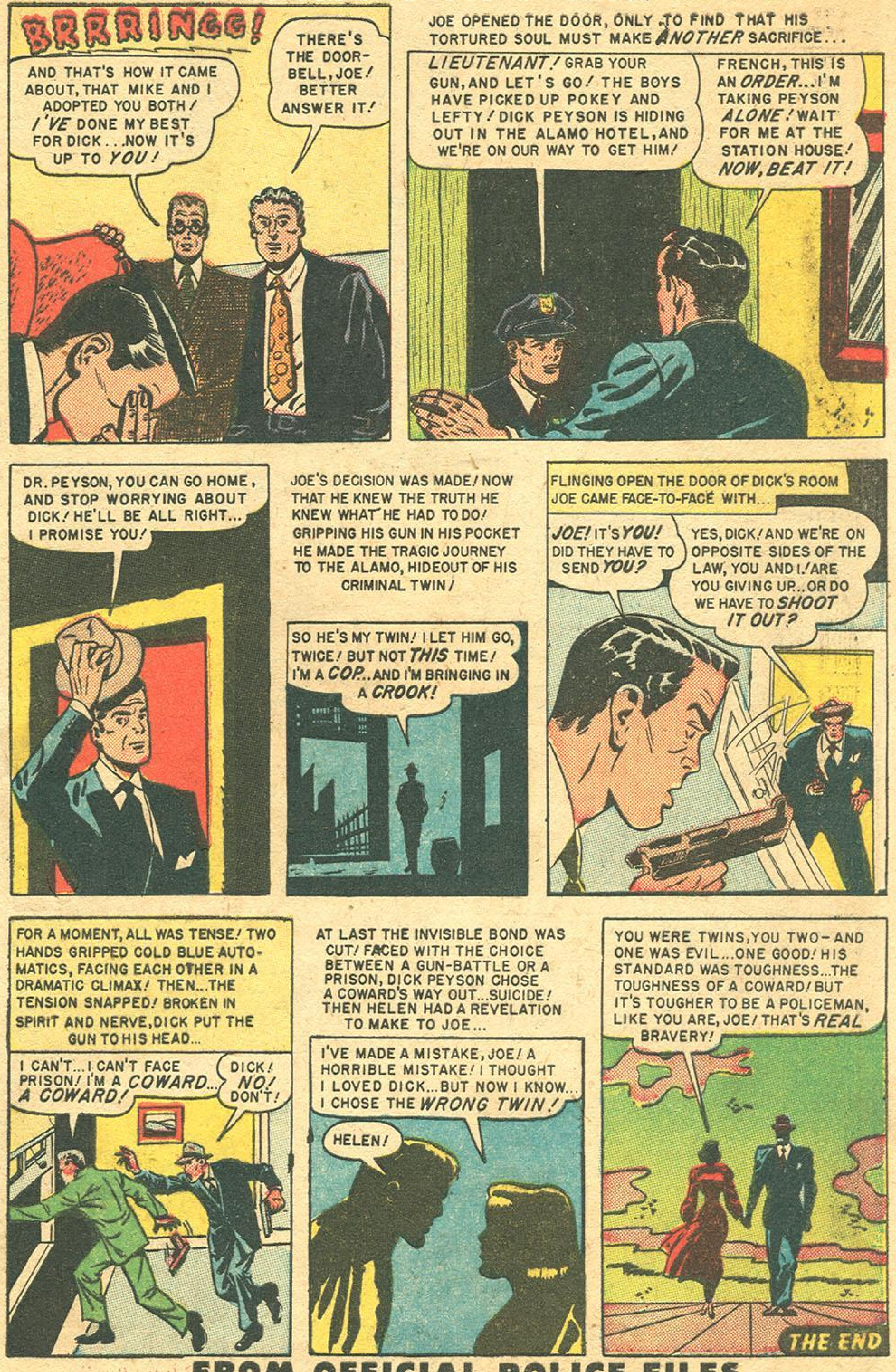

A COUPLE OF HARD-LOOKING EGGS WERE WAITING FOR HIM! I THINK I HEARD ONE OF THEM CALL HIM DICK...OR SOMETHIN'!
OKAY, MISTER! STICK AROUND AWHILE! HEADQUARTERS MAY WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!


WITH HIS MIND UPSET, AND FEVERISH BY THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSIONS HE CAME TO, JOE WENT HOME TO FACE STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE...
JOE, THIS IS DR. PEYSON, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! HE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
DR. PEYSON? YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE BE RELATED TO A FELLOW NAMED DICK PEYSON, WOULD YOU?
YES, JOE! HE'S MY SON! THERE'S SOMETHING YOU MUST KNOW!


SENSING DISASTER AHEAD, JOE FLOPPED INTO A CHAIR AND LISTENED...
JOE, YOU'RE A DETECTIVE AND YOU MUST HELP ME! DICK IS IN SERIOUS TROUBLE! HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BUT I KNOW IT'S BAD! HIS MOTHER AND I ARE WORRIED ABOUT IT!
HERE IT COMES!
I'M LISTENING, DOCTOR!


...AND THAT'S THE STORY, JOE! HE'S IN SOME KIND OF JAM NOW, BUT HE WON'T TELL US ABOUT IT! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HELP US! YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT, JOE!
WHY SHOULD I, DOCTOR PEYSON? AFTER ALL, I'M A POLICEMAN! IF DICK IS IN TROUBLE WITH THE LAW, HE'LL HAVE TO FACE THE MUSIC LIKE A MAN!

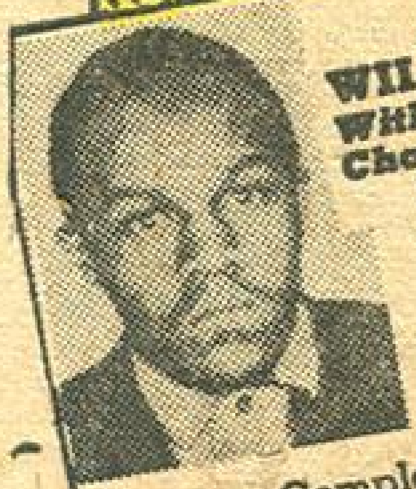

AND WITH HIS NEXT WORDS, DR. PEYSON LEFT JOE'S BRAIN NUMBED WITH HORROR!
WHY SHOULD YOU? FOR A VERY GOOD REASON! *DICK PEYSON IS YOUR BROTHER!*
POP! POP, IS TH-THAT TRUE?
IT'S T-TRUE, SON! YOU AND DICK ARE BROTHERS!


BRRRINGG!
AND THAT'S HOW IT CAME ABOUT, THAT MIKE AND I ADOPTED YOU BOTH! *I'VE* DONE MY BEST FOR DICK...NOW IT'S UP TO *YOU*!
THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL, JOE! BETTER ANSWER IT!
JOE OPENED THE DOOR, ONLY TO FIND THAT HIS TORTURED SOUL MUST MAKE *ANOTHER* SACRIFICE...
LIEUTENANT! GRAB YOUR GUN, AND LET'S GO! THE BOYS HAVE PICKED UP POKEY AND LEFTY! DICK PEYSON IS HIDING OUT IN THE ALAMO HOTEL, AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO GET HIM!
FRENCH, THIS IS AN *ORDER*...I'M TAKING PEYSON *ALONE!* WAIT FOR ME AT THE STATION HOUSE! *NOW, BEAT IT!*
DR. PEYSON, YOU CAN GO HOME, AND STOP WORRYING ABOUT DICK! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT... I PROMISE YOU!
JOE'S DECISION WAS MADE! NOW THAT HE KNEW THE TRUTH HE KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO! GRIPPING HIS GUN IN HIS POCKET HE MADE THE TRAGIC JOURNEY TO THE ALAMO, HIDEOUT OF HIS CRIMINAL TWIN!
SO HE'S MY TWIN! I LET HIM GO, TWICE! BUT NOT *THIS* TIME! I'M A *COP*...AND I'M BRINGING IN A *CROOK!*
FLINGING OPEN THE DOOR OF DICK'S ROOM JOE CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH...
JOE! IT'S *YOU!* DID THEY HAVE TO SEND *YOU?*
YES, DICK! AND WE'RE ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW, YOU AND I! ARE YOU GIVING UP...OR DO WE HAVE TO *SHOOT IT OUT?*
FOR A MOMENT, ALL WAS TENSE! TWO HANDS GRIPPED COLD BLUE AUTOMATICS, FACING EACH OTHER IN A DRAMATIC CLIMAX! THEN...THE TENSION SNAPPED! BROKEN IN SPIRIT AND NERVE, DICK PUT THE GUN TO HIS HEAD...
I CAN'T...I CAN'T FACE PRISON! I'M A *COWARD*... *A COWARD!*
DICK! *NO!* DON'T!
AT LAST THE INVISIBLE BOND WAS CUT! FACED WITH THE CHOICE BETWEEN A GUN-BATTLE OR A PRISON, DICK PEYSON CHOSE A COWARD'S WAY OUT...SUICIDE! THEN HELEN HAD A REVELATION TO MAKE TO JOE...
I'VE MADE A MISTAKE, JOE! A HORRIBLE MISTAKE! I THOUGHT I LOVED DICK...BUT NOW I KNOW... I CHOSE THE *WRONG TWIN!*
HELEN!
YOU WERE TWINS, YOU TWO–AND ONE WAS EVIL...ONE GOOD! HIS STANDARD WAS TOUGHNESS...THE TOUGHNESS OF A COWARD! BUT IT'S TOUGHER TO BE A POLICEMAN, LIKE YOU ARE, JOE! THAT'S *REAL* BRAVERY!
THE END

WANTED
BY THE
F. B. I.

$100.00 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!



WILLIAM CHARLES ENNIS

With aliases: Charles Cimia, Charles Cunia, George Fidler, Roger Miller, "Salisbury"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 46, born May 14, 1902, Salisbury, Maryland; Height, 5 feet, 8½ inches; Weight, 160 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, black; Eyes, maroon; Complexion, medium brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Education, grade school; Occupations, auto mechanic, brick layer, farmer, shoe repairman, stevedore; Scars and marks; scar above right eyebrow, scar on tip of left ring finger, stab scar on left thigh, cut scar right shoulder rear.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

ENNIS CARRIES A KNIFE AND IS DANGEROUS

CRIMINAL RECORD

Ennis has served time in the State of Pennsylvania for the crime of murder. A complaint was filed before a United States Commissioner at Trenton, New Jersey, December 11, 1943, charging William Charles Ennis with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he fled from the State of New Jersey to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:

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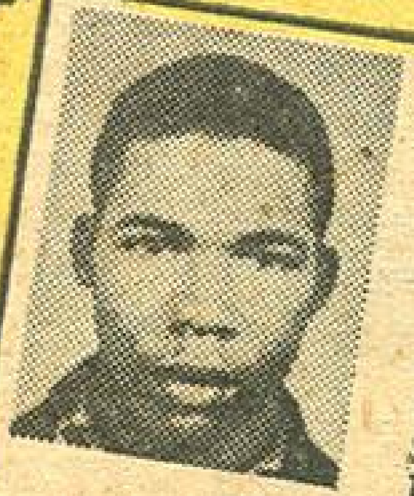

JESSE JAMES MANN

With aliases: Gus Reed, James Manns

DESCRIPTION

Age, 24, born April 29, 1924, Martinsville, Virginia; Height, 5 feet, 9 inches; Weight, 158 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, brown, combed straight back, bushy; Eyes, brown; Complexion, medium brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupations, laborer, truck driver; Scars and marks, 2 bullet scars on left leg 4" above foot; walks with slight limp.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CAUTION:

MANN IS REPORTED TO CARRY A SNAP-BLADE KNIFE ON HIS PERSON

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Portsmouth, Virginia, March 20, 1944, charging Jesse Mann with unlawfully fleeing from the State of Virginia to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:

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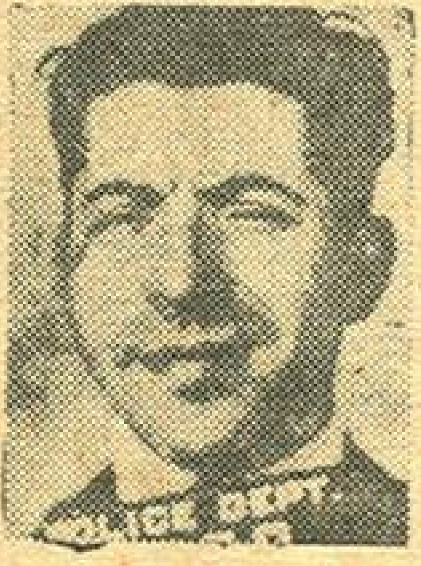
I 19 W IIO

HENRY ANGER



DESCRIPTION

Age, 37, born August 15, 1911, Krasnik, Poland: Height, 5'1¾"; Weight, 135 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, dark brown; Eyes, light brown; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Occupation, traveling store operator; Scars and marks, 2½ inch scar left shin, 2 gold crowns lower teeth; Characteristics decided foreign accent.

THEFT FROM INTERSTATE SHIPMENT

CRIMINAL RECORD

Anger was arrested in Augusta, Georgia, November 28, 1938; charge, investigation as to theft. He was released to the U. S. Marshal at Savannah, Georgia, and was arrested on November 28, 1938, on the charge of receiving goods stolen from interstate shipment. He was released on $2500 bond, failed to appear, and bond was forfeited. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Savannah, Georgia, on February 21, 1938, charging Anger and others with a violation of the Theft from Interstate Shipment Act, in that they did, on various occasions during the month of November, 1938, unlawfully receive goods which had been stolen from an interstate shipment, knowing these goods to be stolen.

Fingerprint Classification:
17 O 32 W OOO 17
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REAL SHIFTS
ELECTRIC MOTOR
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SAFE!
3 SHIFTS

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Youngsters will have hours of fascinating entertainment and health building fun with this wonderful muscle developer. Dad will join in the fun too! It's made just like a professional punching bag with real snap! Teaches youngsters to defend themselves successfully—develops muscle coordination. Made of simulated grain leather, the bag is attached to a flexible steel rod standing 42 inch high. The stand is made of sturdy wood, carefully constructed to withstand lots of action. Each unit is packed individually with the stand and bag in a special stowaway case for storage when not in use. An inflating needle is supplied for quick air-filling. Get this unusually low priced gift now. Start that youngster on his way to robust muscle building. **SEND NO MONEY**—Rush your order today. Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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The WONDER DOLL *Actually BLOWS her own plastic BUBBLES*

A Beautiful Blondie!
. . . She's Forever Blowing Bubbles!

There never was another like her—a beautiful "little girl" doll who's got talent, too—she's the only doll who's a CHAMPION BUBBLE BLOWER. BUBBLES is a long golden-haired cutie who makes the most of her good looks by dressing to beat the band — — — socks, panties, dress and a ribbon to tie up her lovely curls —all designed to set off her 12 inches of charm. Even the bubbles she blows are prettier than any you've ever seen —they're of shining plastic that reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Send for BUBBLES today-she's a sweetheart! **SEND NO MONEY** rush your order today. Remit your order, we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

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Please send me the following items I checked below:

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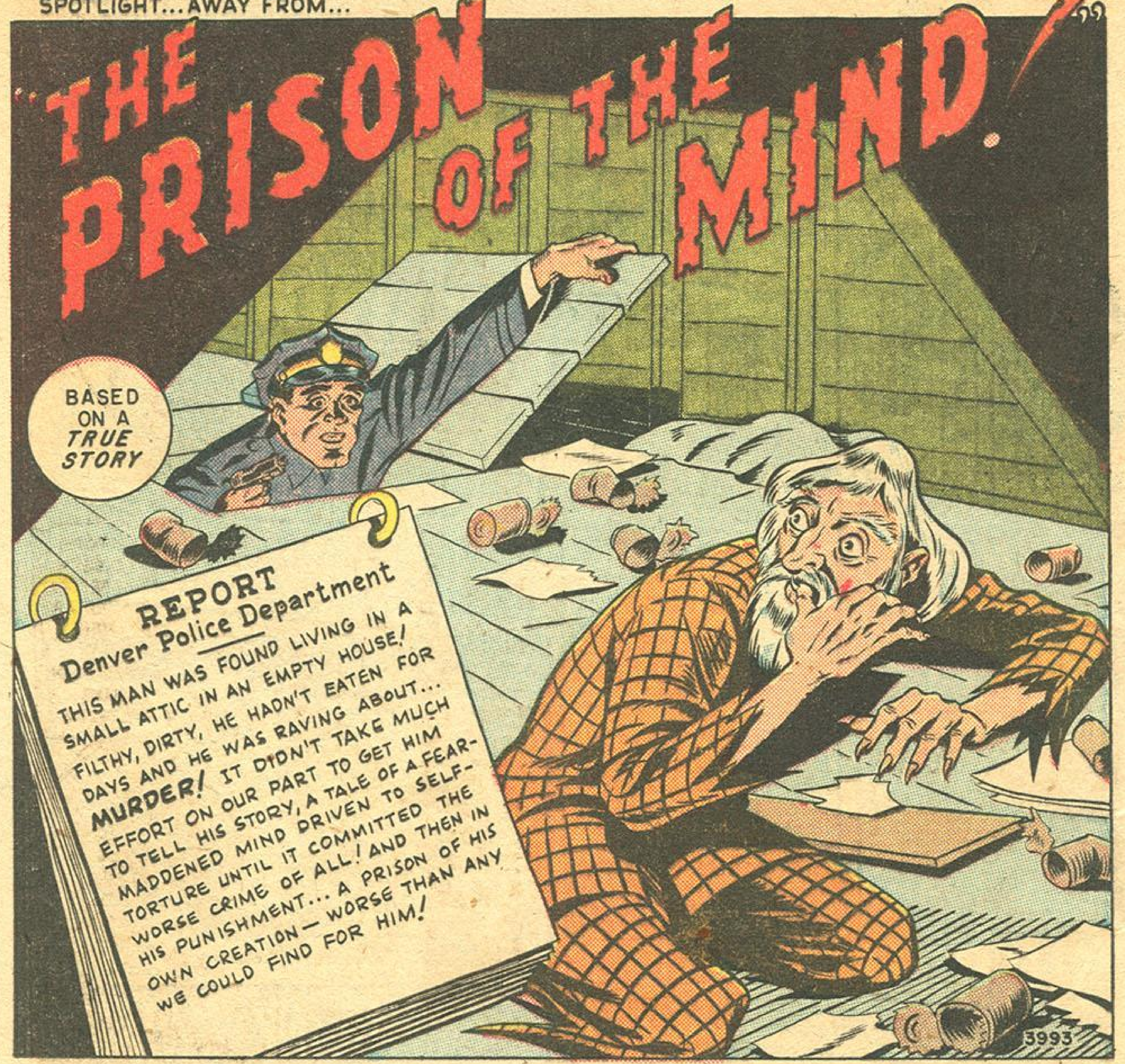
CRIME CAN'T WIN

HE CRAWLED ACROSS THE BLACK PAGES OF CRIME LIKE SOME LOATHSOME SPIDER, HIDING IN THE SHADOWS FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN UNTIL MURDER DRAGGED HIM OUT INTO THE SPOTLIGHT... AWAY FROM...

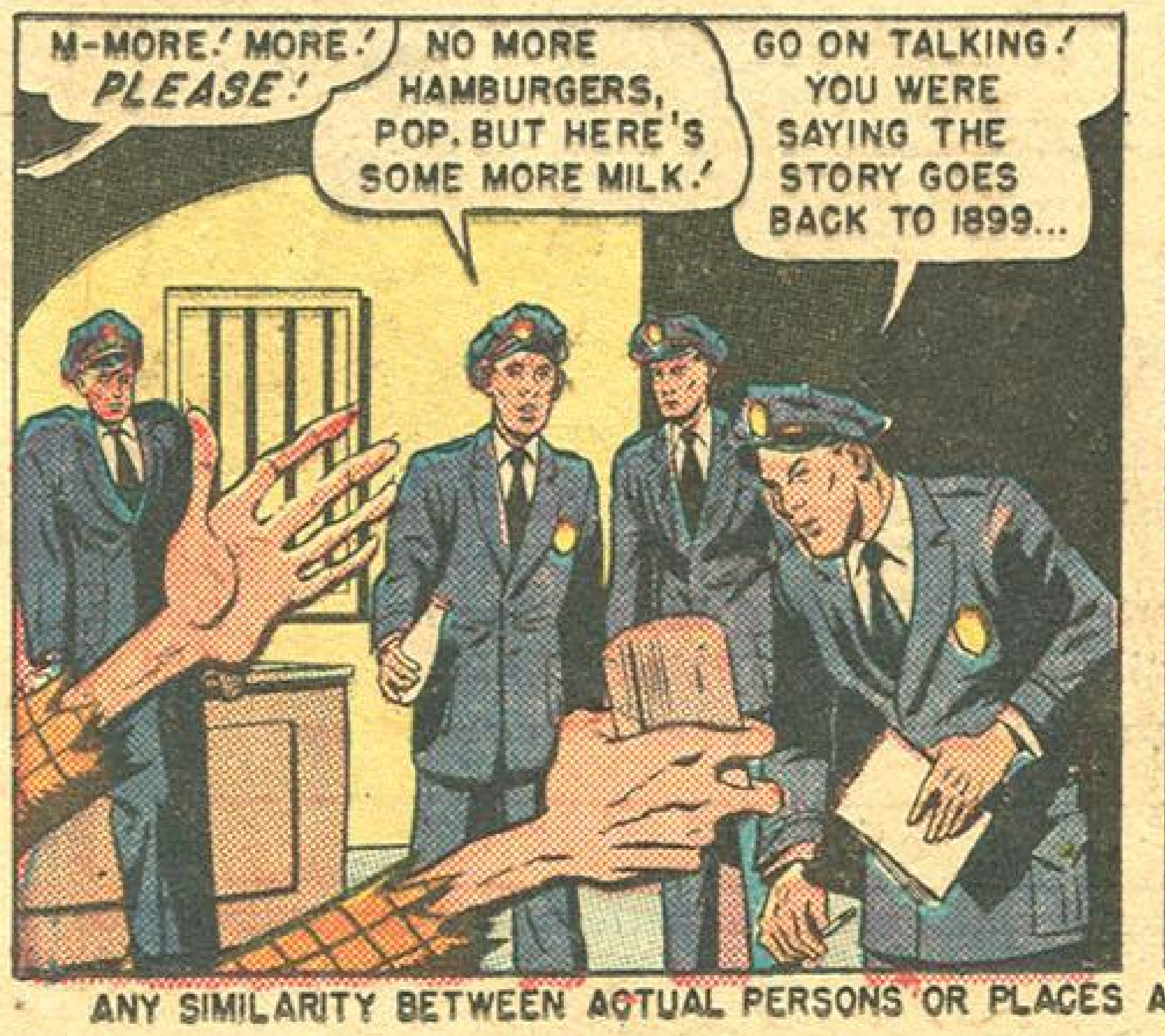
"THE PRISON OF THE MIND!"

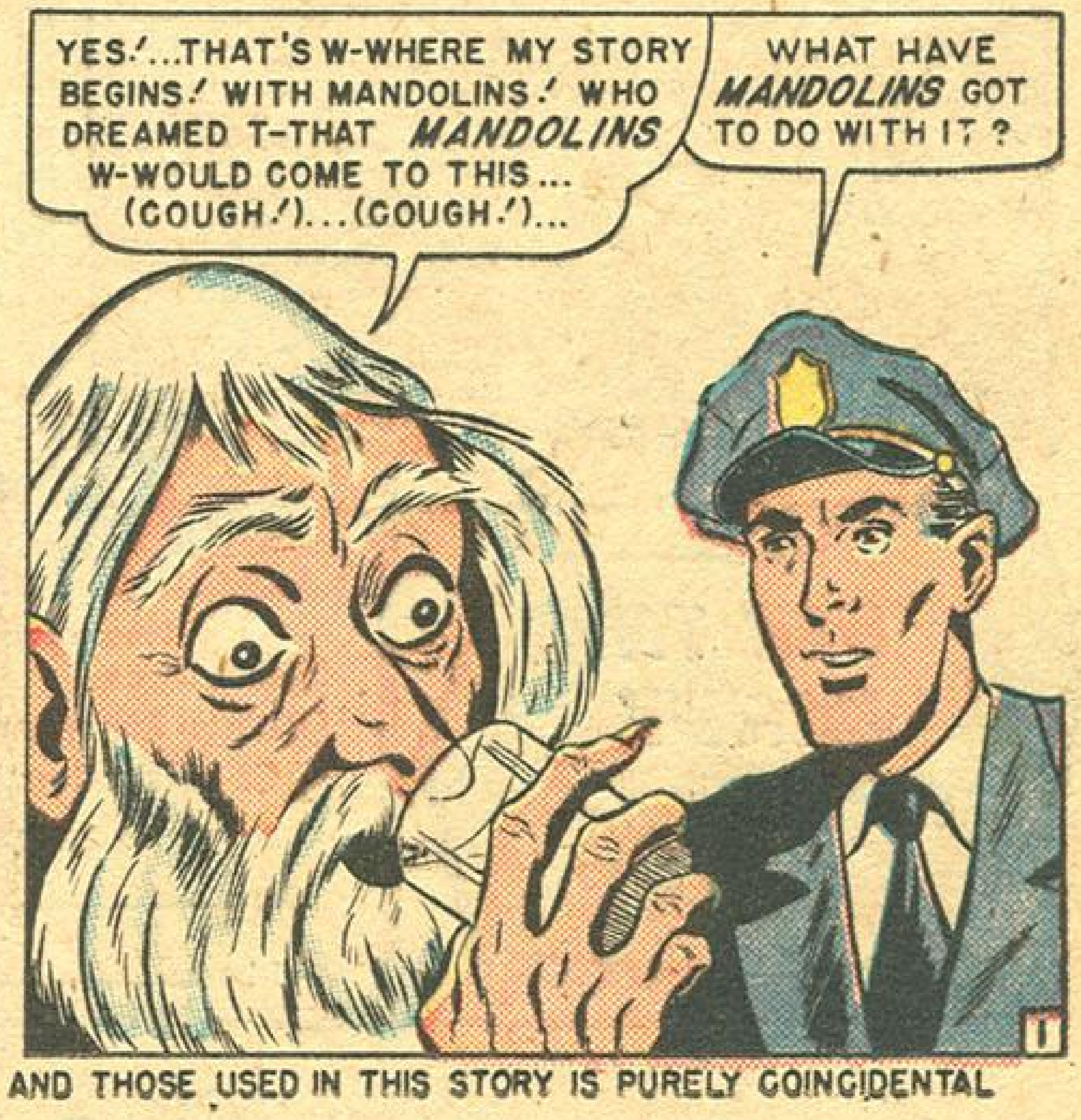

BASED ON A *TRUE STORY*
3993

REPORT
Denver Police Department

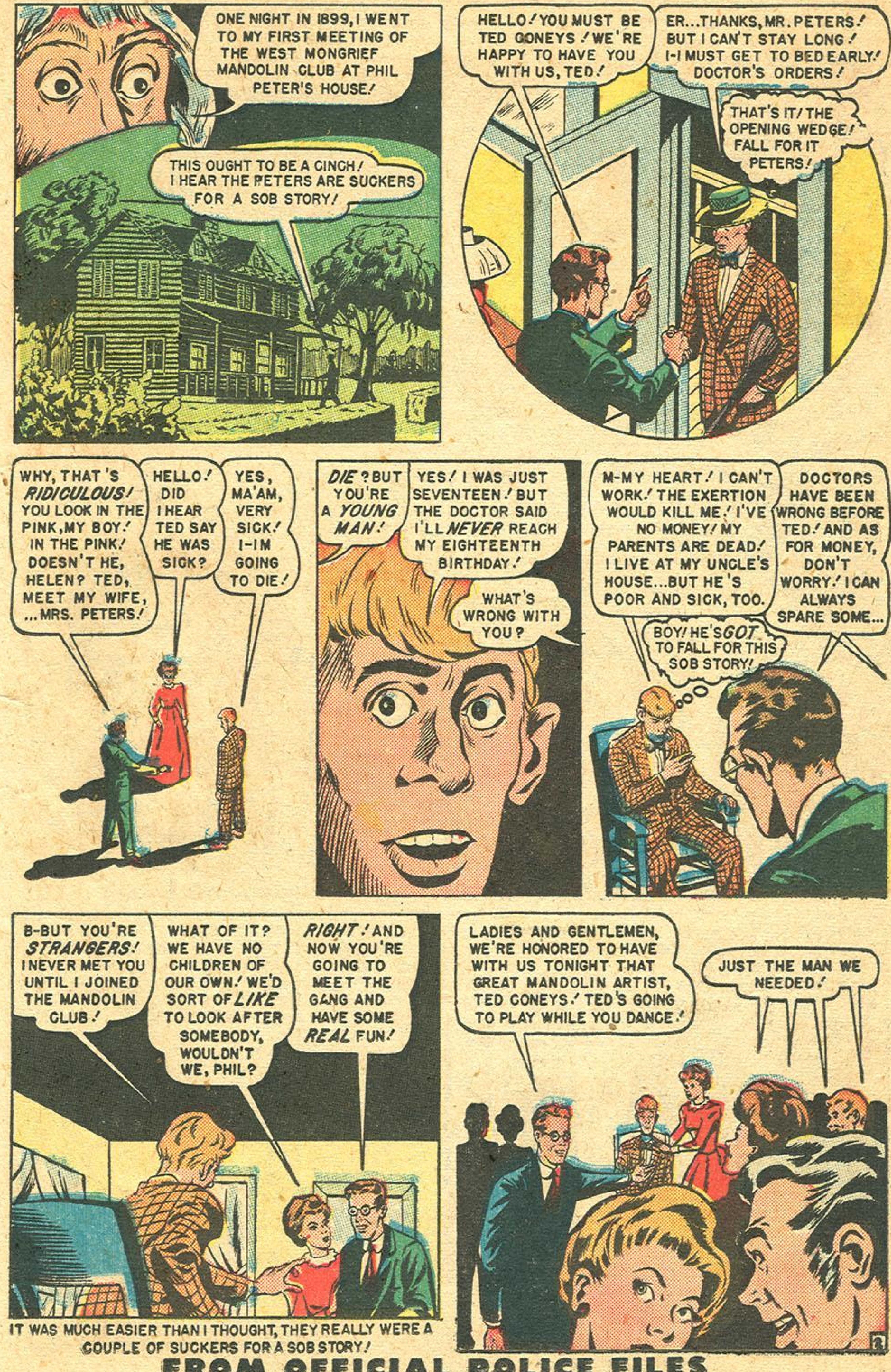
THIS MAN WAS FOUND LIVING IN A SMALL ATTIC IN AN EMPTY HOUSE! FILTHY, DIRTY, HE HADN'T EATEN FOR DAYS AND HE WAS RAVING ABOUT... **MURDER!** IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH EFFORT ON OUR PART TO GET HIM TO TELL HIS STORY, A TALE OF A FEAR-MADDENED MIND DRIVEN TO SELF-TORTURE UNTIL IT COMMITTED THE WORSE CRIME OF ALL! AND THEN IN HIS PUNISHMENT... A PRISON OF HIS OWN CREATION—WORSE THAN ANY WE COULD FIND FOR HIM!

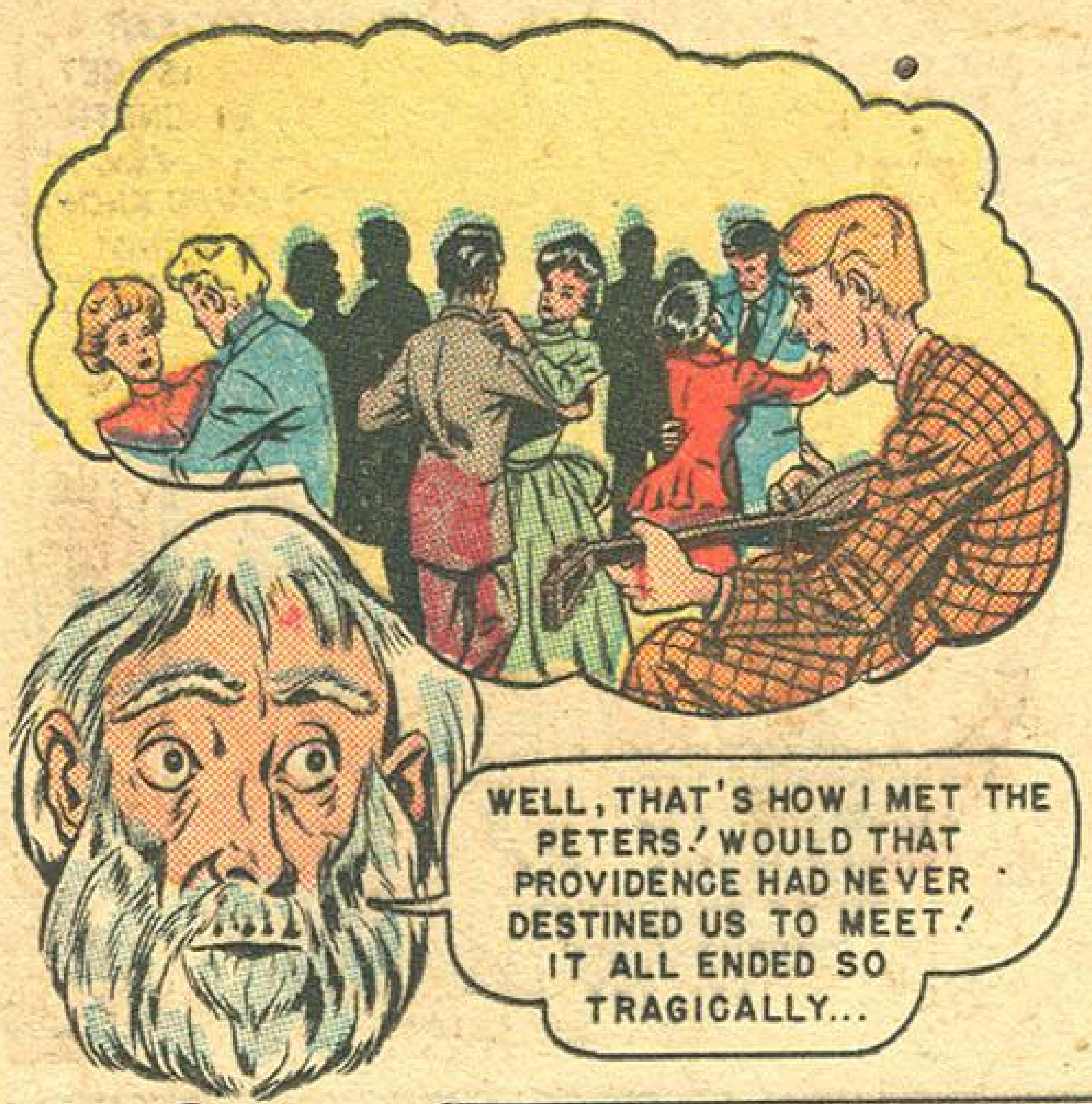
DEPRAVED AND STARVING, AN OLD SPECTRE OF A MAN PLEADS WITH THE DENVER POLICE ON A HOT NIGHT IN JULY, 1942...

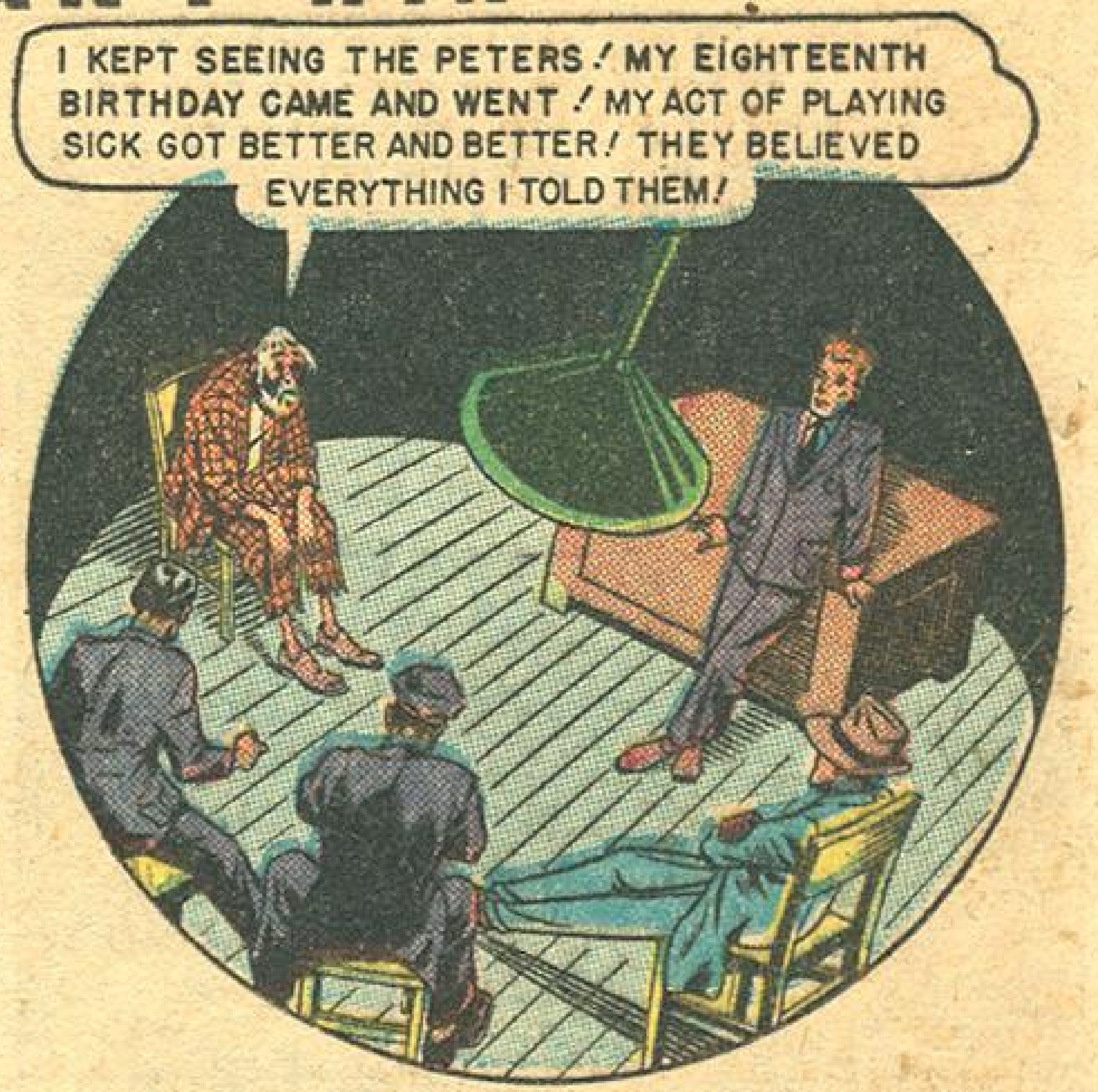

M-MORE! MORE! *PLEASE!*
NO MORE HAMBURGERS, POP. BUT HERE'S SOME MORE MILK!
GO ON TALKING! YOU WERE SAYING THE STORY GOES BACK TO 1899...

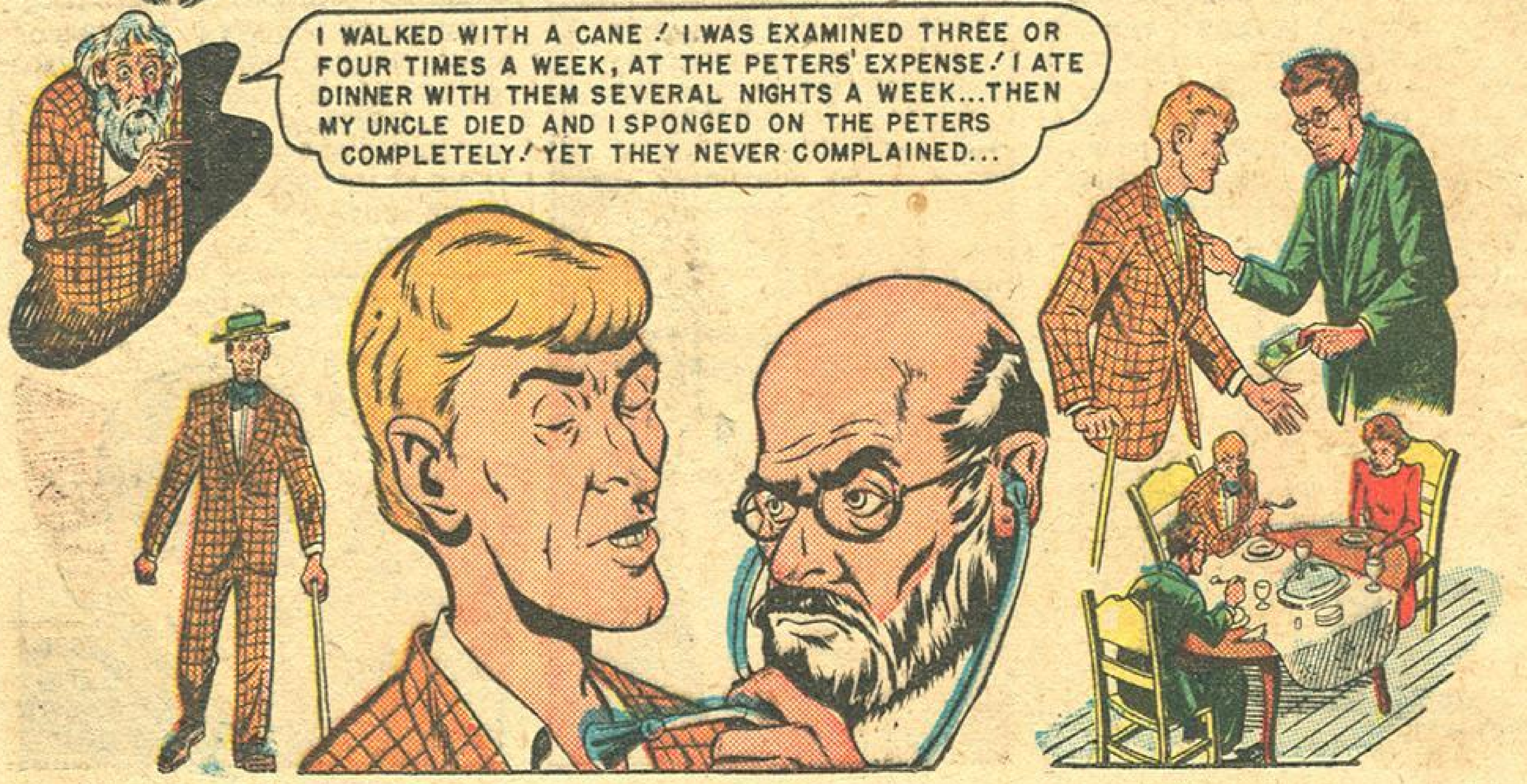

YES!...THAT'S W-WHERE MY STORY BEGINS! WITH MANDOLINS! WHO DREAMED T-THAT *MANDOLINS* W-WOULD COME TO THIS... (COUGH!)...(COUGH!)...
WHAT HAVE *MANDOLINS* GOT TO DO WITH IT?
1

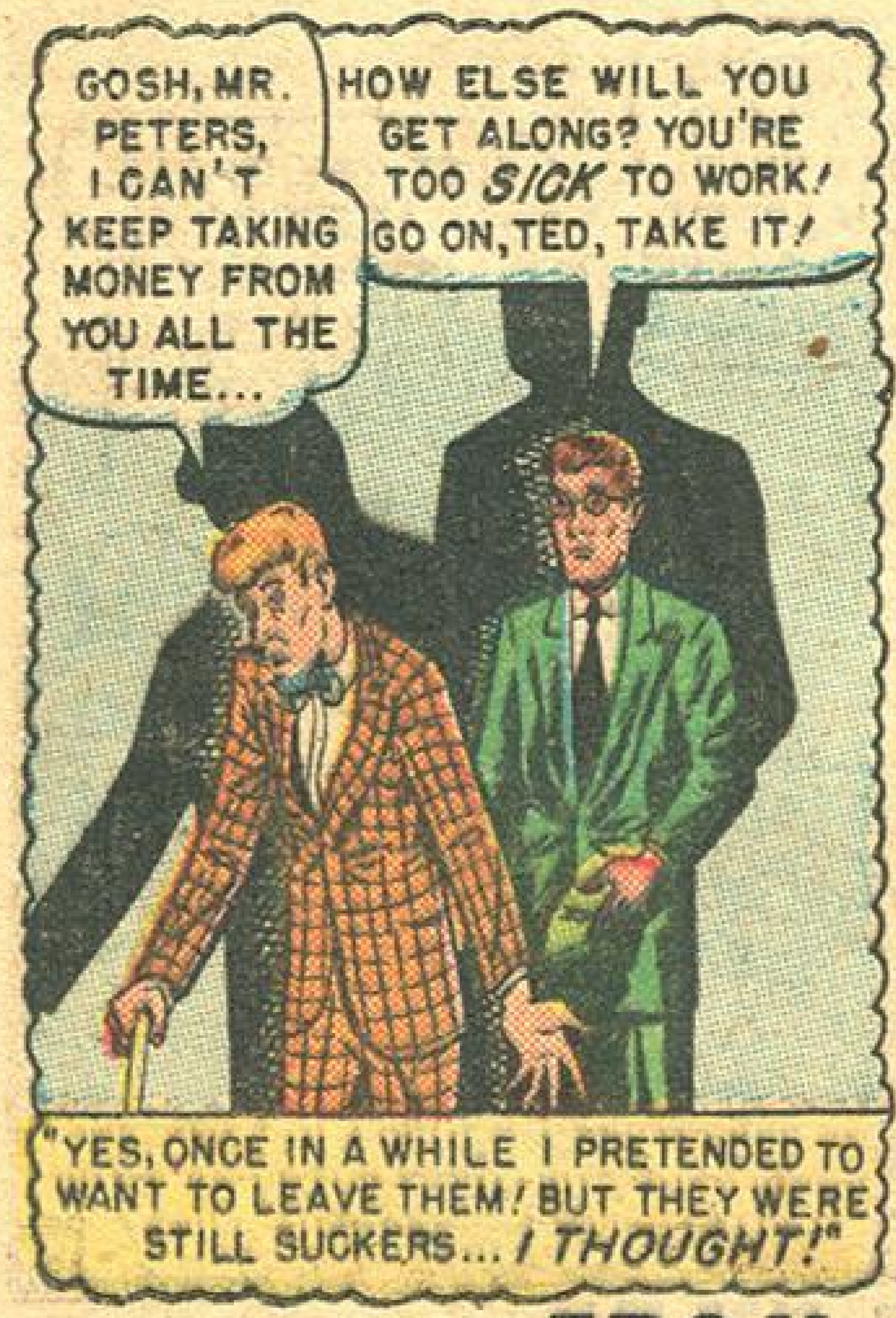
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

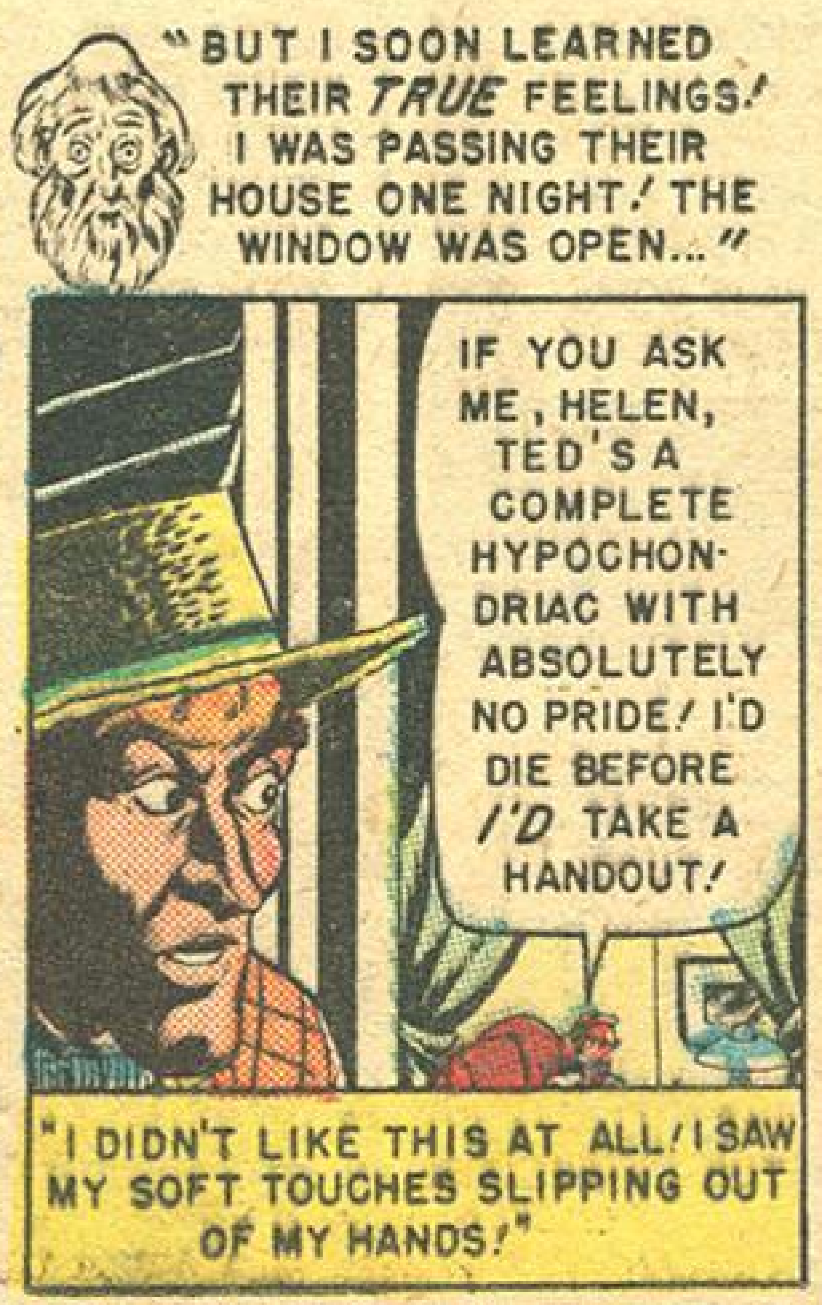

ONE NIGHT IN 1899, I WENT TO MY FIRST MEETING OF THE WEST MONGRIEF MANDOLIN CLUB AT PHIL PETER'S HOUSE!
THIS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH! I HEAR THE PETERS ARE SUCKERS FOR A SOB STORY!
HELLO! YOU MUST BE TED CONEYS! WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU WITH US, TED!
ER...THANKS, MR. PETERS! BUT I CAN'T STAY LONG! I-I MUST GET TO BED EARLY! DOCTOR'S ORDERS!
THAT'S IT! THE OPENING WEDGE! FALL FOR IT PETERS!
WHY, THAT'S *RIDICULOUS!* YOU LOOK IN THE PINK, MY BOY! IN THE PINK! DOESN'T HE, HELEN? TED, MEET MY WIFE, ...MRS. PETERS!
HELLO! DID I HEAR TED SAY HE WAS SICK?
YES, MA'AM, VERY SICK! I-I'M GOING TO DIE!
DIE? BUT YOU'RE A *YOUNG MAN*!
YES! I WAS JUST SEVENTEEN! BUT THE DOCTOR SAID I'LL *NEVER* REACH MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
M-MY HEART! I CAN'T WORK! THE EXERTION WOULD KILL ME! I'VE NO MONEY! MY PARENTS ARE DEAD! I LIVE AT MY UNCLE'S HOUSE...BUT HE'S POOR AND SICK, TOO.
DOCTORS HAVE BEEN WRONG BEFORE TED! AND AS FOR MONEY, DON'T WORRY! I CAN ALWAYS SPARE SOME...
BOY! HE'S *GOT* TO FALL FOR THIS SOB STORY!
B-BUT YOU'RE *STRANGERS!* I NEVER MET YOU UNTIL I JOINED THE MANDOLIN CLUB!
WHAT OF IT? WE HAVE NO CHILDREN OF OUR OWN! WE'D SORT OF *LIKE* TO LOOK AFTER SOMEBODY, WOULDN'T WE, PHIL?
RIGHT! AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO MEET THE GANG AND HAVE SOME *REAL* FUN!
IT WAS MUCH EASIER THAN I THOUGHT, THEY REALLY WERE A COUPLE OF SUCKERS FOR A SOB STORY!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'RE HONORED TO HAVE WITH US TONIGHT THAT GREAT MANDOLIN ARTIST, TED CONEYS! TED'S GOING TO PLAY WHILE YOU DANCE!
JUST THE MAN WE NEEDED!
3

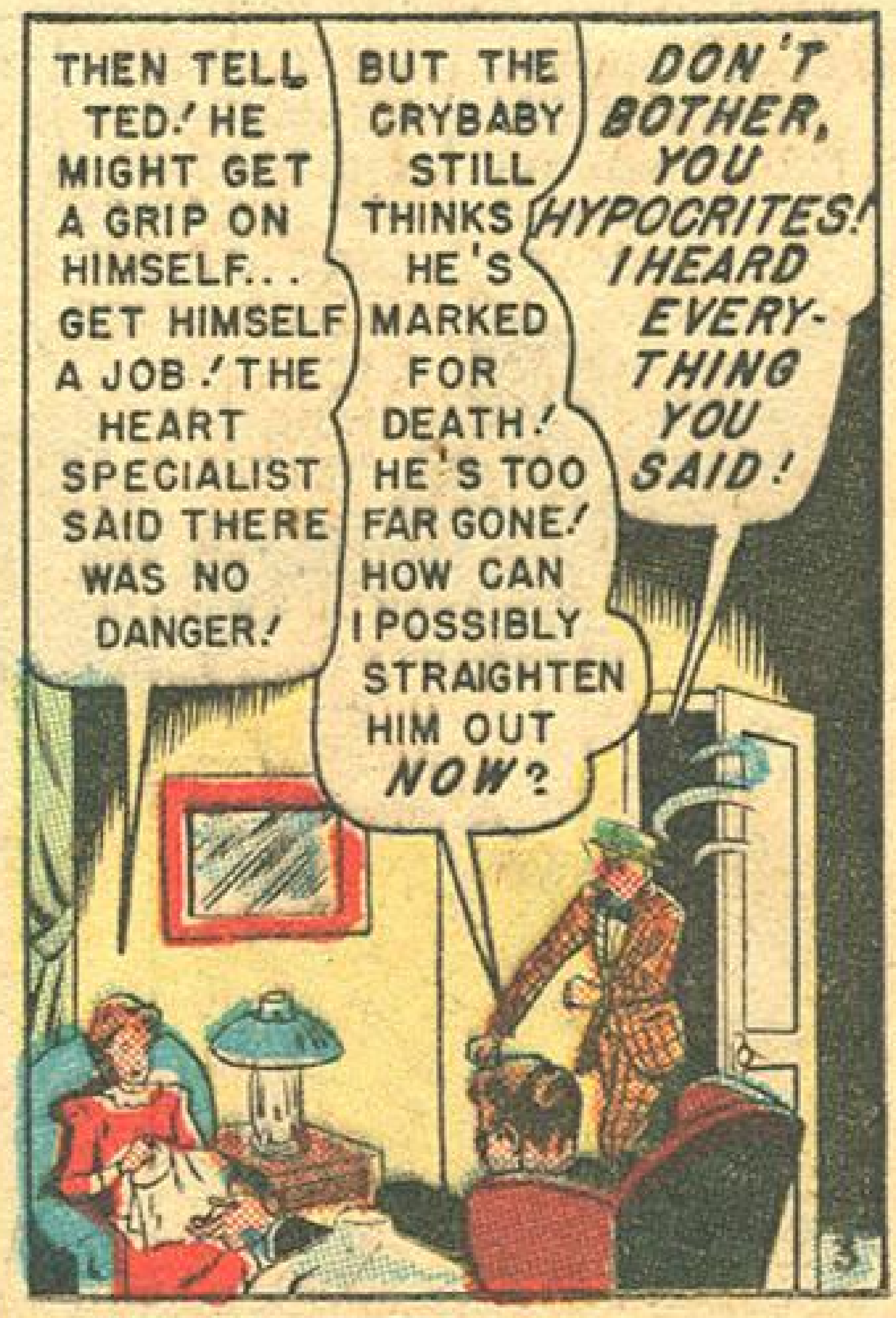

WELL, THAT'S HOW I MET THE PETERS! WOULD THAT PROVIDENCE HAD NEVER DESTINED US TO MEET! IT ALL ENDED SO TRAGICALLY...

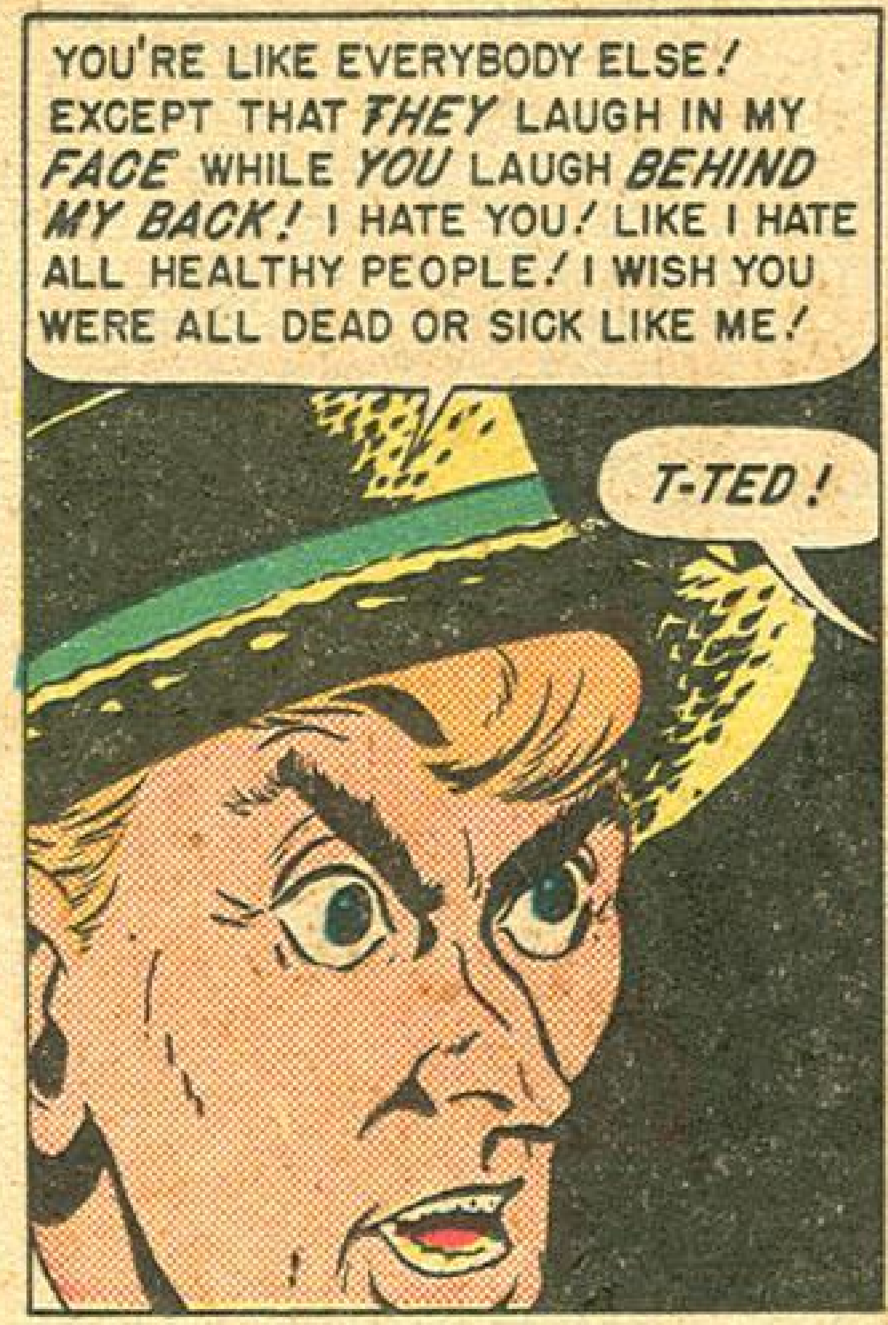

I KEPT SEEING THE PETERS! MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY CAME AND WENT! MY ACT OF PLAYING SICK GOT BETTER AND BETTER! THEY BELIEVED EVERYTHING I TOLD THEM!

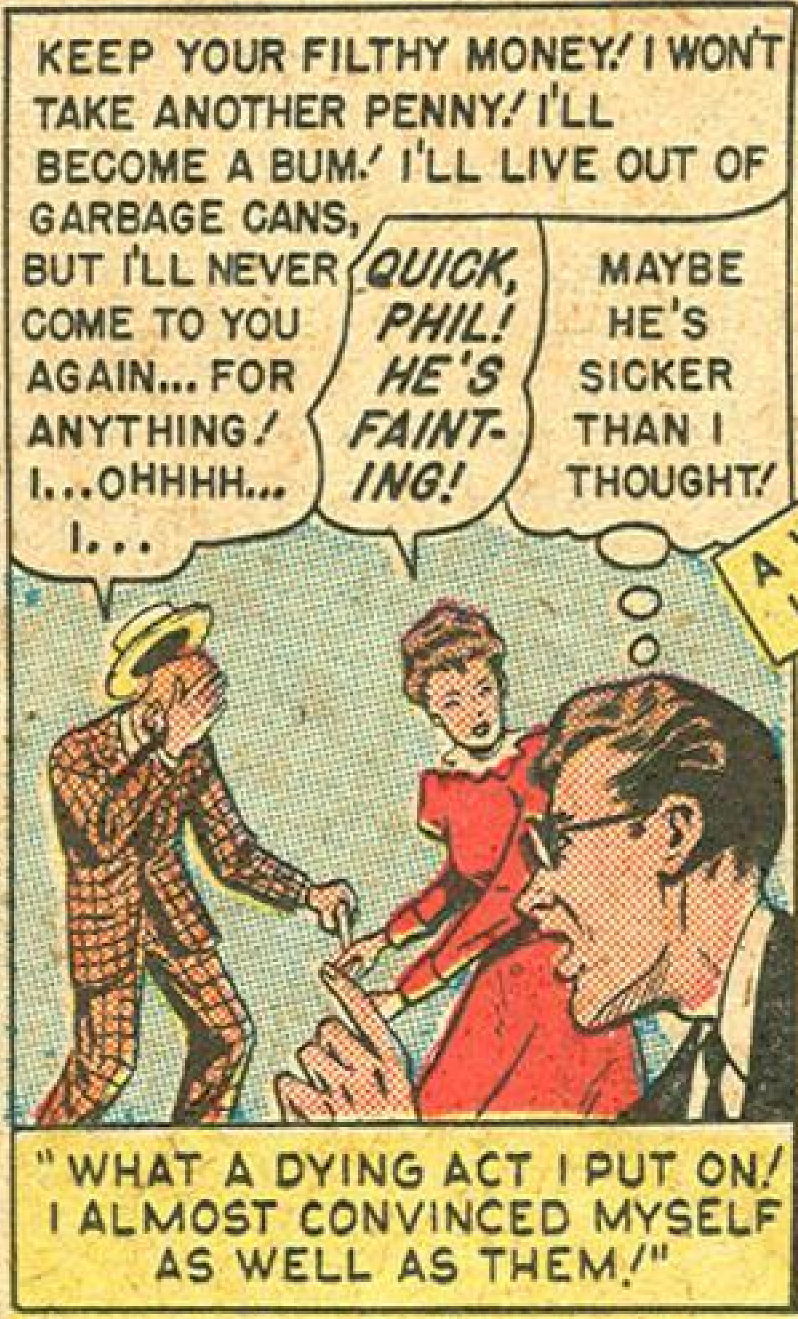

I WALKED WITH A CANE! I WAS EXAMINED THREE OR FOUR TIMES A WEEK, AT THE PETERS' EXPENSE! I ATE DINNER WITH THEM SEVERAL NIGHTS A WEEK...THEN MY UNCLE DIED AND I SPONGED ON THE PETERS COMPLETELY! YET THEY NEVER COMPLAINED...

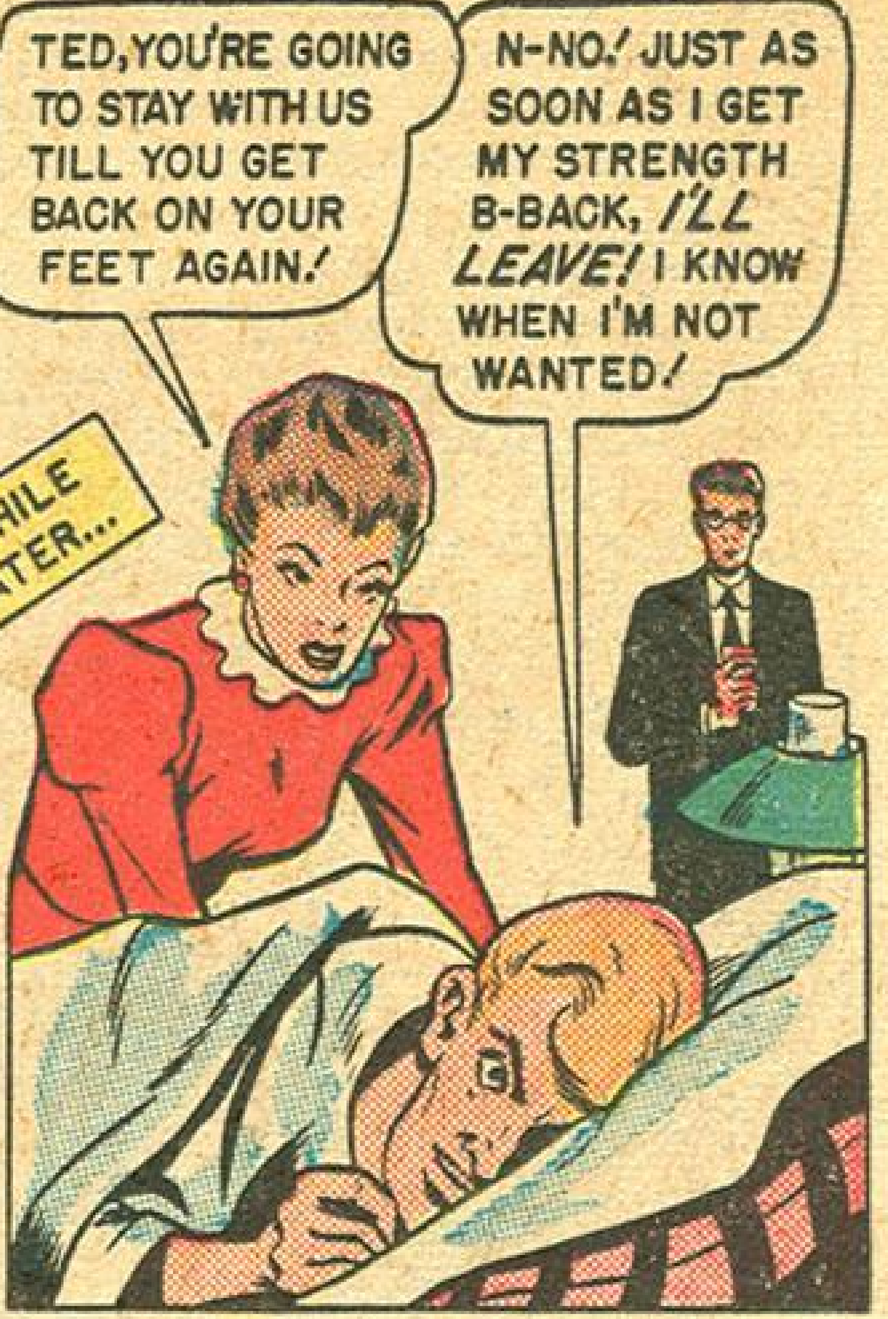

GOSH, MR. PETERS, I CAN'T KEEP TAKING MONEY FROM YOU ALL THE TIME...
HOW ELSE WILL YOU GET ALONG? YOU'RE TOO *SICK* TO WORK! GO ON, TED, TAKE IT!
"YES, ONCE IN A WHILE I PRETENDED TO WANT TO LEAVE THEM! BUT THEY WERE STILL SUCKERS... *I THOUGHT!*"

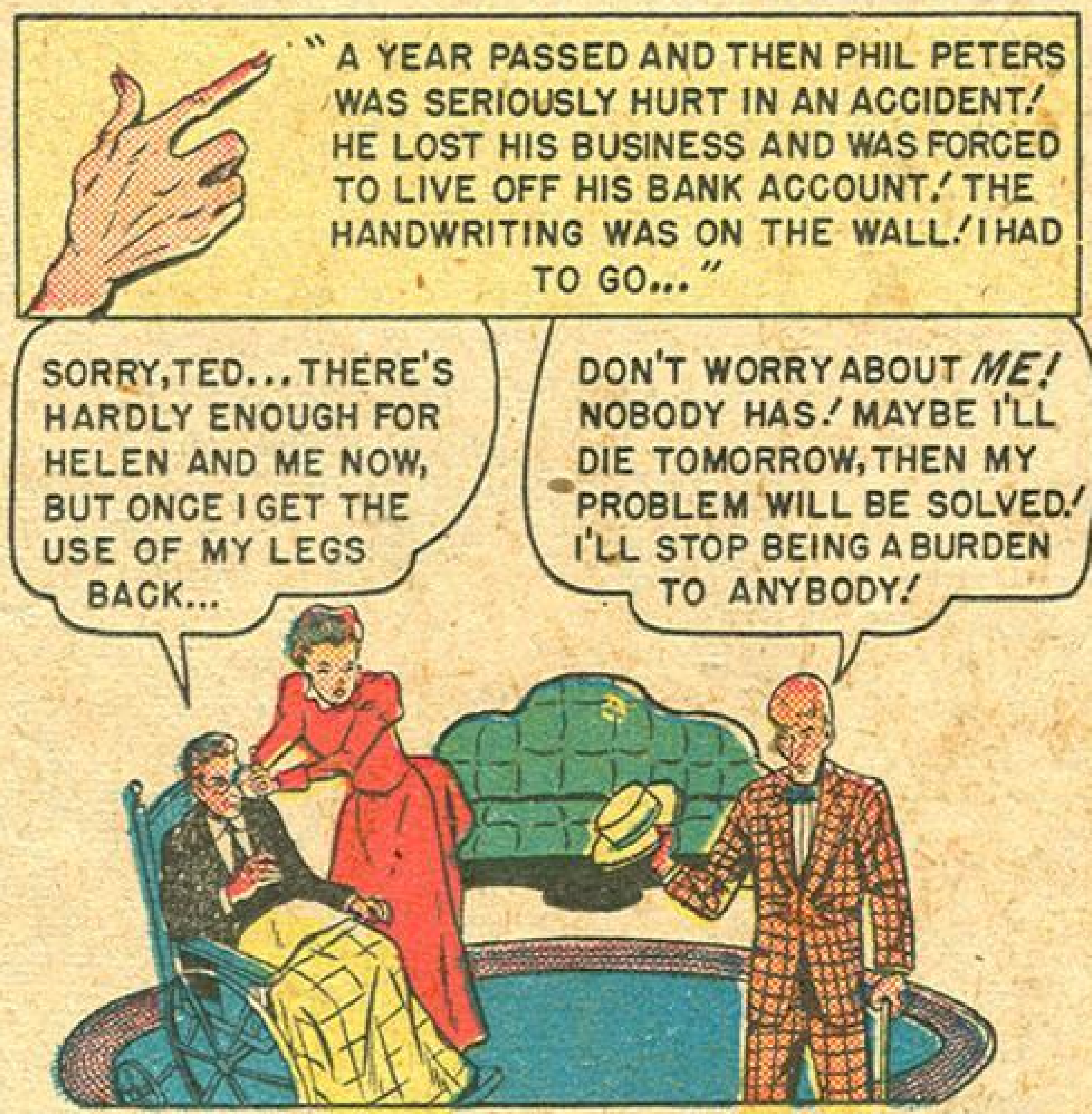

"BUT I SOON LEARNED THEIR *TRUE* FEELINGS! I WAS PASSING THEIR HOUSE ONE NIGHT! THE WINDOW WAS OPEN..."
IF YOU ASK ME, HELEN, TED'S A COMPLETE HYPOCHONDRIAC WITH ABSOLUTELY NO PRIDE! I'D DIE BEFORE *I'D* TAKE A HANDOUT!
"I DIDN'T LIKE THIS AT ALL! I SAW MY SOFT TOUCHES SLIPPING OUT OF MY HANDS!"

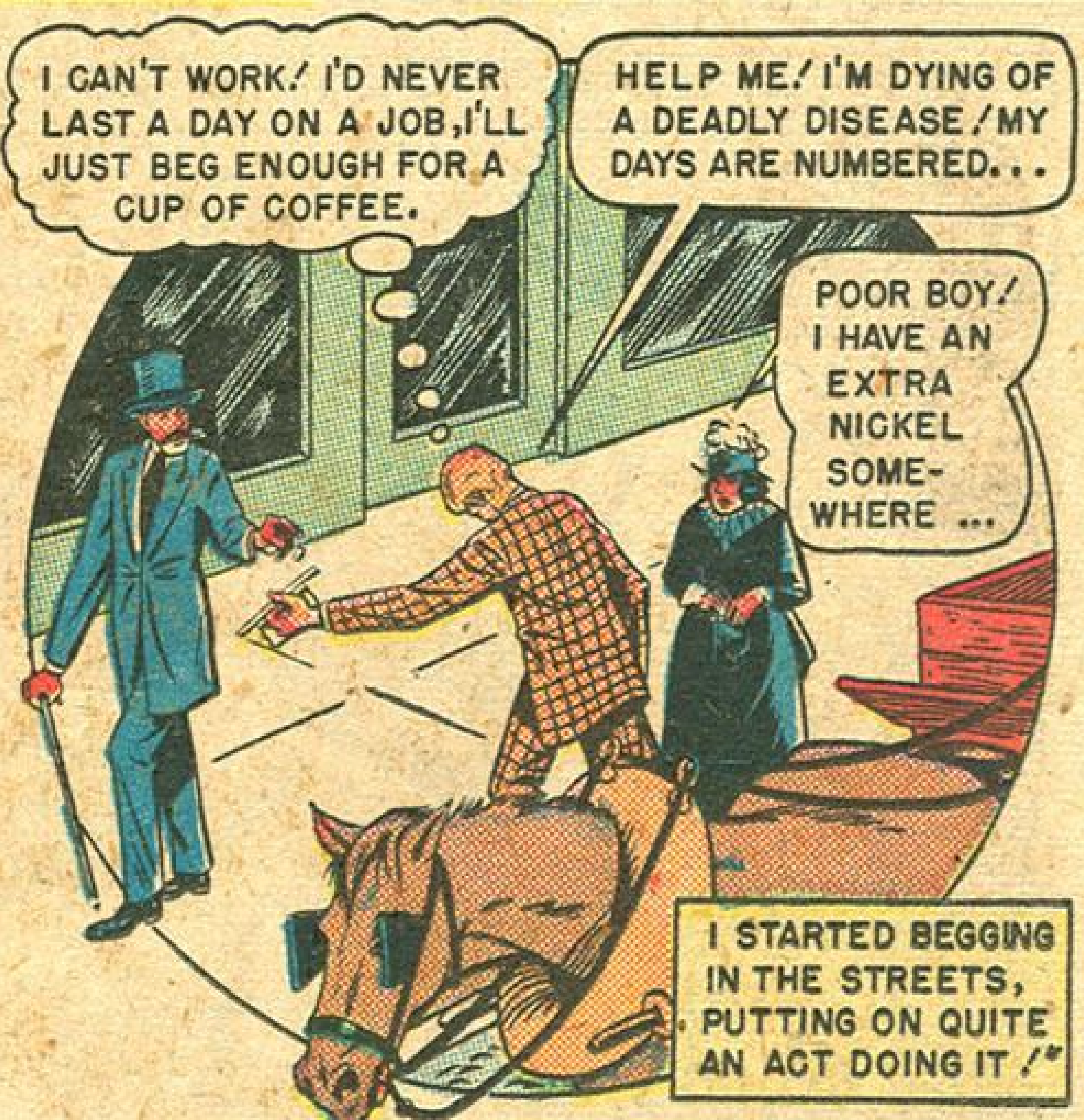

THEN TELL TED! HE MIGHT GET A GRIP ON HIMSELF.. GET HIMSELF A JOB! THE HEART SPECIALIST SAID THERE WAS NO DANGER!
BUT THE CRYBABY STILL THINKS HE'S MARKED FOR DEATH! HE'S TOO FAR GONE! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT *NOW*?
DON'T BOTHER, YOU HYPOCRITES! I HEARD EVERYTHING YOU SAID!
3

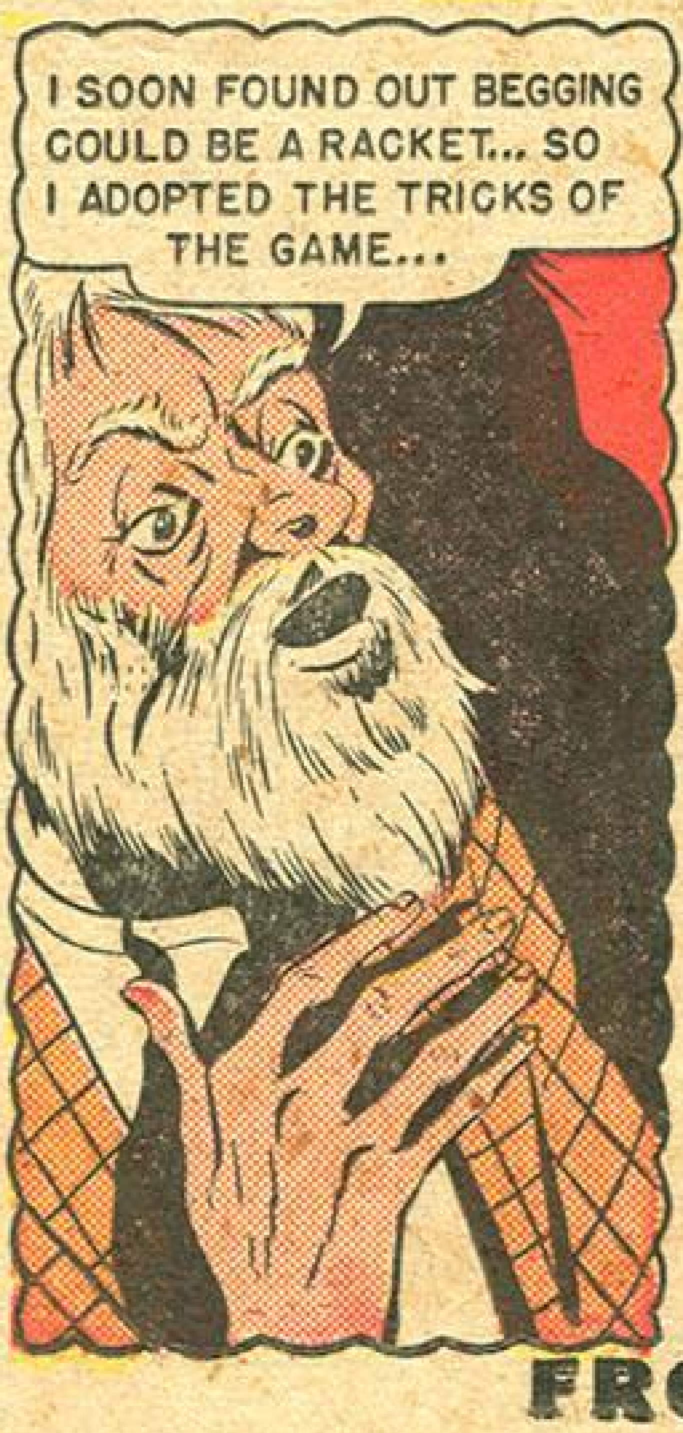

YOU'RE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE! EXCEPT THAT *THEY* LAUGH IN MY *FACE* WHILE *YOU* LAUGH *BEHIND MY BACK!* I HATE YOU! LIKE I HATE ALL HEALTHY PEOPLE! I WISH YOU WERE ALL DEAD OR SICK LIKE ME!
T-TED!

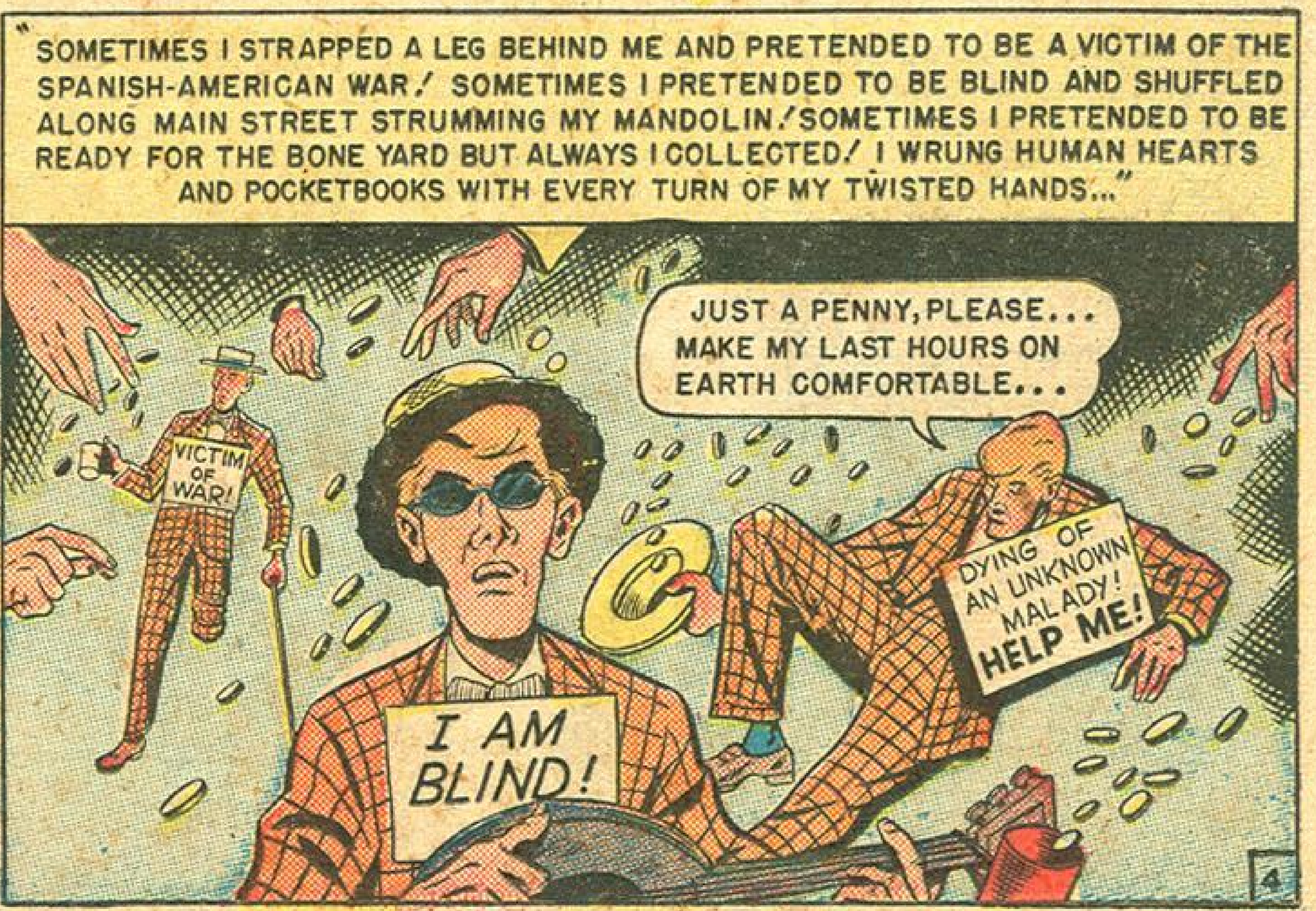

KEEP YOUR FILTHY MONEY! I WON'T TAKE ANOTHER PENNY! I'LL BECOME A BUM! I'LL LIVE OUT OF GARBAGE CANS, BUT I'LL NEVER COME TO YOU AGAIN... FOR ANYTHING! I...OHHHH... I...
QUICK, PHIL! HE'S FAINTING!
MAYBE HE'S SICKER THAN I THOUGHT!
"WHAT A DYING ACT I PUT ON! I ALMOST CONVINCED MYSELF AS WELL AS THEM!"

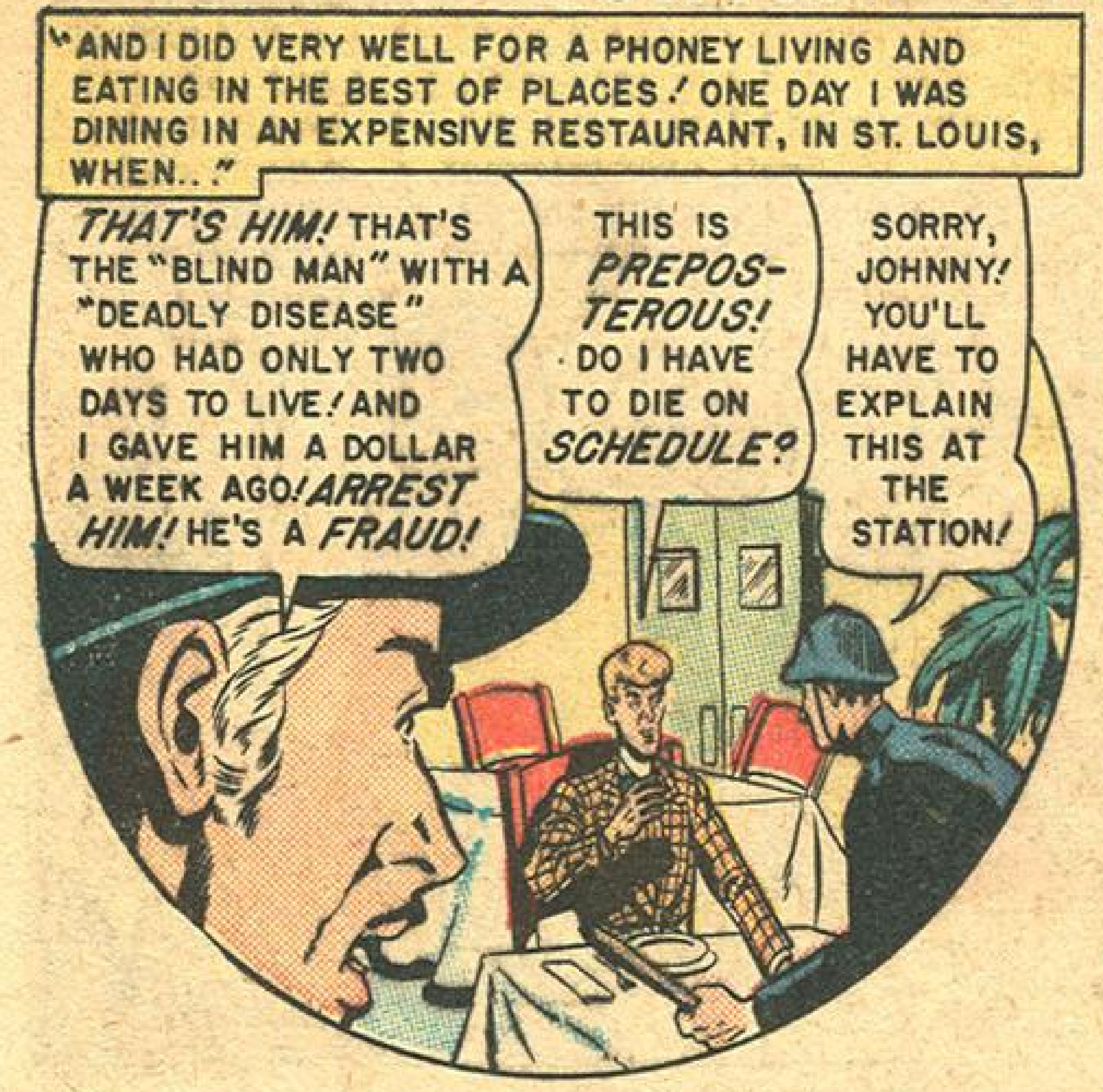

A WHILE LATER...
TED, YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL YOU GET BACK ON YOUR FEET AGAIN!
N-NO! JUST AS SOON AS I GET MY STRENGTH B-BACK, *I'LL LEAVE!* I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED!

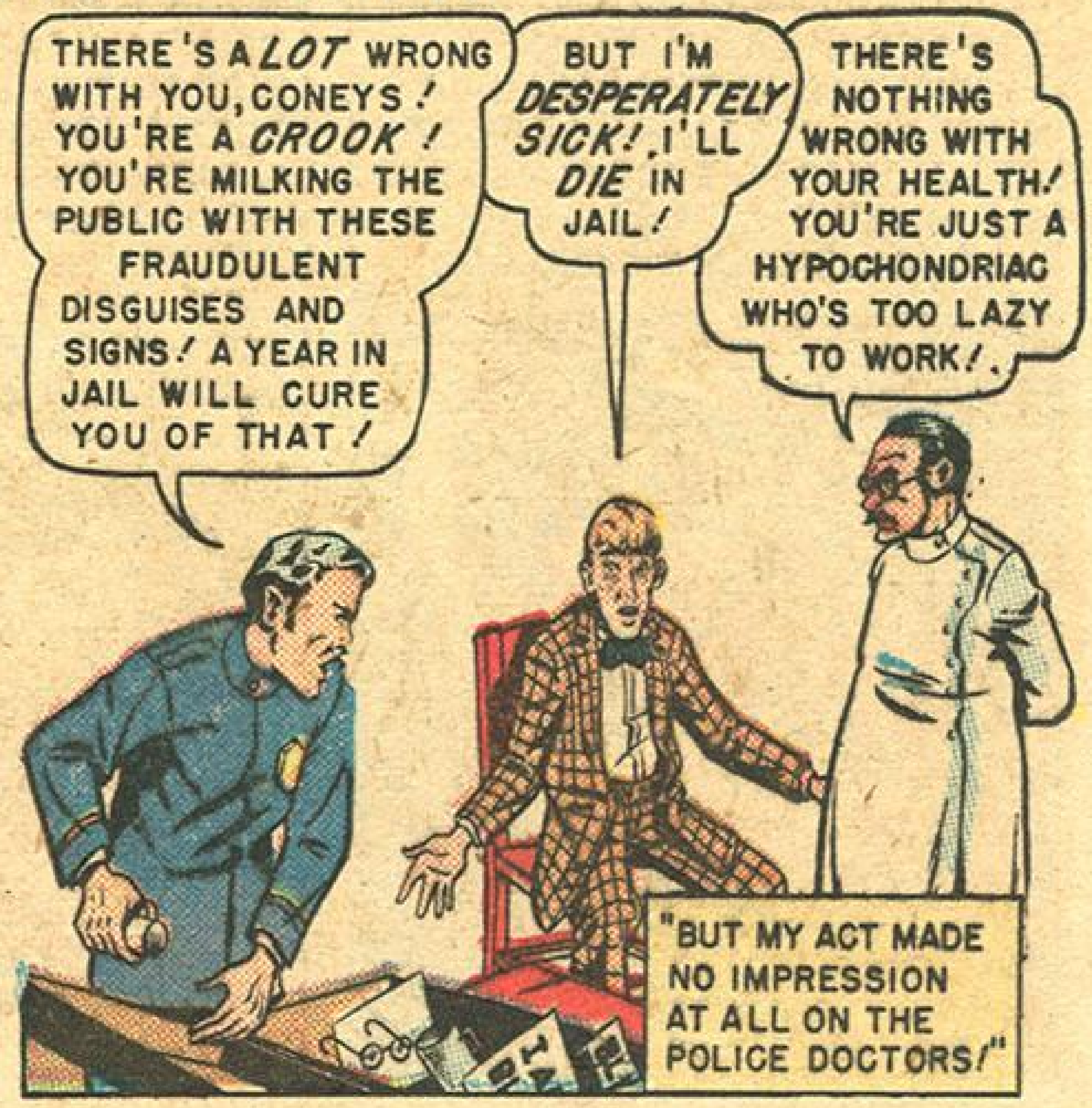

"A YEAR PASSED AND THEN PHIL PETERS WAS SERIOUSLY HURT IN AN ACCIDENT! HE LOST HIS BUSINESS AND WAS FORCED TO LIVE OFF HIS BANK ACCOUNT! THE HANDWRITING WAS ON THE WALL! I HAD TO GO..."
SORRY, TED... THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH FOR HELEN AND ME NOW, BUT ONCE I GET THE USE OF MY LEGS BACK...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT *ME!* NOBODY HAS! MAYBE I'LL DIE TOMORROW, THEN MY PROBLEM WILL BE SOLVED! I'LL STOP BEING A BURDEN TO ANYBODY!

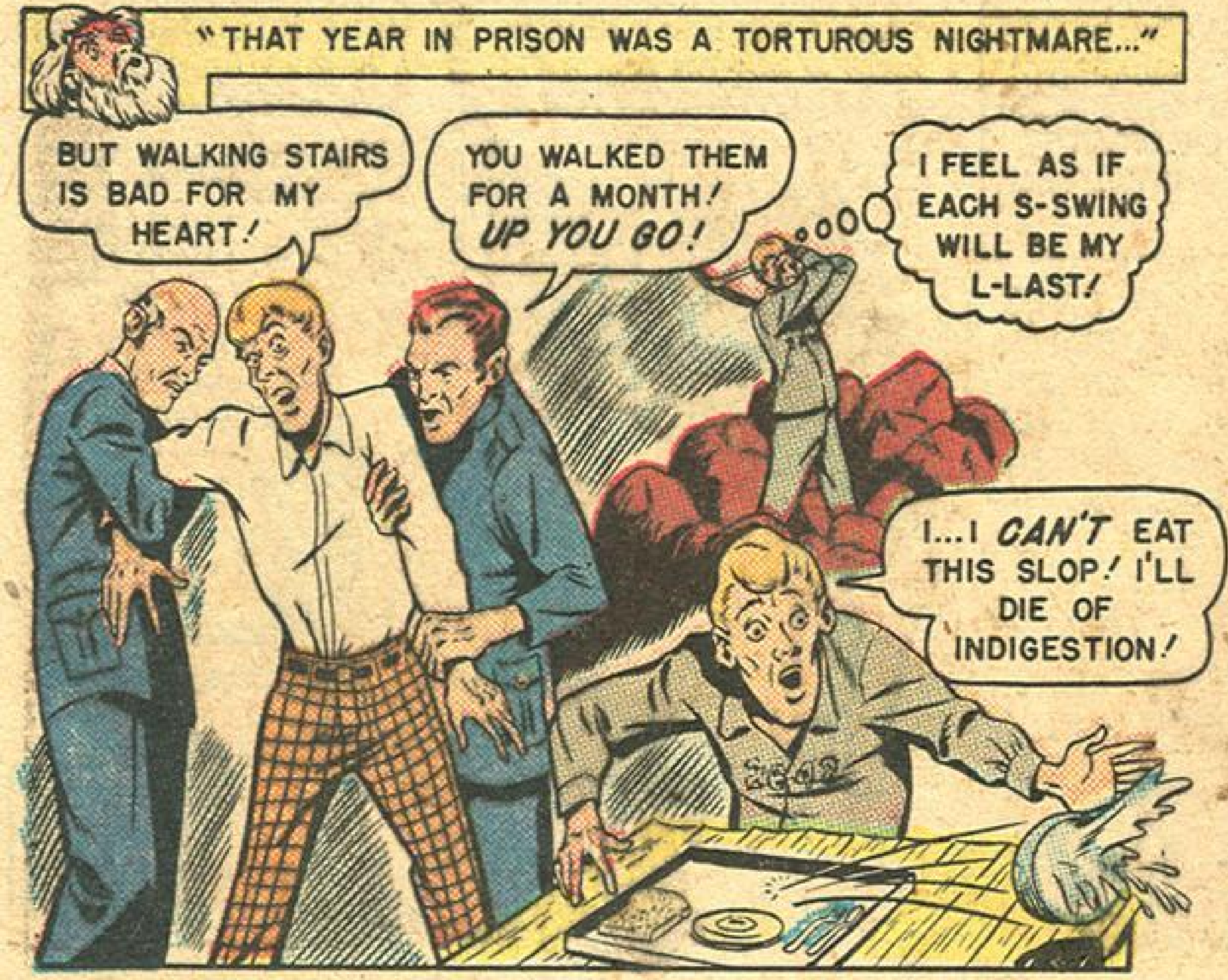

I CAN'T WORK! I'D NEVER LAST A DAY ON A JOB, I'LL JUST BEG ENOUGH FOR A CUP OF COFFEE.
HELP ME! I'M DYING OF A DEADLY DISEASE! MY DAYS ARE NUMBERED...
POOR BOY! I HAVE AN EXTRA NICKEL SOMEWHERE...
I STARTED BEGGING IN THE STREETS, PUTTING ON QUITE AN ACT DOING IT!"

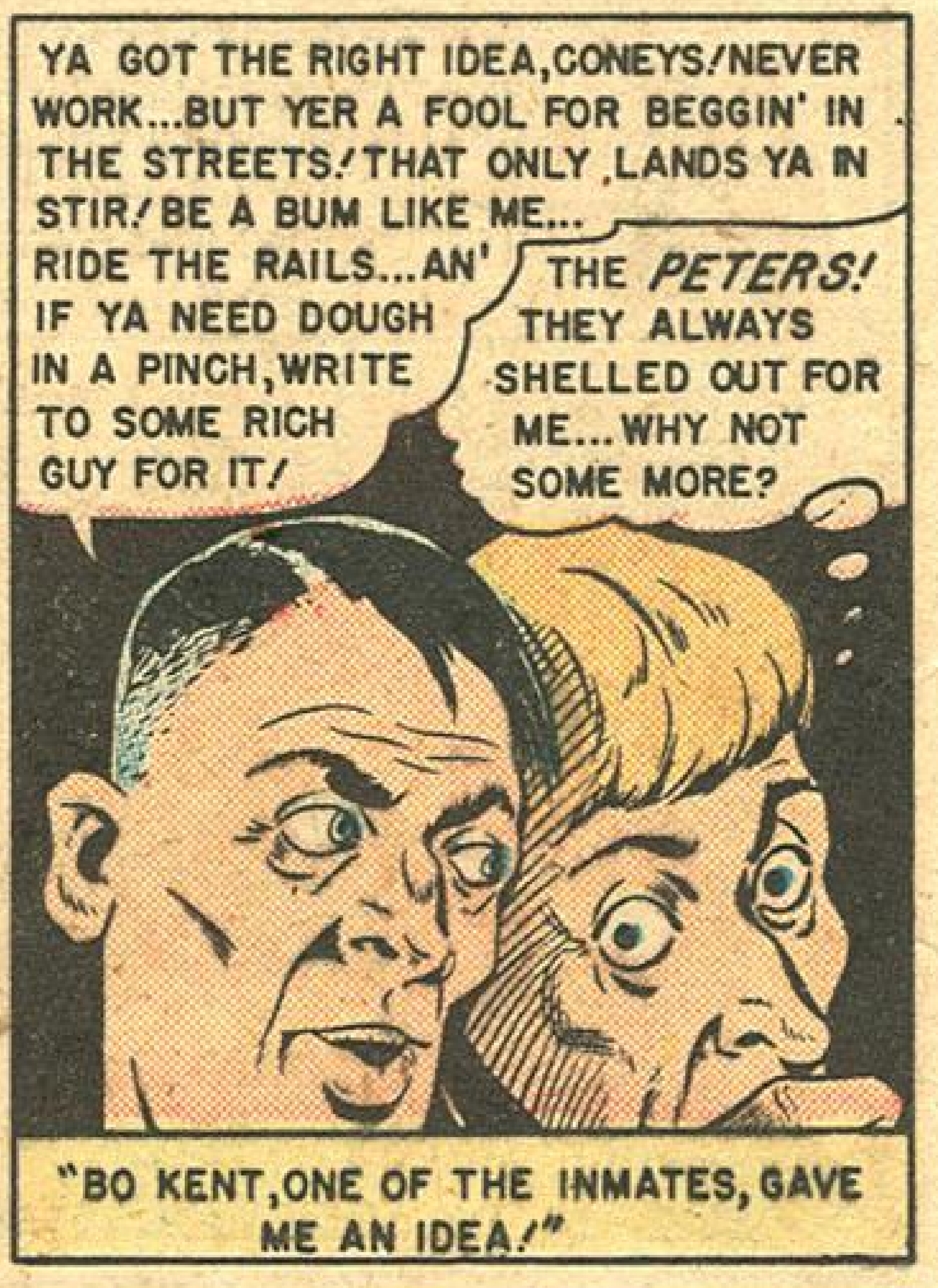

I SOON FOUND OUT BEGGING COULD BE A RACKET... SO I ADOPTED THE TRICKS OF THE GAME...

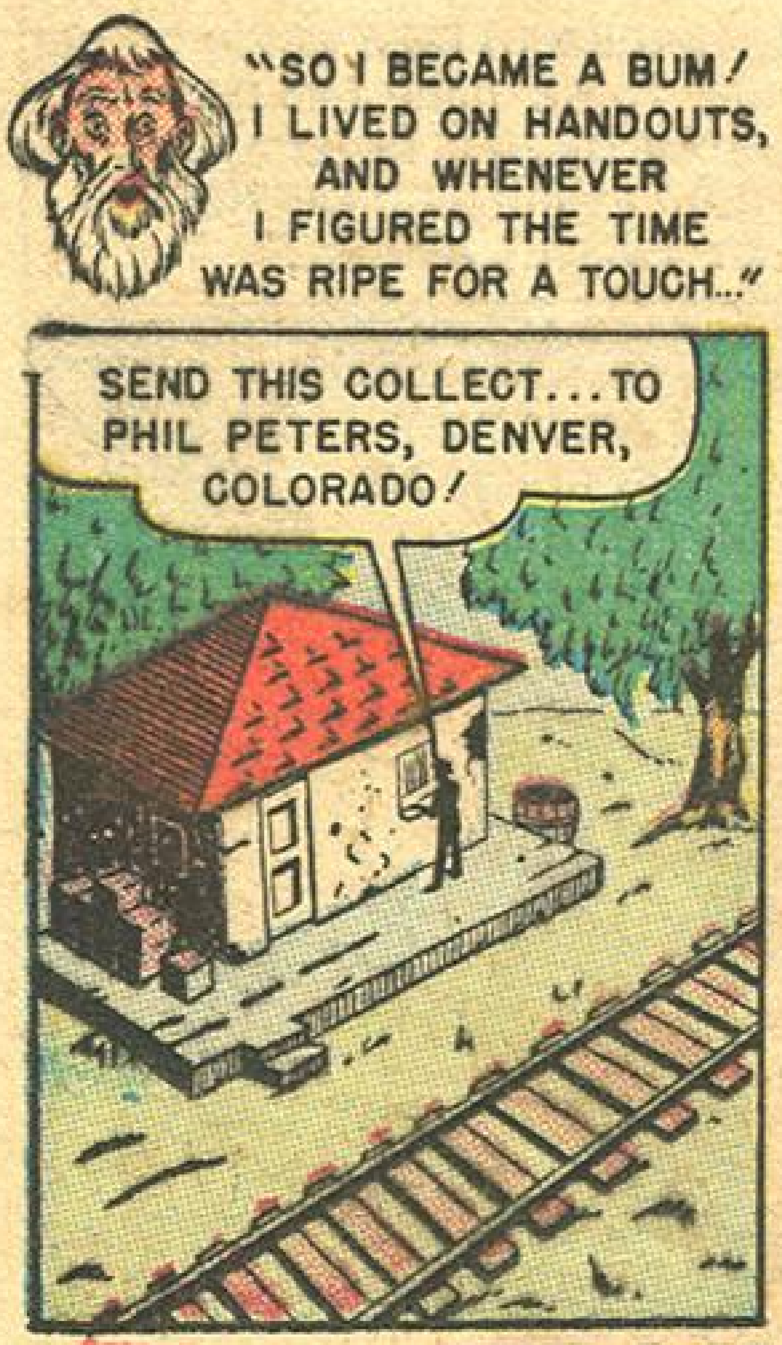

"SOMETIMES I STRAPPED A LEG BEHIND ME AND PRETENDED TO BE A VICTIM OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR! SOMETIMES I PRETENDED TO BE BLIND AND SHUFFLED ALONG MAIN STREET STRUMMING MY MANDOLIN! SOMETIMES I PRETENDED TO BE READY FOR THE BONE YARD BUT ALWAYS I COLLECTED! I WRUNG HUMAN HEARTS AND POCKETBOOKS WITH EVERY TURN OF MY TWISTED HANDS..."
JUST A PENNY, PLEASE... MAKE MY LAST HOURS ON EARTH COMFORTABLE...
VICTIM OF WAR!
I AM BLIND!
DYING OF AN UNKNOWN MALADY! HELP ME!

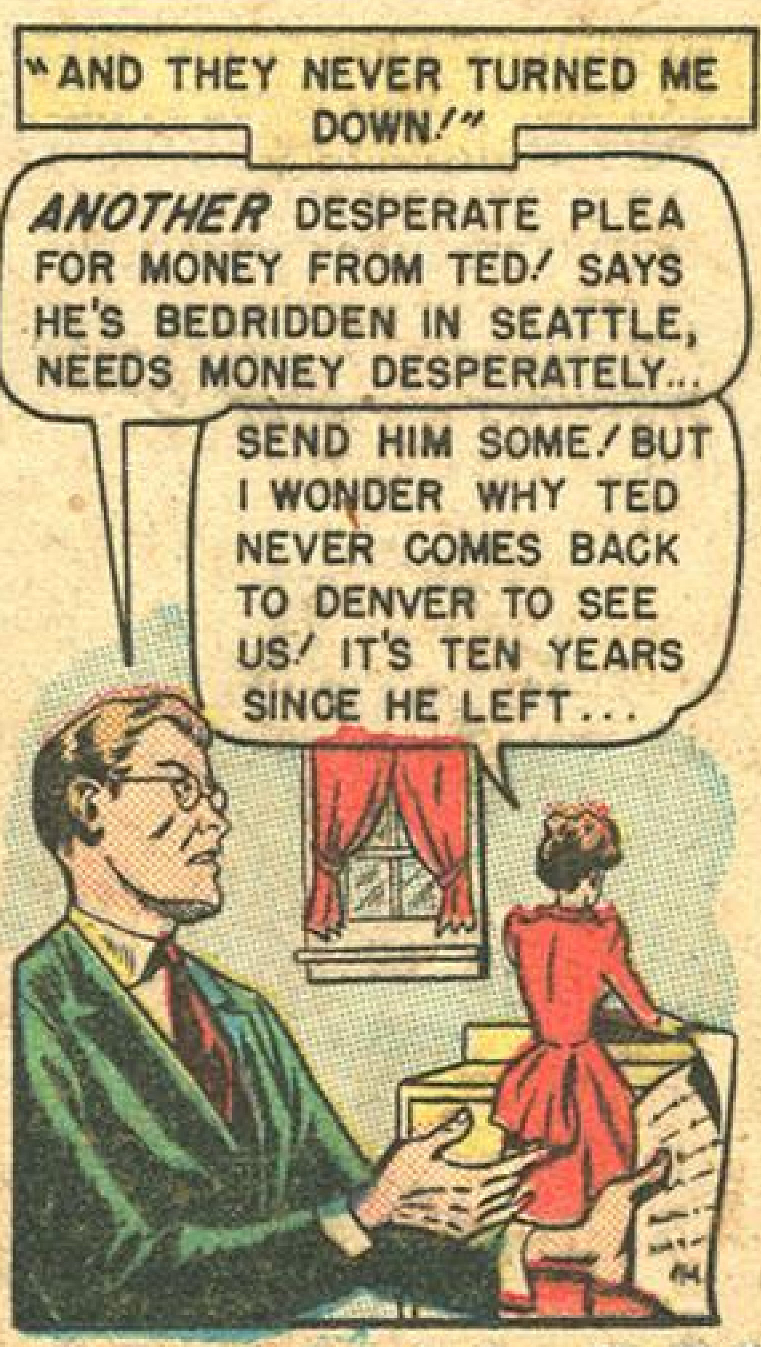

"AND I DID VERY WELL FOR A PHONEY LIVING AND EATING IN THE BEST OF PLACES! ONE DAY I WAS DINING IN AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT, IN ST. LOUIS, WHEN..."
THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE "BLIND MAN" WITH A "DEADLY DISEASE" WHO HAD ONLY TWO DAYS TO LIVE! AND I GAVE HIM A DOLLAR A WEEK AGO! *ARREST HIM!* HE'S A *FRAUD!*
THIS IS *PREPOSTEROUS!* DO I HAVE TO DIE ON *SCHEDULE?*
SORRY, JOHNNY! YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN THIS AT THE STATION!

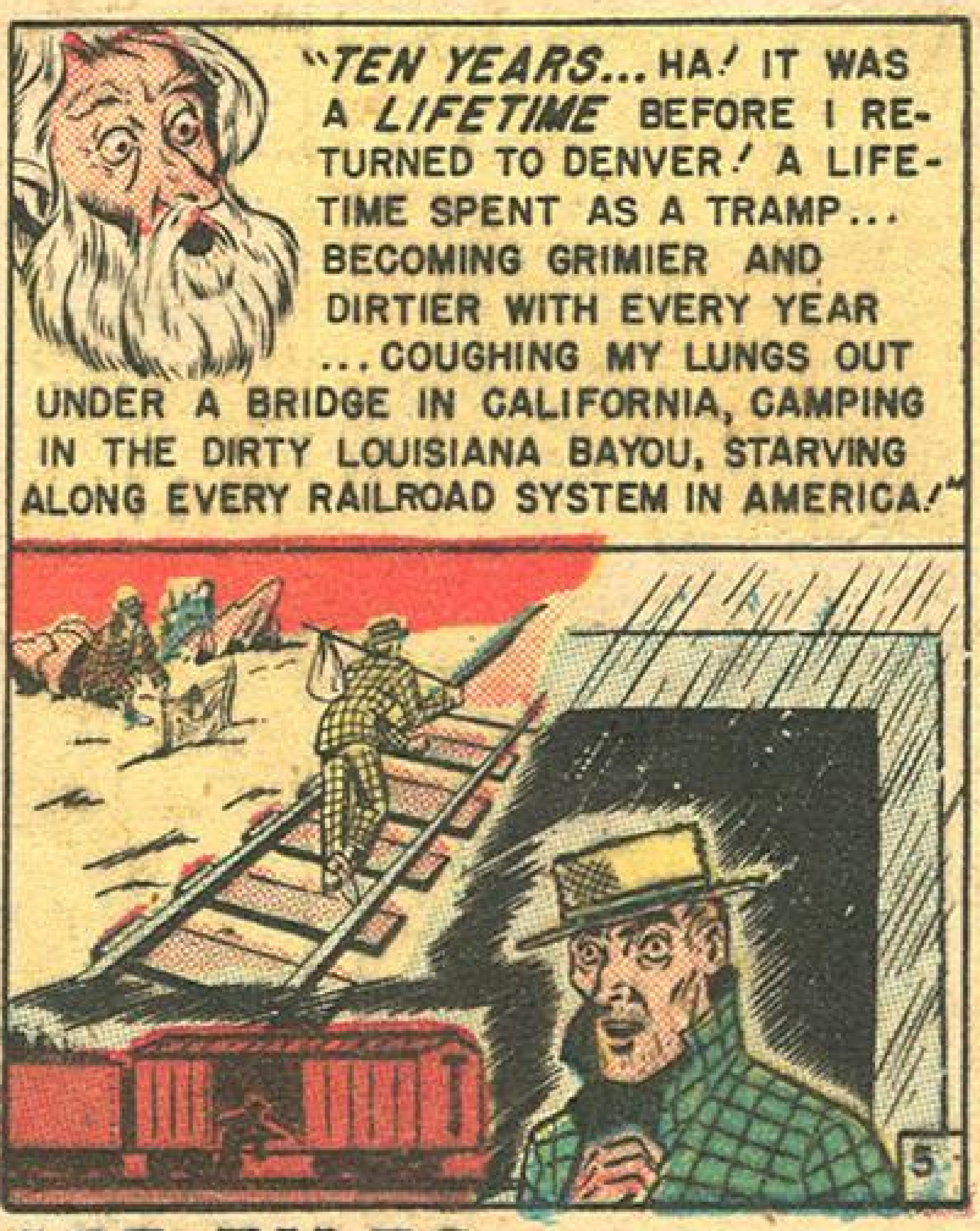

THERE'S A *LOT* WRONG WITH YOU, CONEYS! YOU'RE A *CROOK!* YOU'RE MILKING THE PUBLIC WITH THESE FRAUDULENT DISGUISES AND SIGNS! A YEAR IN JAIL WILL CURE YOU OF THAT!
BUT I'M *DESPERATELY SICK!* I'LL *DIE* IN JAIL!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEALTH! YOU'RE JUST A HYPOCHONDRIAC WHO'S TOO LAZY TO WORK!
"BUT MY ACT MADE NO IMPRESSION AT ALL ON THE POLICE DOCTORS!"

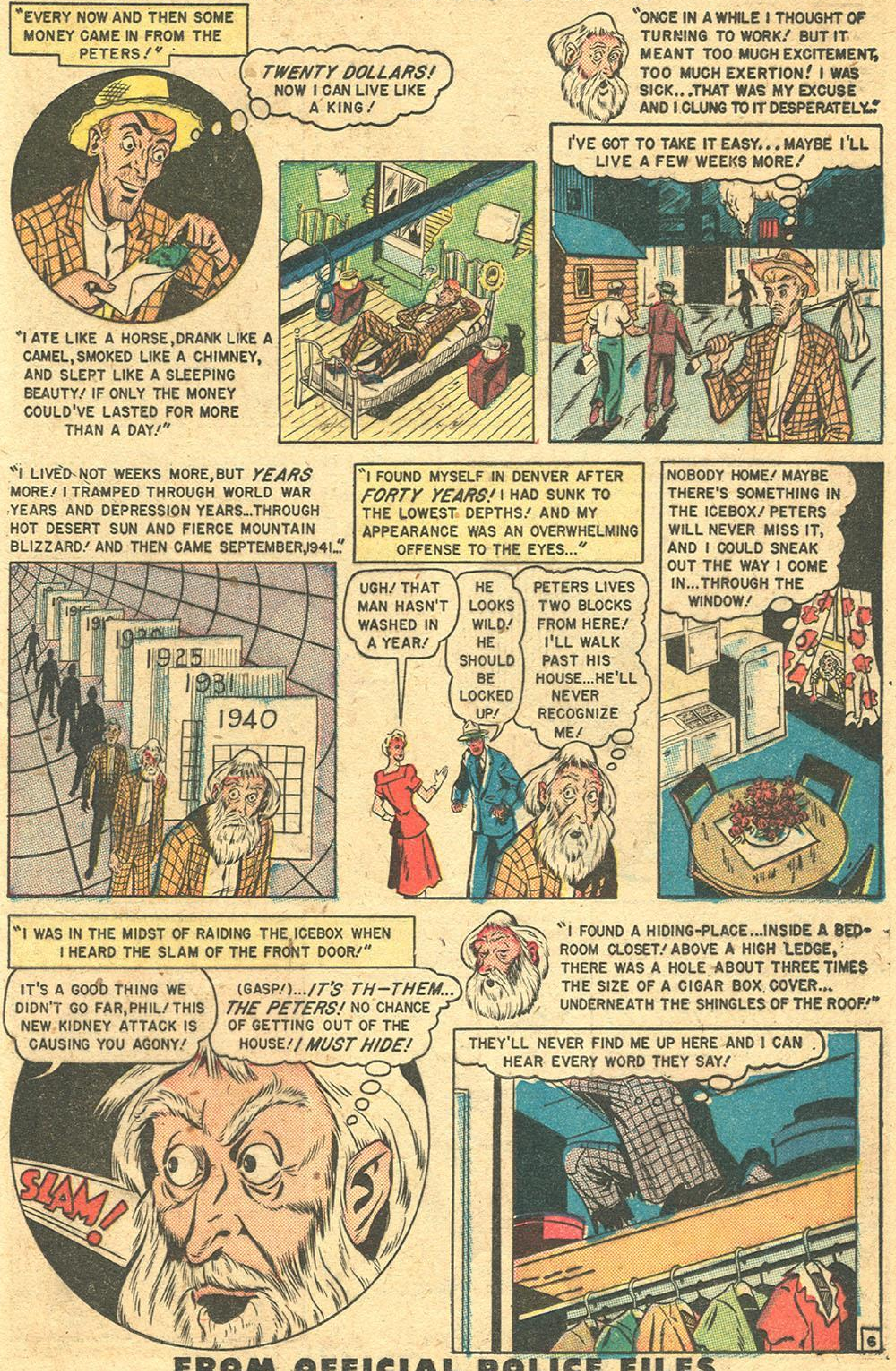

"THAT YEAR IN PRISON WAS A TORTUROUS NIGHTMARE..."
BUT WALKING STAIRS IS BAD FOR MY HEART!
YOU WALKED THEM FOR A MONTH! *UP YOU GO!*
I FEEL AS IF EACH S-SWING WILL BE MY L-LAST!
I...I *CAN'T* EAT THIS SLOP! I'LL DIE OF INDIGESTION!

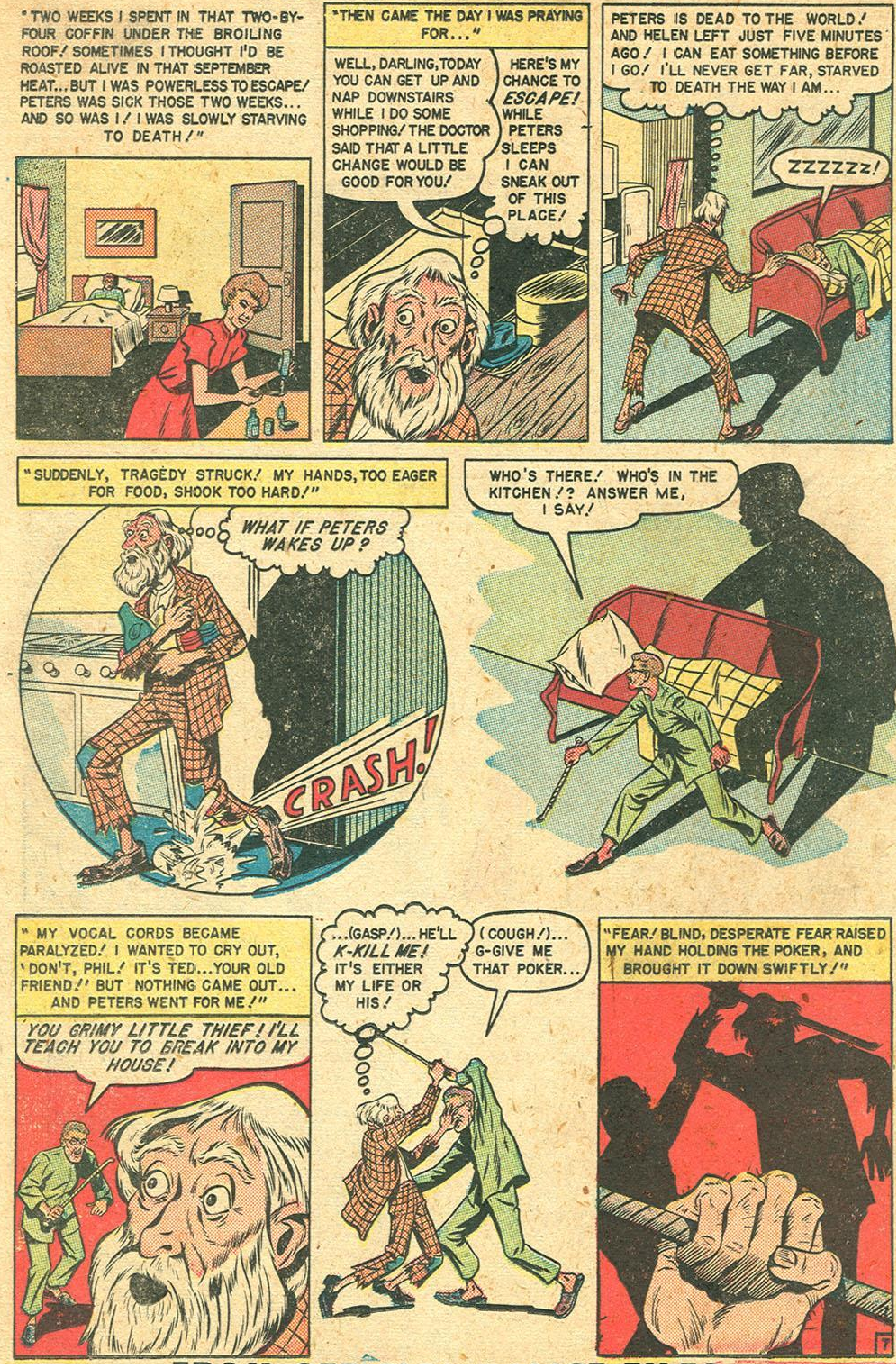

YA GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, CONEYS! NEVER WORK...BUT YER A FOOL FOR BEGGIN' IN THE STREETS! THAT ONLY LANDS YA IN STIR! BE A BUM LIKE ME... RIDE THE RAILS...AN' IF YA NEED DOUGH IN A PINCH, WRITE TO SOME RICH GUY FOR IT!
THE *PETERS!* THEY ALWAYS SHELLED OUT FOR ME...WHY NOT SOME MORE?
"BO KENT, ONE OF THE INMATES, GAVE ME AN IDEA!"


"SO I BECAME A BUM! I LIVED ON HANDOUTS, AND WHENEVER I FIGURED THE TIME WAS RIPE FOR A TOUCH..."
SEND THIS COLLECT...TO PHIL PETERS, DENVER, COLORADO!

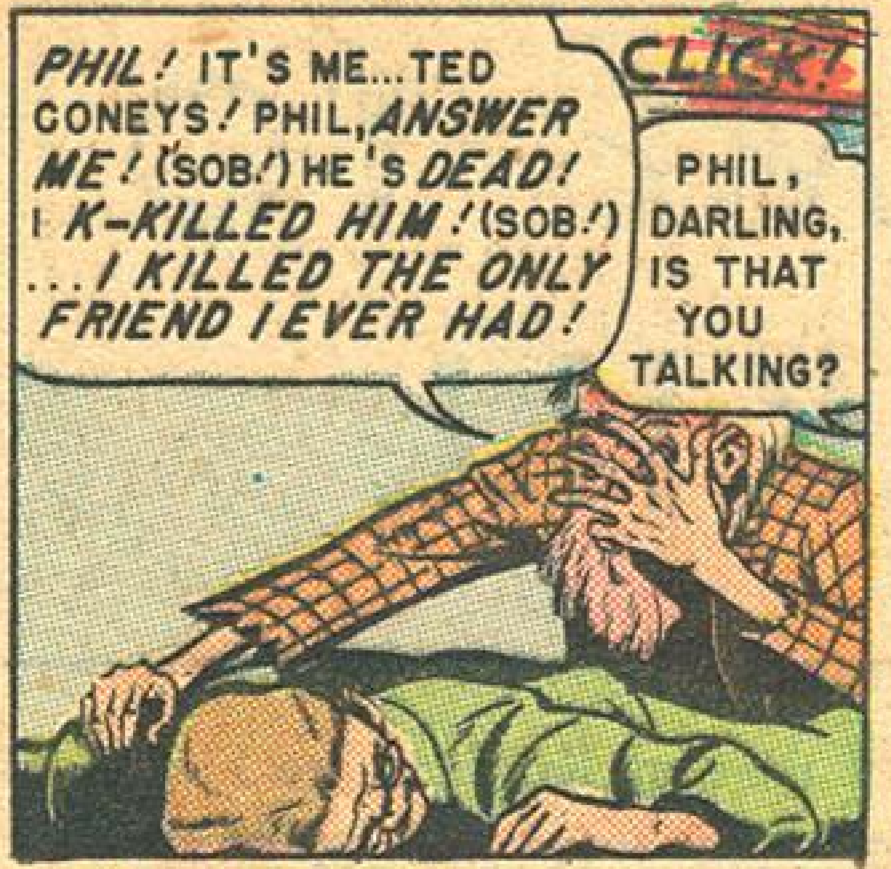

"AND THEY NEVER TURNED ME DOWN!"
ANOTHER DESPERATE PLEA FOR MONEY FROM TED! SAYS HE'S BEDRIDDEN IN SEATTLE, NEEDS MONEY DESPERATELY...
SEND HIM SOME! BUT I WONDER WHY TED NEVER COMES BACK TO DENVER TO SEE US! IT'S TEN YEARS SINCE HE LEFT...


"*TEN YEARS...* HA! IT WAS A *LIFETIME* BEFORE I RETURNED TO DENVER! A LIFETIME SPENT AS A TRAMP... BECOMING GRIMIER AND DIRTIER WITH EVERY YEAR ...COUGHING MY LUNGS OUT UNDER A BRIDGE IN CALIFORNIA, CAMPING IN THE DIRTY LOUISIANA BAYOU, STARVING ALONG EVERY RAILROAD SYSTEM IN AMERICA!"

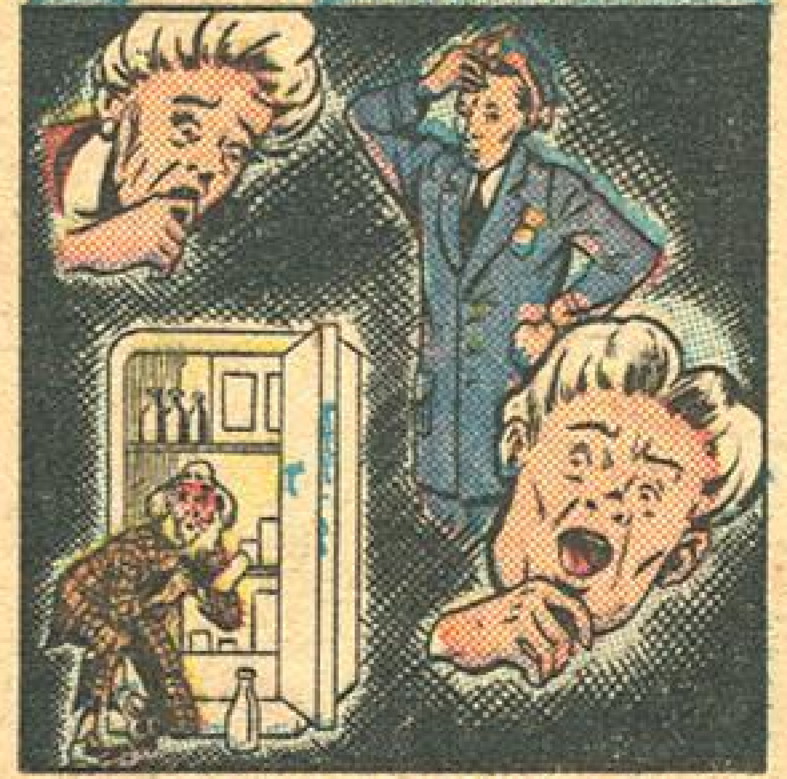

"EVERY NOW AND THEN SOME MONEY CAME IN FROM THE PETERS!"
TWENTY DOLLARS! NOW I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING!
"I ATE LIKE A HORSE, DRANK LIKE A CAMEL, SMOKED LIKE A CHIMNEY, AND SLEPT LIKE A SLEEPING BEAUTY! IF ONLY THE MONEY COULD'VE LASTED FOR MORE THAN A DAY!"
"ONCE IN A WHILE I THOUGHT OF TURNING TO WORK! BUT IT MEANT TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT, TOO MUCH EXERTION! I WAS SICK...THAT WAS MY EXCUSE AND I CLUNG TO IT DESPERATELY..."
I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY... MAYBE I'LL LIVE A FEW WEEKS MORE!
"I LIVED NOT WEEKS MORE, BUT YEARS MORE! I TRAMPED THROUGH WORLD WAR YEARS AND DEPRESSION YEARS...THROUGH HOT DESERT SUN AND FIERCE MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD! AND THEN CAME SEPTEMBER, 1941..."
1915
1925
1931
1940
"I FOUND MYSELF IN DENVER AFTER FORTY YEARS! I HAD SUNK TO THE LOWEST DEPTHS! AND MY APPEARANCE WAS AN OVERWHELMING OFFENSE TO THE EYES..."
UGH! THAT MAN HASN'T WASHED IN A YEAR!
HE LOOKS WILD! HE SHOULD BE LOCKED UP!
PETERS LIVES TWO BLOCKS FROM HERE! I'LL WALK PAST HIS HOUSE...HE'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME!
NOBODY HOME! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ICEBOX! PETERS WILL NEVER MISS IT, AND I COULD SNEAK OUT THE WAY I COME IN...THROUGH THE WINDOW!
"I WAS IN THE MIDST OF RAIDING THE ICEBOX WHEN I HEARD THE SLAM OF THE FRONT DOOR!"
IT'S A GOOD THING WE DIDN'T GO FAR, PHIL! THIS NEW KIDNEY ATTACK IS CAUSING YOU AGONY!
(GASP!)...IT'S TH-THEM... THE PETERS! NO CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF THE HOUSE! I MUST HIDE!
SLAM!
"I FOUND A HIDING-PLACE...INSIDE A BEDROOM CLOSET! ABOVE A HIGH LEDGE, THERE WAS A HOLE ABOUT THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF A CIGAR BOX COVER... UNDERNEATH THE SHINGLES OF THE ROOF!"
THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME UP HERE AND I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD THEY SAY!


"TWO WEEKS I SPENT IN THAT TWO-BY-FOUR COFFIN UNDER THE BROILING ROOF! SOMETIMES I THOUGHT I'D BE ROASTED ALIVE IN THAT SEPTEMBER HEAT... BUT I WAS POWERLESS TO ESCAPE! PETERS WAS SICK THOSE TWO WEEKS... AND SO WAS I! I WAS SLOWLY STARVING TO DEATH!"
"THEN CAME THE DAY I WAS PRAYING FOR..."
WELL, DARLING, TODAY YOU CAN GET UP AND NAP DOWNSTAIRS WHILE I DO SOME SHOPPING! THE DOCTOR SAID THAT A LITTLE CHANGE WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOU!
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO *ESCAPE!* WHILE PETERS SLEEPS I CAN SNEAK OUT OF THIS PLACE!
PETERS IS DEAD TO THE WORLD! AND HELEN LEFT JUST FIVE MINUTES AGO! I CAN EAT SOMETHING BEFORE I GO! I'LL NEVER GET FAR, STARVED TO DEATH THE WAY I AM...
ZZZZZz!
"SUDDENLY, TRAGEDY STRUCK! MY HANDS, TOO EAGER FOR FOOD, SHOOK TOO HARD!"
WHAT IF PETERS WAKES UP?
CRASH!
WHO'S THERE! WHO'S IN THE KITCHEN!? ANSWER ME, I SAY!
"MY VOCAL CORDS BECAME PARALYZED! I WANTED TO CRY OUT, 'DON'T, PHIL! IT'S TED...YOUR OLD FRIEND!' BUT NOTHING CAME OUT... AND PETERS WENT FOR ME!"
YOU GRIMY LITTLE THIEF! I'LL TEACH YOU TO BREAK INTO MY HOUSE!
...(GASP!)... HE'LL *K-KILL ME!* IT'S EITHER MY LIFE OR HIS!
(COUGH!)... G-GIVE ME THAT POKER...
"FEAR! BLIND, DESPERATE FEAR RAISED MY HAND HOLDING THE POKER, AND BROUGHT IT DOWN SWIFTLY!"

"WHEN I SAW WHAT I'D DONE, I WAS FILLED WITH REMORSE!"

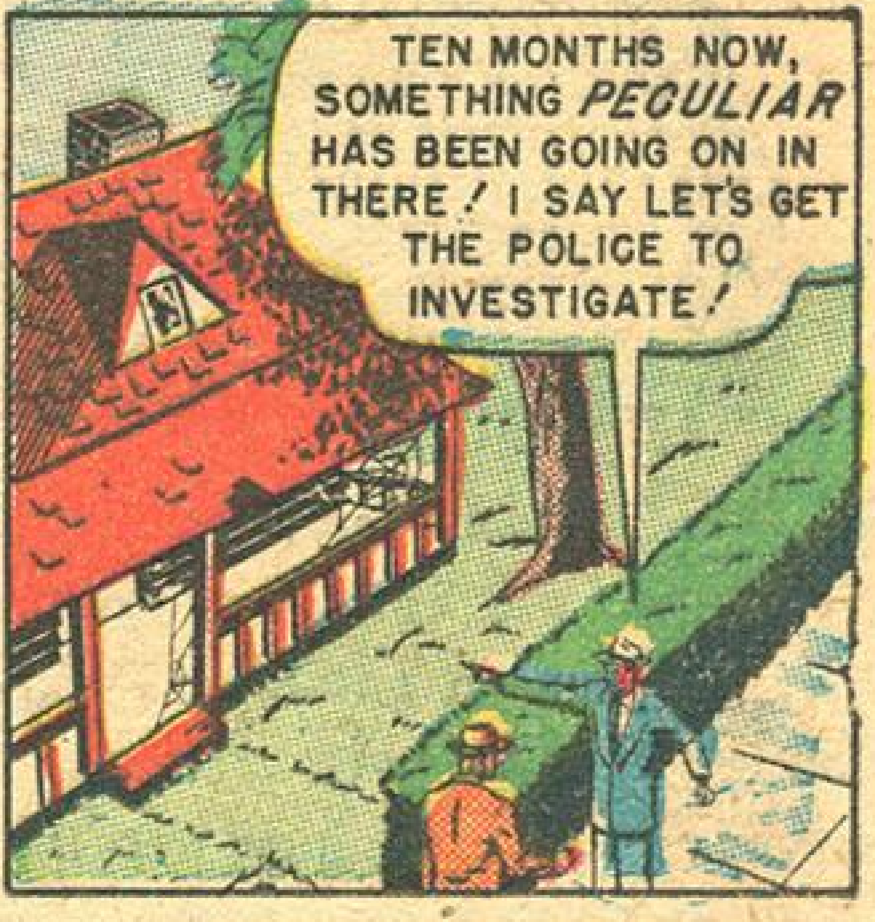

CLICK!
PHIL! IT'S ME...TED CONEYS! PHIL, *ANSWER ME!* (SOB!) HE'S *DEAD!* I *K-KILLED HIM!* (SOB!) ...*I KILLED THE ONLY FRIEND I EVER HAD!*
PHIL, DARLING, IS THAT YOU TALKING?

"HELEN HAD RETURNED! SHE HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT RUN BACK TO MY HIDING PLACE UNDER THE SHINGLES!"

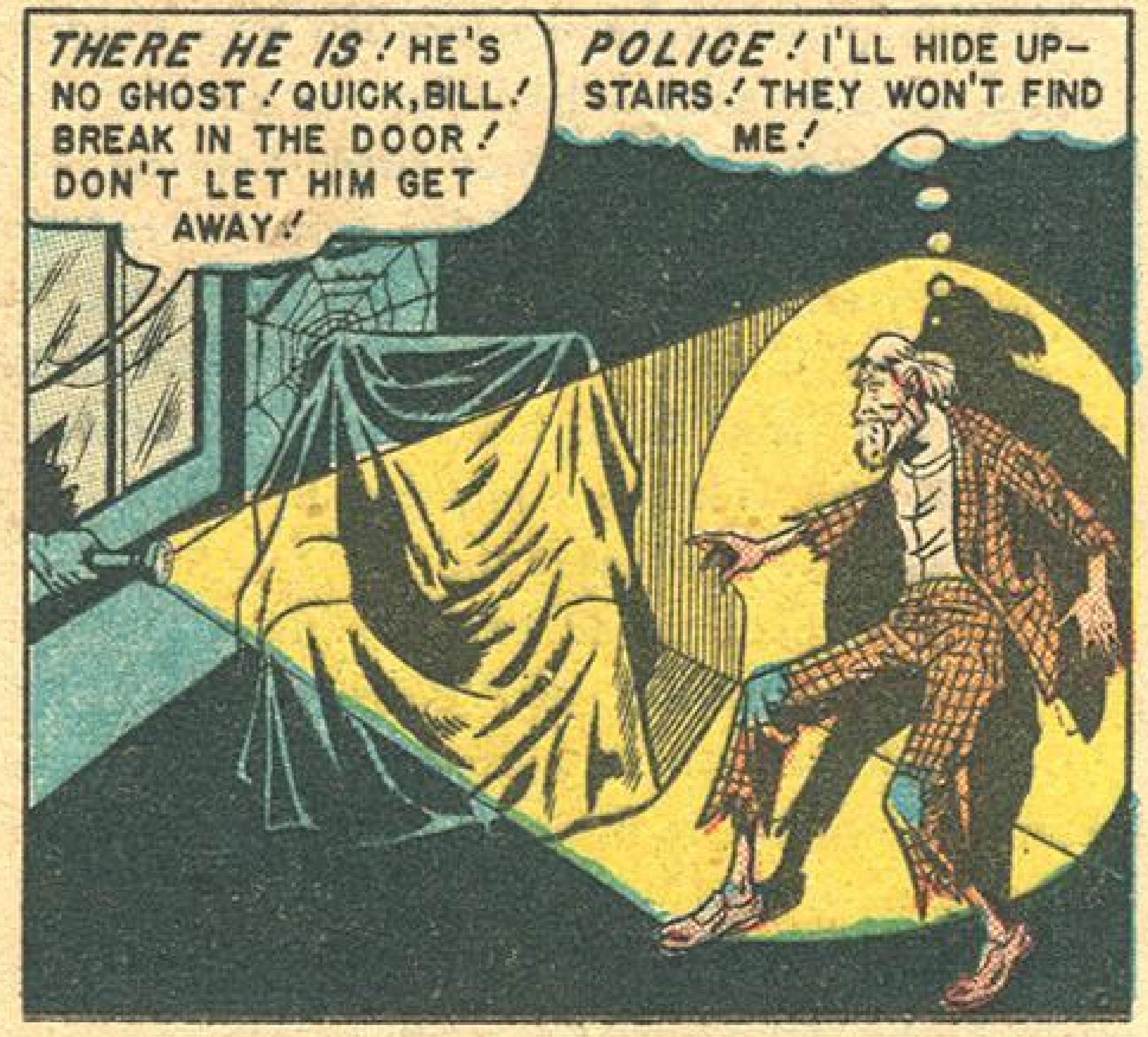


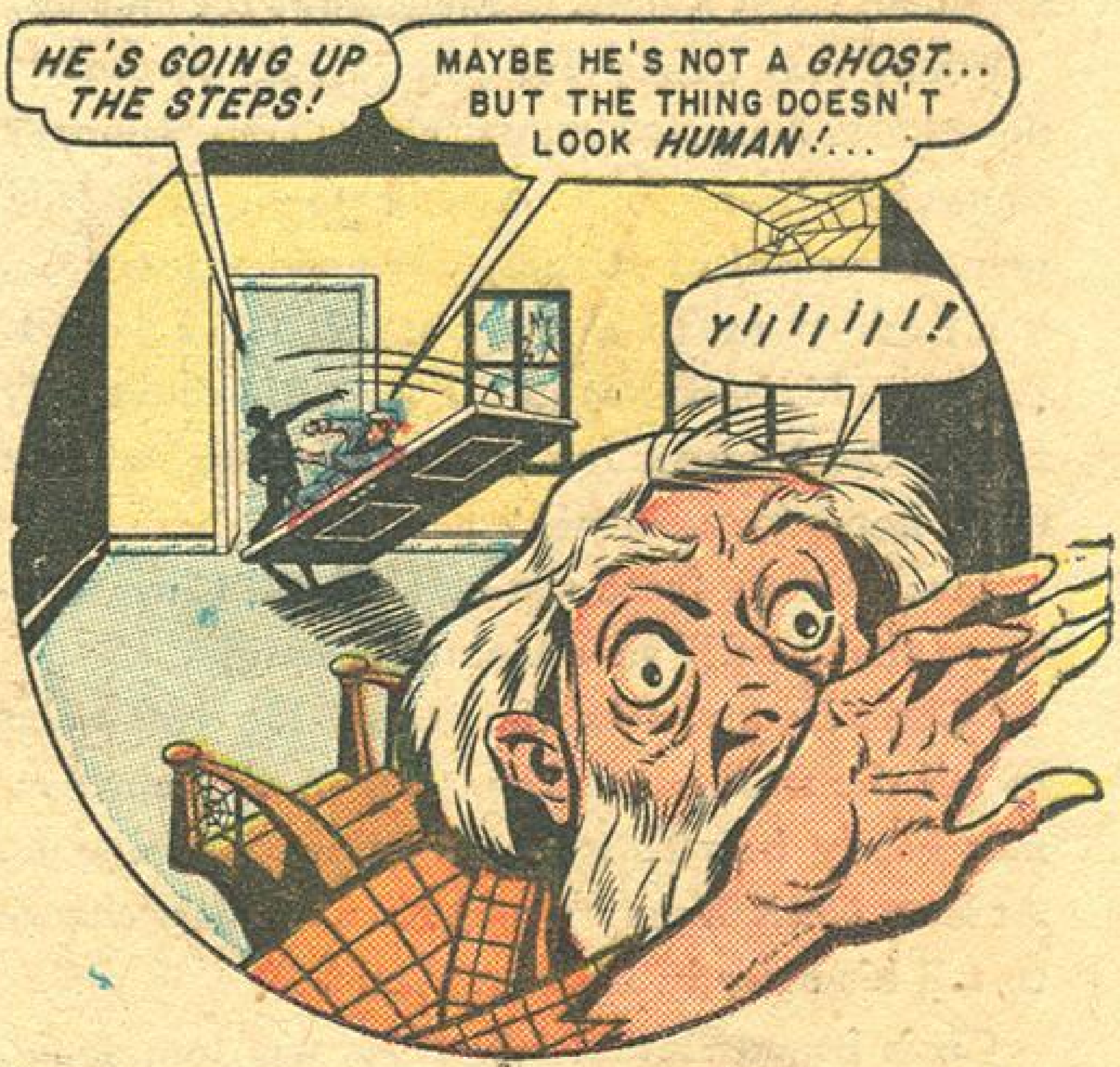
" AND THERE I REMAINED FOR MONTHS! I HEARD HELEN SHRIEK WHEN SHE FOUND PHIL MURDERED! I HEARD THE COPS COME AND GO! BUT I WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO LEAVE! EACH TIME I SNEAKED DOWN TO THE ICEBOX, THE SOUND OF CREAKING STAIRS FRIGHTENED THE SERVANT GIRL HALF TO DEATH!"

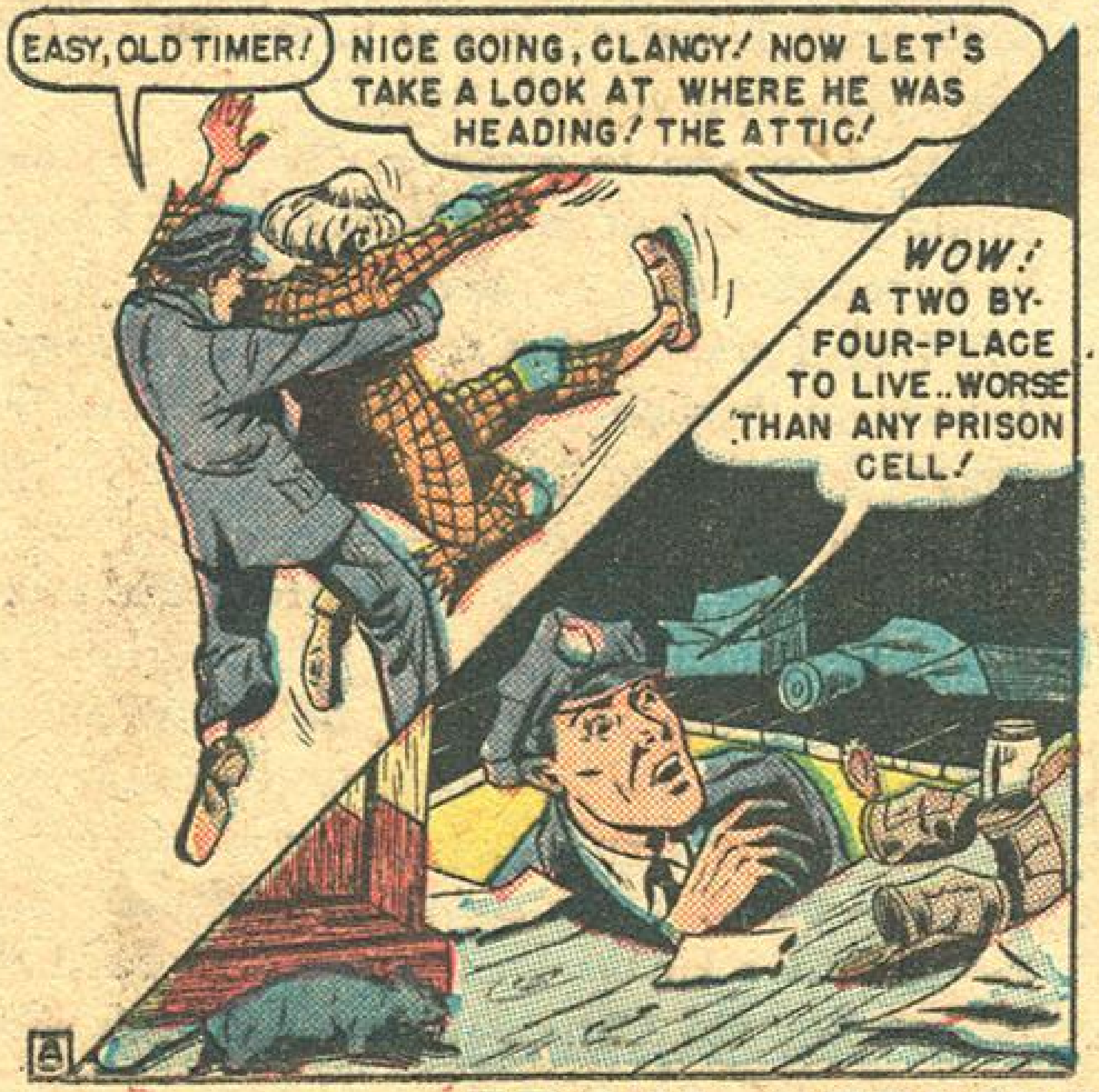
"THEN HELEN MOVED! I BECAME A *GHOST*, AND THE HOUSE BECAME HAUNTED! KIDS THREW STONES AT THE WINDOWS AND PASSERSBY SAW STRANGE LIGHTS FLICKERING INSIDE! IT WAS ONLY ME RAIDING THE JAM STOCK IN THE CELLAR.."

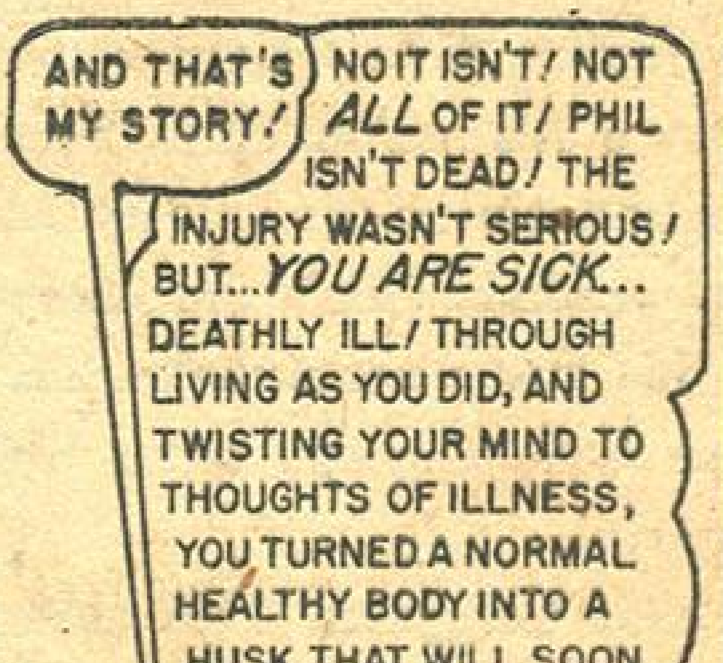

TEN MONTHS NOW, SOMETHING *PECULIAR* HAS BEEN GOING ON IN THERE! I SAY LET'S GET THE POLICE TO INVESTIGATE!

"ONE HOT NIGHT IN JULY, 1942 WHEN I CAME DOWN TO THE PARLOR WINDOW FOR A BREATH OF AIR..."

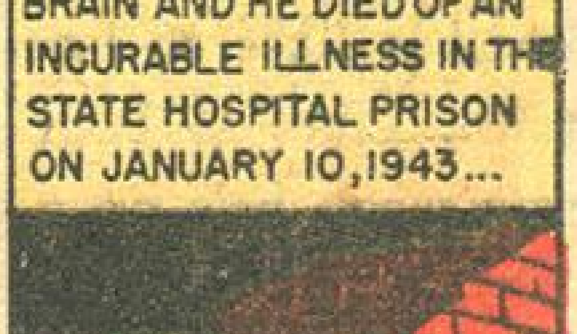

THERE HE IS! HE'S NO GHOST! QUICK, BILL! BREAK IN THE DOOR! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
POLICE! I'LL HIDE UPSTAIRS! THEY WON'T FIND ME!


HE'S GOING UP THE STEPS!
MAYBE HE'S NOT A *GHOST*... BUT THE THING DOESN'T LOOK *HUMAN!*...
YIIIIII!


EASY, OLD TIMER!
NICE GOING, CLANCY! NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT WHERE HE WAS HEADING! THE ATTIC!
WOW! A TWO BY-FOUR-PLACE TO LIVE..WORSE THAN ANY PRISON CELL!
8


AND THAT'S MY STORY!
NO IT ISN'T! NOT *ALL* OF IT! PHIL ISN'T DEAD! THE INJURY WASN'T SERIOUS! BUT...*YOU ARE SICK*... DEATHLY ILL! THROUGH LIVING AS YOU DID, AND TWISTING YOUR MIND TO THOUGHTS OF ILLNESS, YOU TURNED A NORMAL HEALTHY BODY INTO A HUSK THAT WILL SOON COLLAPSE! CONEYS, YOU ARE YOUR OWN JUDGE AND JURY!

IT WAS TRUE! CONEYS HAD *THOUGHT* HIMSELF ILL FOR SO LONG A TIME HIS BODY FOLLOWED THE SUGGESTIONS OF HIS BRAIN AND HE DIED OF AN INCURABLE ILLNESS IN THE STATE HOSPITAL PRISON ON JANUARY 10, 1943...



TIME TO KILL

WHERE was Sandy Hawkins?

In the hot, dusty courtroom at Carver City, the jury sat bewildered and uncomfortable. Young Tom Bennett knew they were ready to convict. Judge and jury were prepared to send his client, Chris Kenny, to the gallows for murder!

Where was Sandy Hawkins? Only yesterday, the case had seemed crystal clear. Tom Bennett's course had been simple. A sympathetic judge and jury, a townful of friends, one good witness . . . it all added up to a pleasant job for a lawyer. But now, his back was to the wall. He could only repeat the by now familiar arguments, stall for time, hope for a break.

Tom Bennett faced the jury. "I call Chris Kenny to the stand!" he announced, loudly.

"Chris Kenny, take the stand! Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth . . ." Tom Bennett barely heard the drone of the swearing in. At least Chris Kenny would have one last chance to tell his story in his own words.

Chris began slowly. His voice was low, timid.

"Last . . . last Wednesday, Gila Griggs came into my store . . . fer one o' his reg'lar visits. Yuh know, one o' his roughhousin' visits, plenty o' wild shootin' an' cuffin' around! Gila's the kinda hombre likes to have his fun whenever he hits town. Likes to boot us little shrimps outta his way when he's on a party!

"I allus watched fer Gila Griggs an' kept outta his way. But I couldn't keep him away from my store. He showed up every time he hit town. I figgered there was nothin' I could do about that. Th' store's a public place."

Tom Bennett knew what a "visit" from Gila Griggs meant. Griggs would tramp in like a grizzly, looking for a half-hour's "fun". First, he wrung Chris' hand until the little man's arm ached. With a roar of laughter, he kicked over the apple barrels that stood in front of the counter. Then he sent the counter crashing back, pinning Chris against the wall in well-remembered terror.

While his customers fled and his store tumbled about his ears, Chris would wait for the last act of the "comedy". Chances were the bullets from Gila's six-guns would bite into the wall above his head, as they always had. But he couldn't help trembling in fear as he stood there, helpless, while the shots smoked before his nostrils and Gila Griggs' jeering oaths sounded in his ears.

After a while, his fun over, Gila would stumble out, still a "fun" bent, hard-bitten hombre! And Chris Kenny would put together the wreckage of his store . . . until next time.

Tom Bennett turned back to his client.

"Tell us about the gun," he prompted.

Chris Kenny ran a hand through his hair and stared down at the floor, as though collecting his thoughts.

"I don't rightly know when I decided to get the gun," he answered. "But I bought it last week, and' I knowed it was under the counter when Gila came into the store."

His voice rose to a shriek. "But, I was only protectin' myself an' my store! I knowed I hadda be a man that time . . . even if I died!

"When I grabbed that six-shooter I was prayin' I could go through with it! When I pressed that trigger I was more surprised than Gila Griggs! Yes, I shot 'im . . . in self-defense!"

Chris Kenny shuffled down from the stand. The judge coughed softly into a large, white kerchief. Some one in the jury box drew a long breath. Twelve pair of eyes were turned upon Tom Bennett. Every glance seemed to ask:

"How do we know it was self-defense? Sure, Griggs was a coyote . . . none of us liked th- critter! But did Chris have the right tuh shoot

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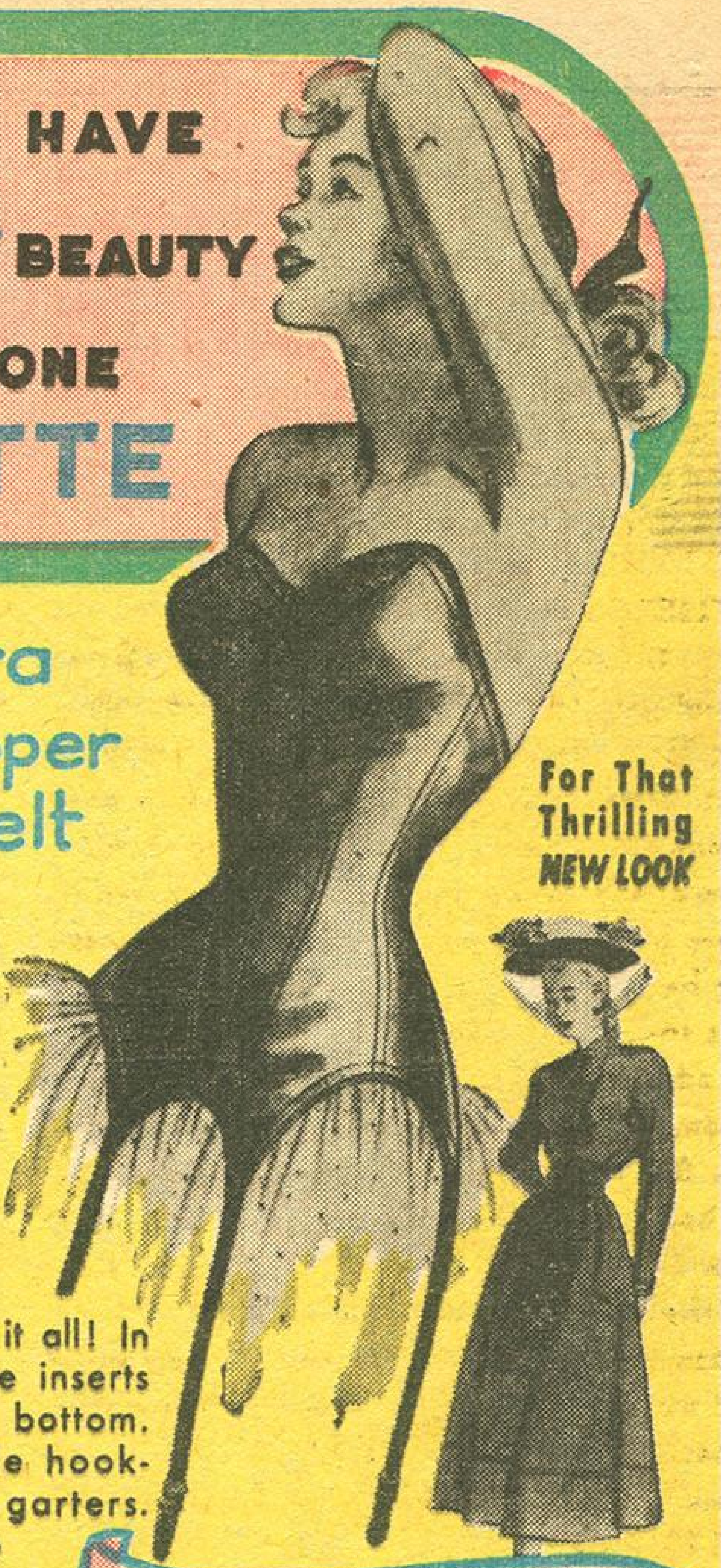

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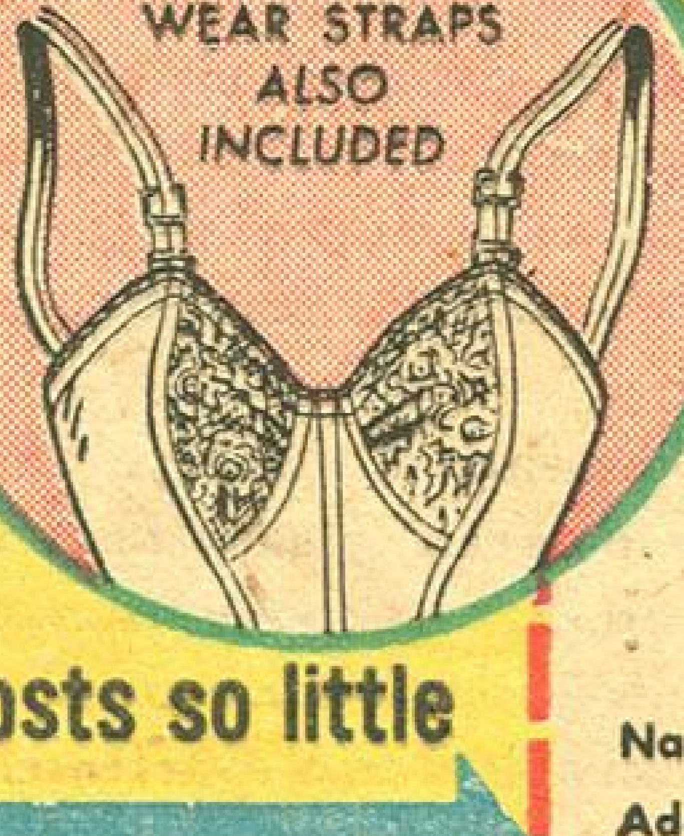

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'im? How d'we know Chris didn't plan it, that the whole shootin' match wasn't cold-blooded murder!? You say it was self-defense! Where's yore proof?"

Bennett couldn't answer that unspoken question. Where was his proof? Where the devil was Sandy Hawkins? What had happened to his ace card, his witness? Hawkins had seen the whole thing. Sandy, stage-driver on the Carver City run, had promised to be in court today. His story was proof . . . eye-witness evidence that Chris Kenny had fired to save his life! Last week, it hadn't seemed important. Tom had counted on an open-and-shut case! But today his case was falling apart. Tom Bennett could argue, delay, postpone no longer. It was time to do something . . . anything. . . .

In the courtroom, recess time came and went, and Sandy Hawkins had not yet arrived. For Tom Bennett, and for Chris Kenny, time was running out.

Tom stepped up to the jury bar for his final plea.

"Gents," he snapped, "You all know Gila Griggs was a bully, a killer! Chris Kenny knew that too! What would you do if you were gunned by an hombre that could handle his six-shooters, like this!"

Suddenly, Tom Bennett flicked a pistol from his hip holster and fired—one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six shots, point blank at the startled faces in the jury box!

The jury box, the judge's bench, the spectators' seats, emtpied quickly. Court was adjourned to the street. The judge held sway behind an overturned rain barrel. Jurymen crouched back of wooden posts. Spectators fought for cover! Tom Bennett stood alone in a deserted courtroom! Over his gun muzzle hung a pall of sullen smoke. But on his face was a wide smile.

"Come on back!" he shouted, laughing. "I was shooting blanks, just blanks!"

Confused, angry, the jurymen came back to their box. In outraged silence, the judge returned to his bench. The townsfolk, as they filed back to their overturned seats, buzzed with interest.

"What's goin' on 'round here?" they whispered. "Has young Tom gone outta his head? What's the big idea?"

Furiously, the judge roasted Tom Bennett's ears.

"You young fool!" he roared. "I swear I'll have you barred from every court in this state! I . . . I'll—you're fined a hundred dollars, fer *contempt o' this court!"*

With every blast, twelve angry heads in the jury box nodded agreement. Twelve pair of eyes flashed a message.

"We just had a crawful o' yore slick lawyer's tricks, Tom Bennett! Now . . . *watch out!"*

Through it all, Tom's cheeks flamed, but the smile never left his face. He had seen Sandy Hawkins slip into the courtroom by the rear door . . . breathless, dirty, but triumphant. It took a moment to wave him to the front of the room, to hear his whispered explanation.

"Broke a wheel . . . whole stage bogged down. Had a terrible time gettin' here! Am I too late?"

Tom Bennett's throat felt as though he'd swallowed a sackful of sand. But his lips still smiled.

"No, Sandy," he whispered, "You're in time . . . *just in time!*

A few moments later, Sandy Hawkins was ready to testify for the defense! The stage driver's testimony was straight from the shoulder.

"Gila Griggs attacked first!" he swore. "He shot off his mouth—an' his gun—first . . . it was gettin' tuh be a habit with that varmint!

"Seems tuh me Chris dived fer his gun wildlike, without knowin' what he was doin'! I'll take muh oath that was the first, an' last, time Chris Kenny ever fired a pistol in his life!

"He shot Gila Griggs in self-defense! I seen it myself!"

This was what the jury had been waiting for. By a tribunal of his peers, Chris Kenny was declared . . . *NOT GUILTY!* Tom Bennett's desperate gamble for time had paid off!

The judge, just before he freed the prisoner and dismissed the case, had one more question to ask.

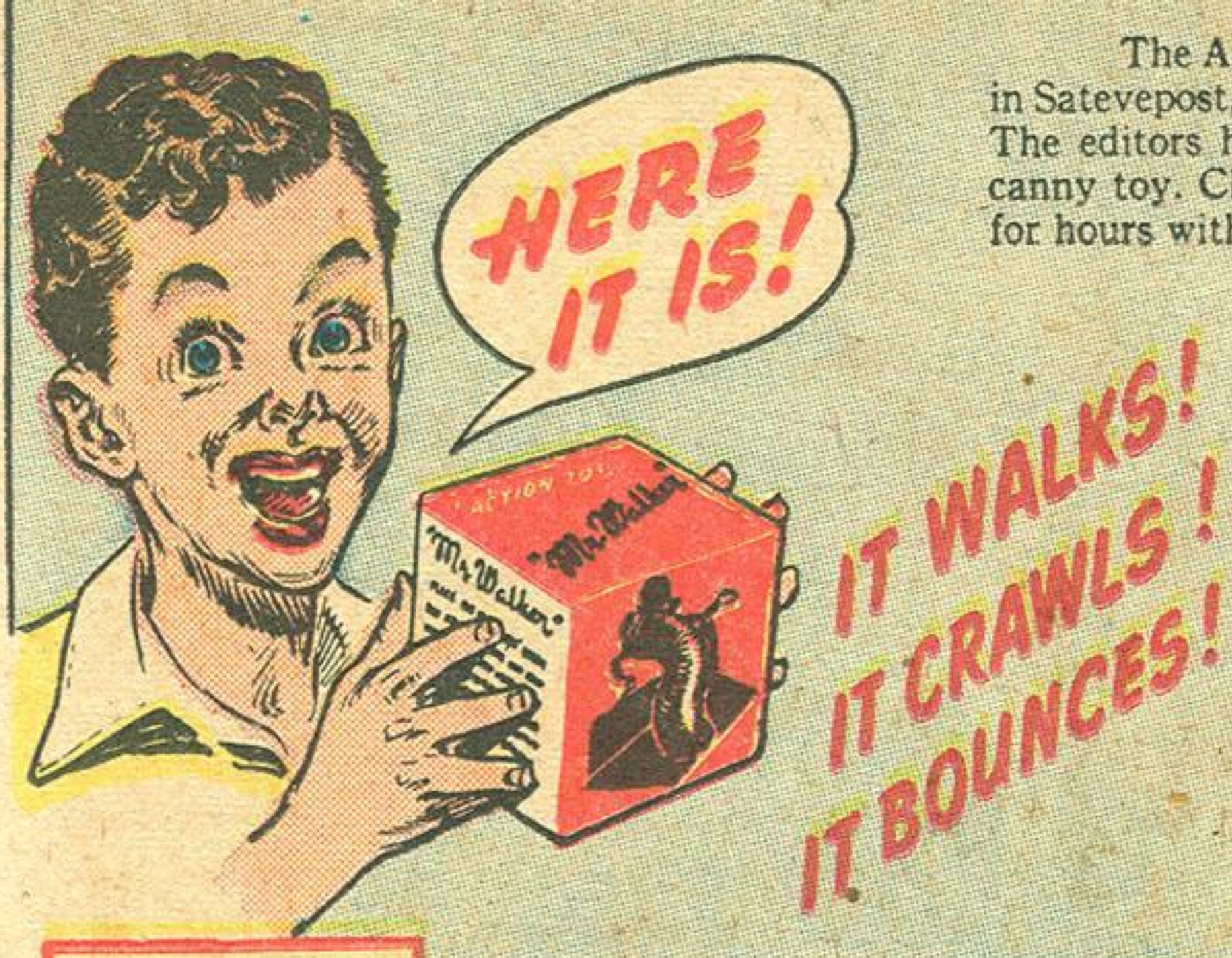
"Lawyer Bennett!" he barked. His voice was still furious, just the corners of his mouth were twitching. "Lawyer Bennett, what was the reason fer that circus you put on in my courtroom? What was the meaning o' that disgraceful action? Mind you, young feller, I want a straight answer before I take back that fine fer contempt o' court!"

"Why, Judge," drawled Tom softly, "If Sandy hadn't arrived in time an' justice hadn't been done by little Chris, I was going to ask for a new trial, on the grounds that the jury left the courtroom before this trial was over!"

THE END

SL-3730

The Amazing Toy You've Read So Much About in Satevepost, Popular Mechanics and other magazines. The editors have been utterly entranced by this uncanny toy. Children and grown-ups amuse themselves for hours with it.

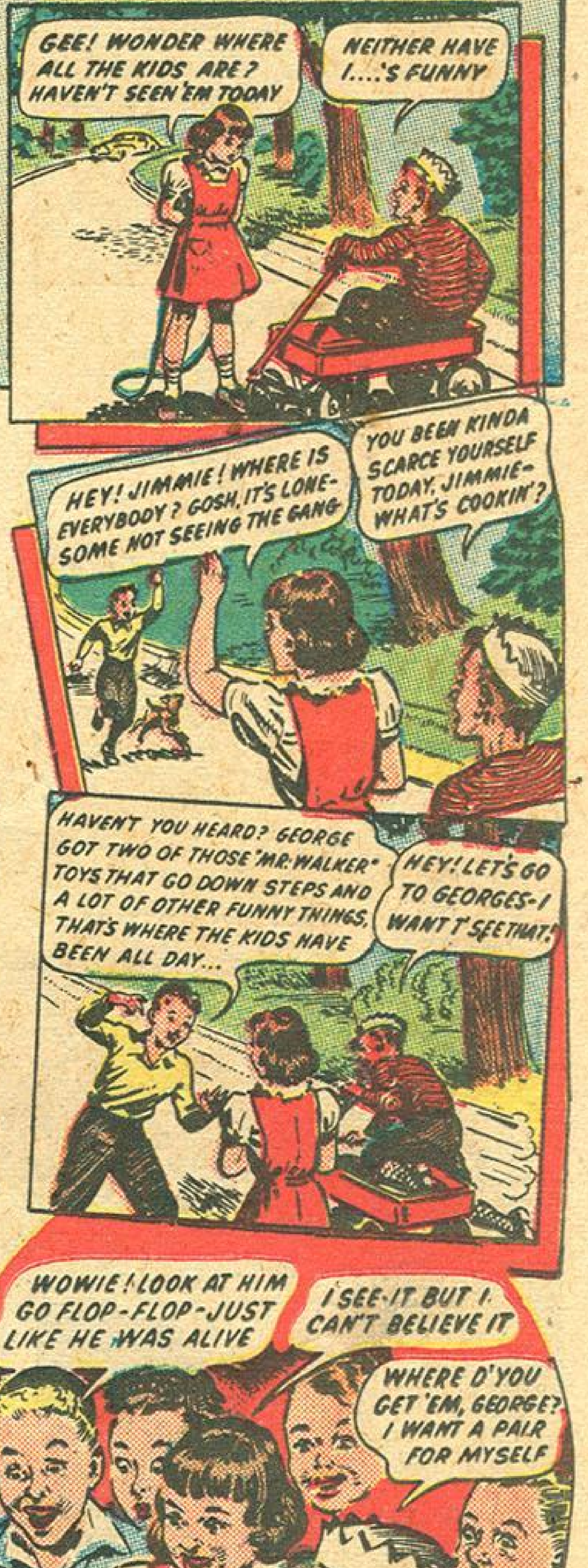

HERE IT IS!
ACTION TOY
"Mr. Walker"
IT WALKS!
IT CRAWLS!
IT BOUNCES!

This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.


GEE! WONDER WHERE ALL THE KIDS ARE? HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM TODAY
NEITHER HAVE I....'S FUNNY
HEY! JIMMIE! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S LONESOME NOT SEEING THE GANG
YOU BEEN KINDA SCARCE YOURSELF TODAY, JIMMIE— WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? GEORGE GOT TWO OF THOSE "MR. WALKER" TOYS THAT GO DOWN STEPS AND A LOT OF OTHER FUNNY THINGS. THAT'S WHERE THE KIDS HAVE BEEN ALL DAY...
HEY! LET'S GO TO GEORGES—I WANT T' SEE THAT!
WOWIE! LOOK AT HIM GO FLOP-FLOP-JUST LIKE HE WAS ALIVE
I SEE IT BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
WHERE D'YOU GET 'EM, GEORGE? I WANT A PAIR FOR MYSELF

SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only $1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

TRAVIS PRODUCTS CO., Dept 54M
224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me.........Mr. Walkers. On arrival I will deposit $1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

Name______________________________

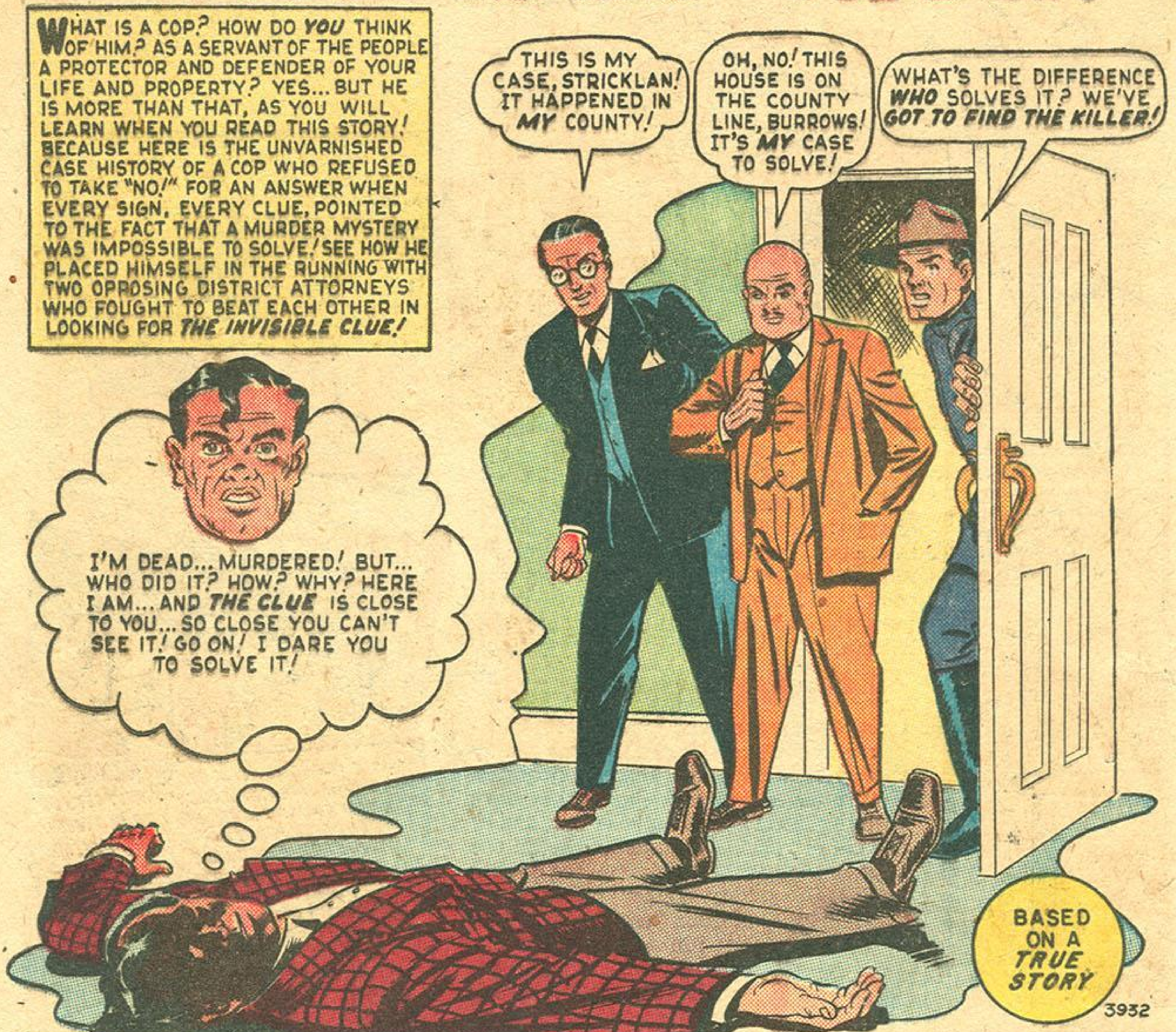
Address____________________________

City__________ Zone______ State______

MAIL THE ORDER COUPON TODAY SEND NO MONEY

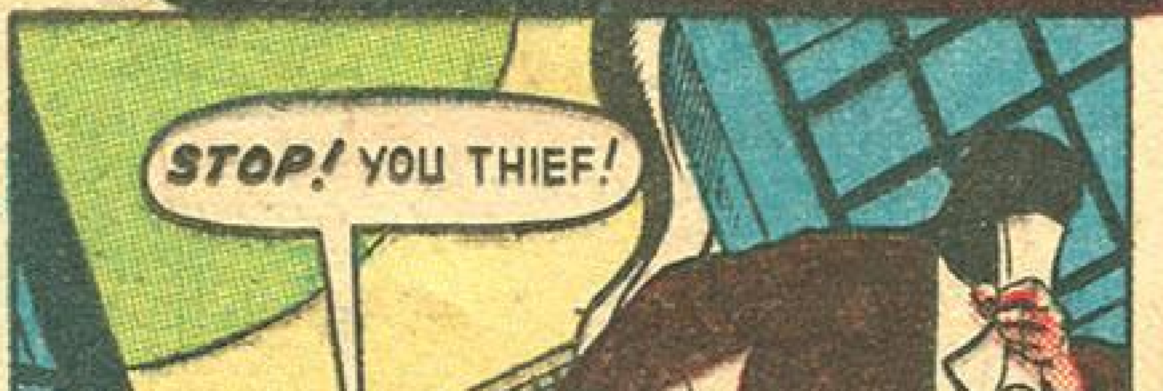
CRIME CAN'T WIN

"The INVISIBLE CLUE!"



WHAT IS A COP? HOW DO *YOU* THINK OF HIM? AS A SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE A PROTECTOR AND DEFENDER OF YOUR LIFE AND PROPERTY? YES... BUT HE IS MORE THAN THAT, AS YOU WILL LEARN WHEN YOU READ THIS STORY! BECAUSE HERE IS THE UNVARNISHED CASE HISTORY OF A COP WHO REFUSED TO TAKE "NO!" FOR AN ANSWER WHEN EVERY SIGN, EVERY CLUE, POINTED TO THE FACT THAT A MURDER MYSTERY WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SOLVE! SEE HOW HE PLACED HIMSELF IN THE RUNNING WITH TWO OPPOSING DISTRICT ATTORNEYS WHO FOUGHT TO BEAT EACH OTHER IN LOOKING FOR *THE INVISIBLE CLUE!*

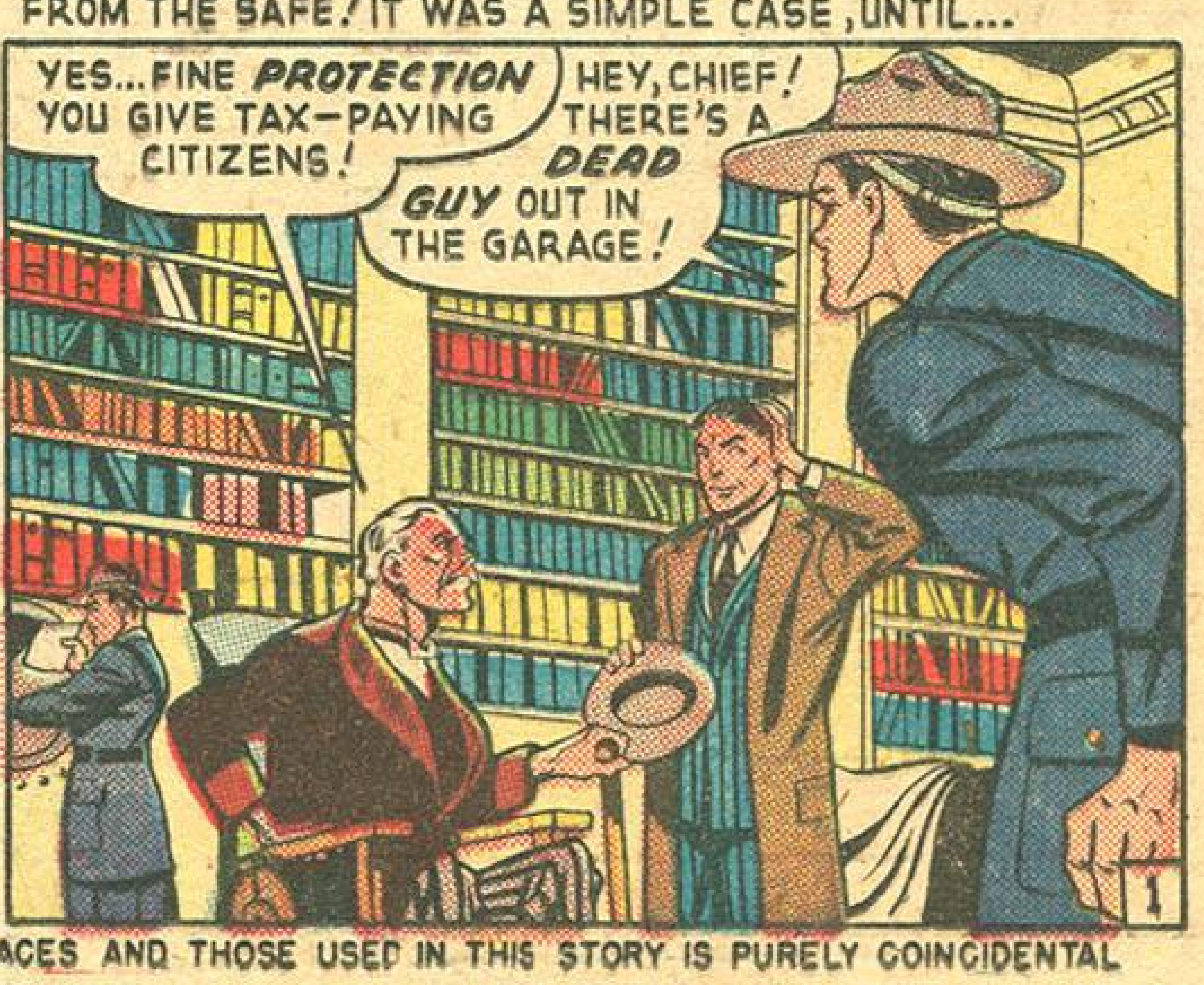
THIS IS MY CASE, STRICKLAN! IT HAPPENED IN *MY* COUNTY!
OH, NO! THIS HOUSE IS ON THE COUNTY LINE, BURROWS! IT'S *MY* CASE TO SOLVE!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE *WHO* SOLVES IT? WE'VE *GOT TO FIND THE KILLER!*
I'M DEAD... MURDERED! BUT... WHO DID IT? HOW? WHY? HERE I AM... AND *THE CLUE* IS CLOSE TO YOU... SO CLOSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT! GO ON! I DARE YOU TO SOLVE IT!
BASED ON A *TRUE STORY*
3932



STOP! YOU THIEF!

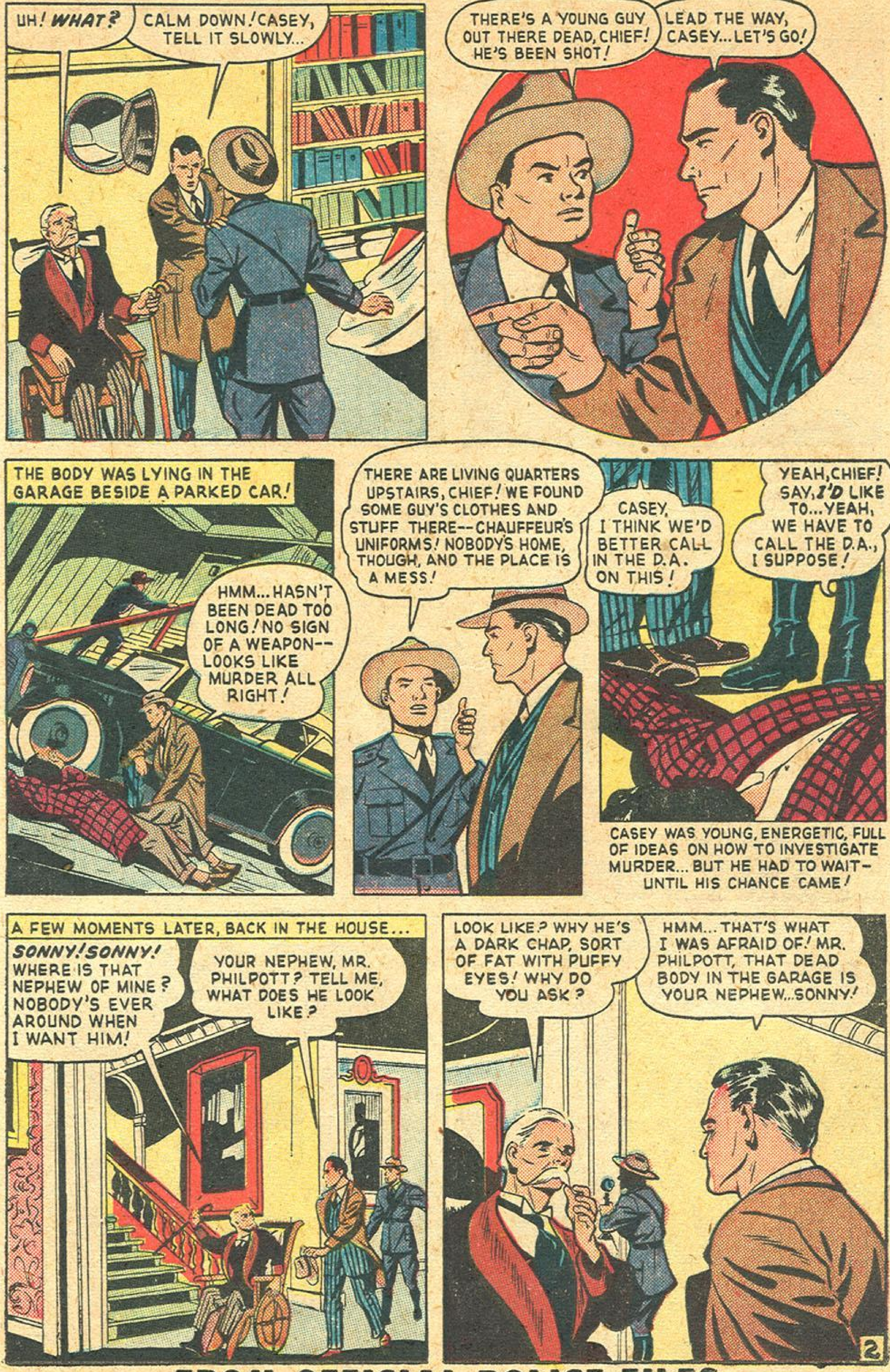
IT ALL BEGAN WHEN WEALTHY, OLD, ECCENTRIC MORTIMER PHILPOTT, CAUGHT A MASKED FIGURE RIFLING THE WALL SAFE IN HIS LIBRARY ONE DARK NIGHT!

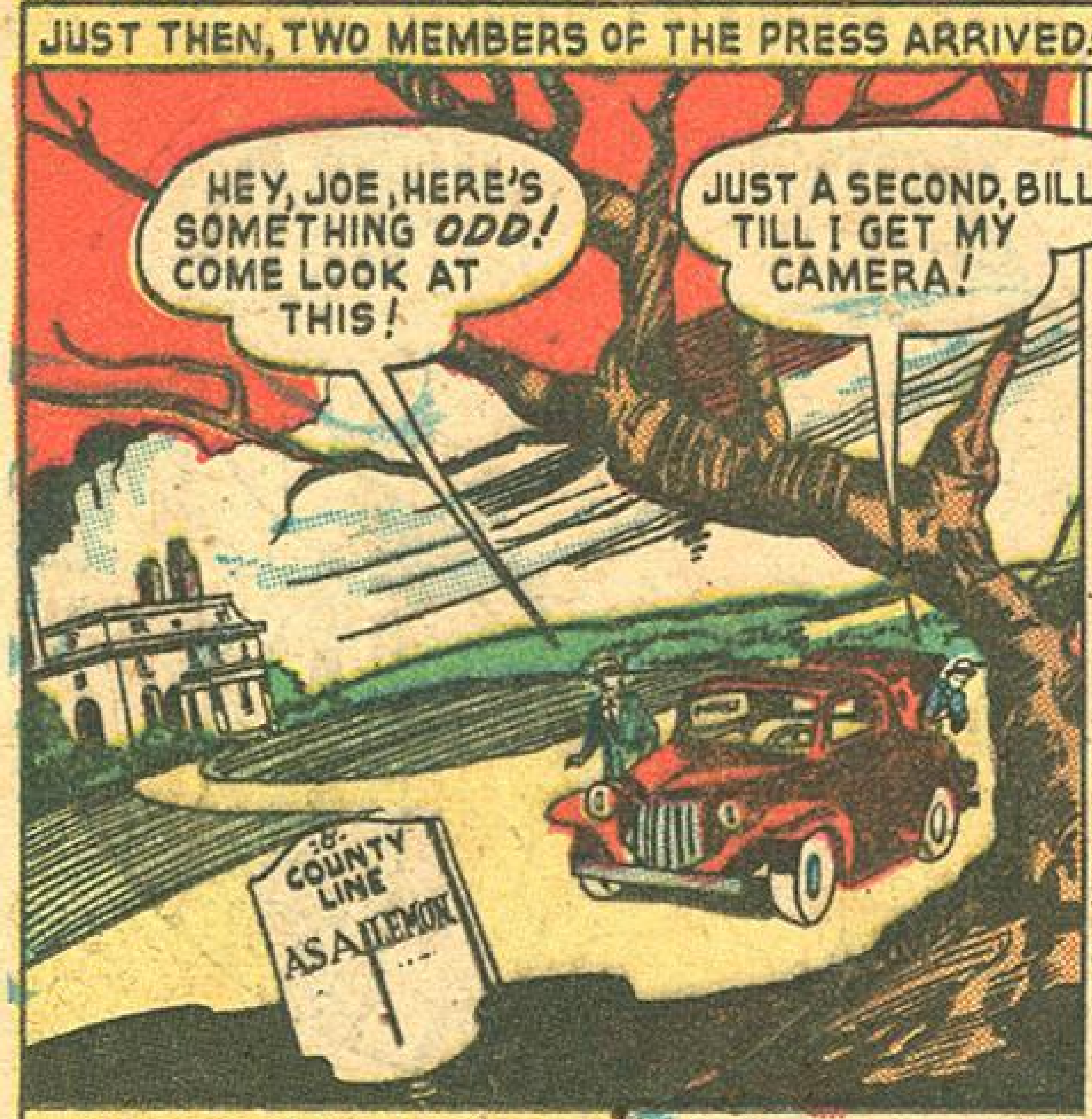
OLD PHILPOTT DID A LOT OF YELLING WHEN THE POLICE TOOK A WHILE TO ANSWER HIS CALL ABOUT THE SIMPLE CASE OF A PROWLER! NOTHING WAS TAKEN EXCEPT SOME PAPERS FROM THE SAFE! IT WAS A SIMPLE CASE, UNTIL...

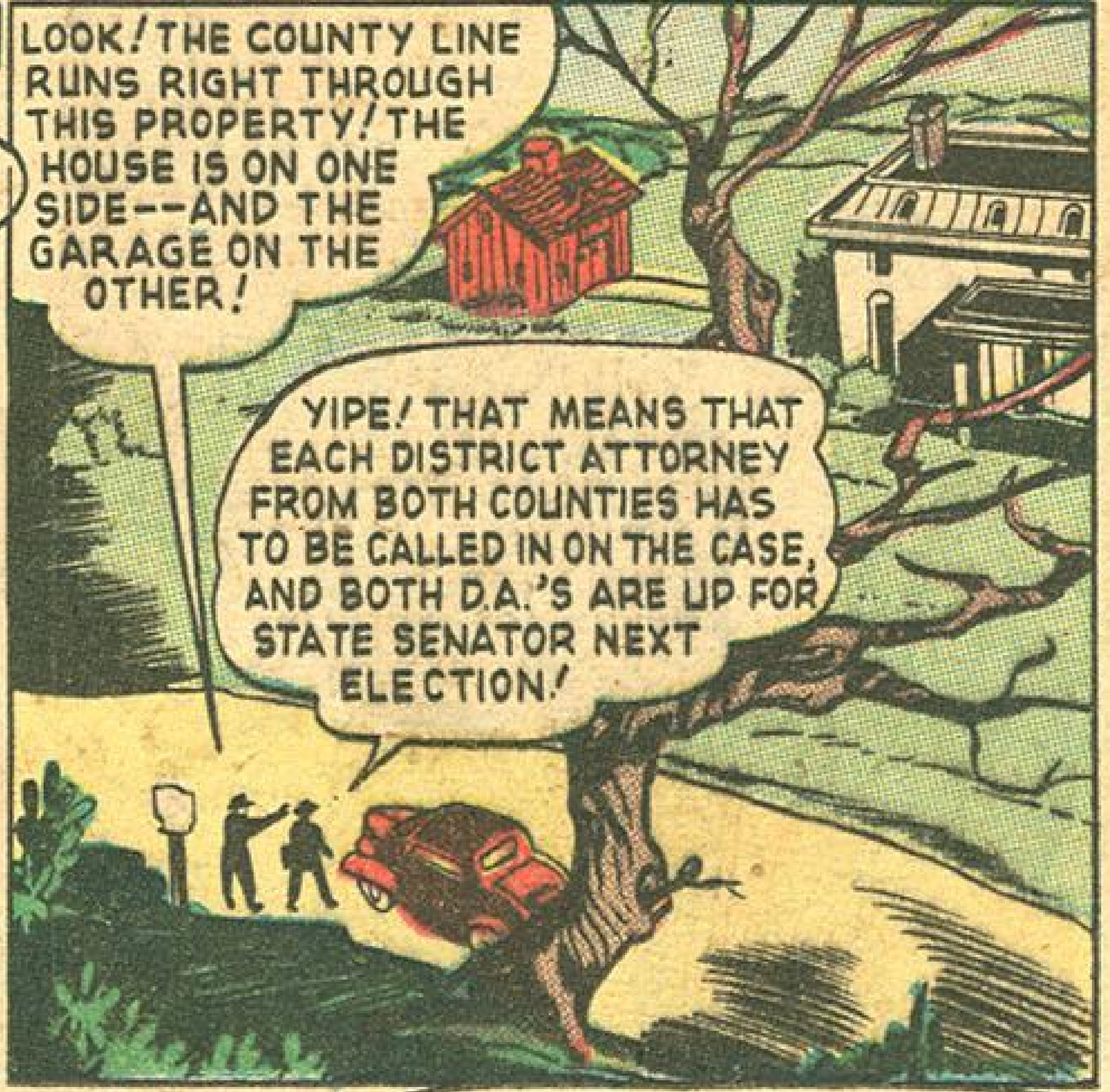


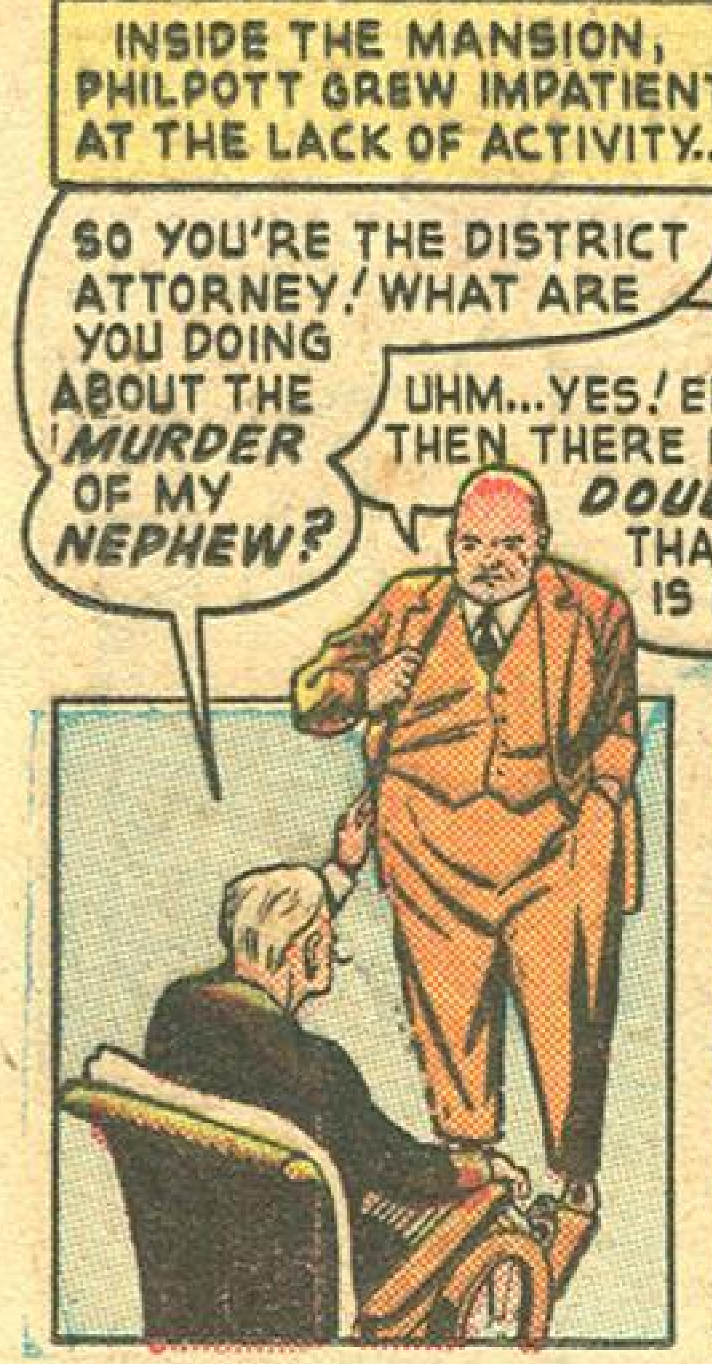
YES... FINE *PROTECTION* YOU GIVE TAX-PAYING CITIZENS!
HEY, CHIEF! THERE'S A *DEAD GUY* OUT IN THE GARAGE!

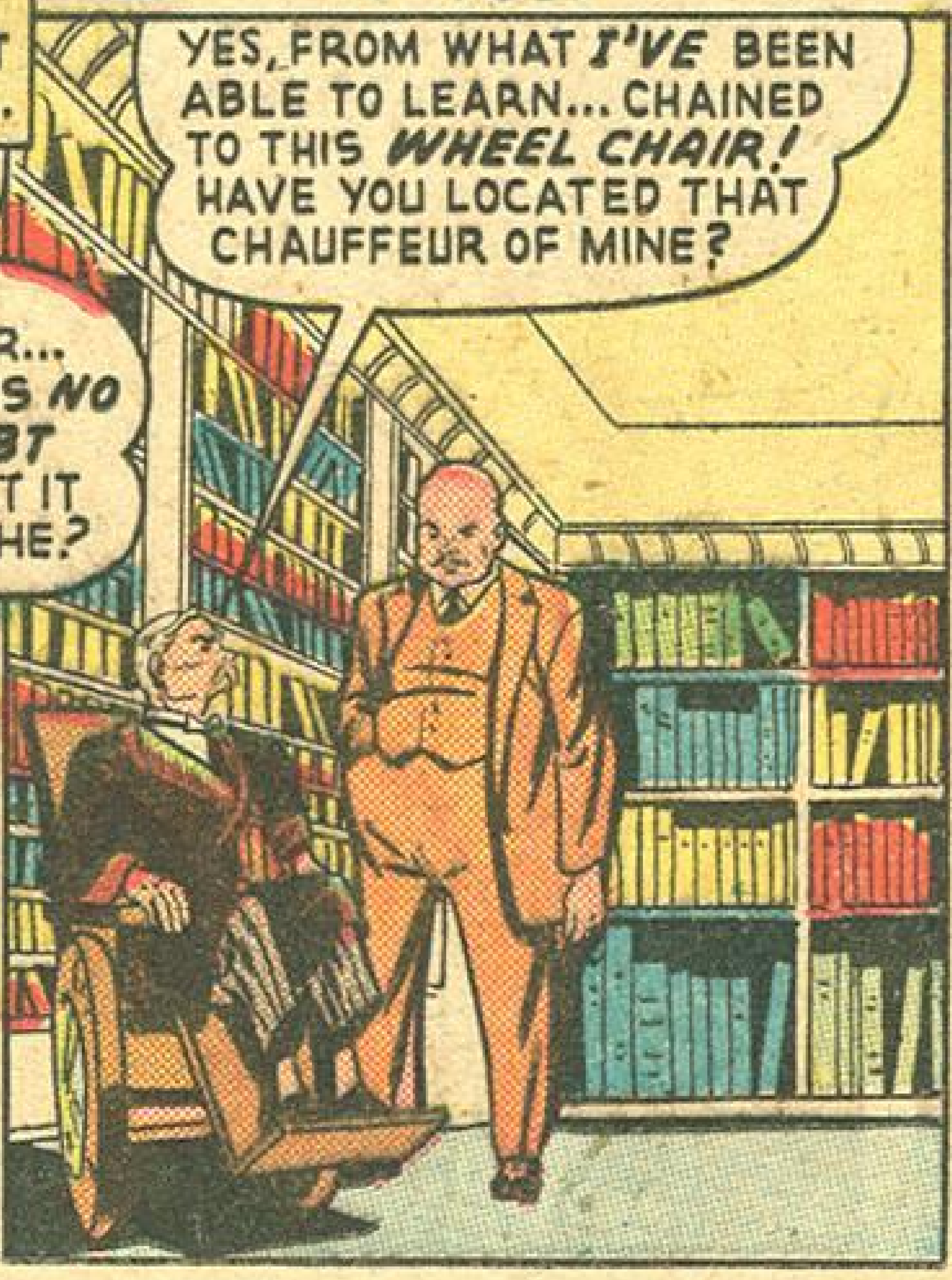
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

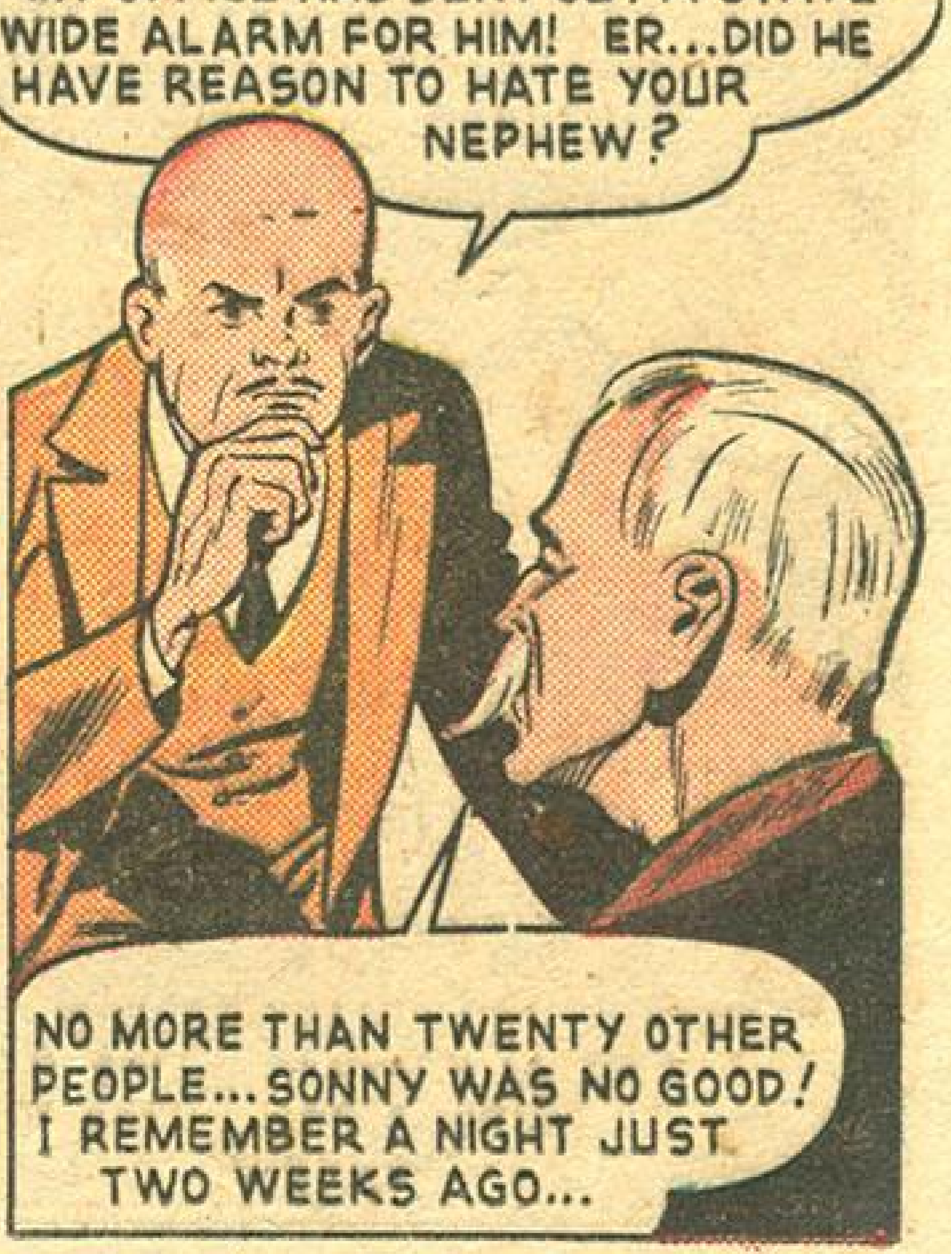

UH! *WHAT?*
CALM DOWN! CASEY, TELL IT SLOWLY...
THERE'S A YOUNG GUY OUT THERE DEAD, CHIEF! HE'S BEEN SHOT!
LEAD THE WAY, CASEY... LET'S GO!
THE BODY WAS LYING IN THE GARAGE BESIDE A PARKED CAR!
HMM... HASN'T BEEN DEAD TOO LONG! NO SIGN OF A WEAPON--LOOKS LIKE MURDER ALL RIGHT!
THERE ARE LIVING QUARTERS UPSTAIRS, CHIEF! WE FOUND SOME GUY'S CLOTHES AND STUFF THERE--CHAUFFEUR'S UNIFORMS! NOBODY'S HOME, THOUGH, AND THE PLACE IS A MESS!
CASEY, I THINK WE'D BETTER CALL IN THE D.A. ON THIS!
YEAH, CHIEF! SAY, *I'D* LIKE TO... YEAH, WE HAVE TO CALL THE D.A., I SUPPOSE!
CASEY WAS YOUNG, ENERGETIC, FULL OF IDEAS ON HOW TO INVESTIGATE MURDER... BUT HE HAD TO WAIT-UNTIL HIS CHANCE CAME!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, BACK IN THE HOUSE...
SONNY! SONNY! WHERE IS THAT NEPHEW OF MINE? NOBODY'S EVER AROUND WHEN I WANT HIM!
YOUR NEPHEW, MR. PHILPOTT? TELL ME, WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?
LOOK LIKE? WHY HE'S A DARK CHAP, SORT OF FAT WITH PUFFY EYES! WHY DO YOU ASK?
HMM... THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF! MR. PHILPOTT, THAT DEAD BODY IN THE GARAGE IS YOUR NEPHEW...SONNY!

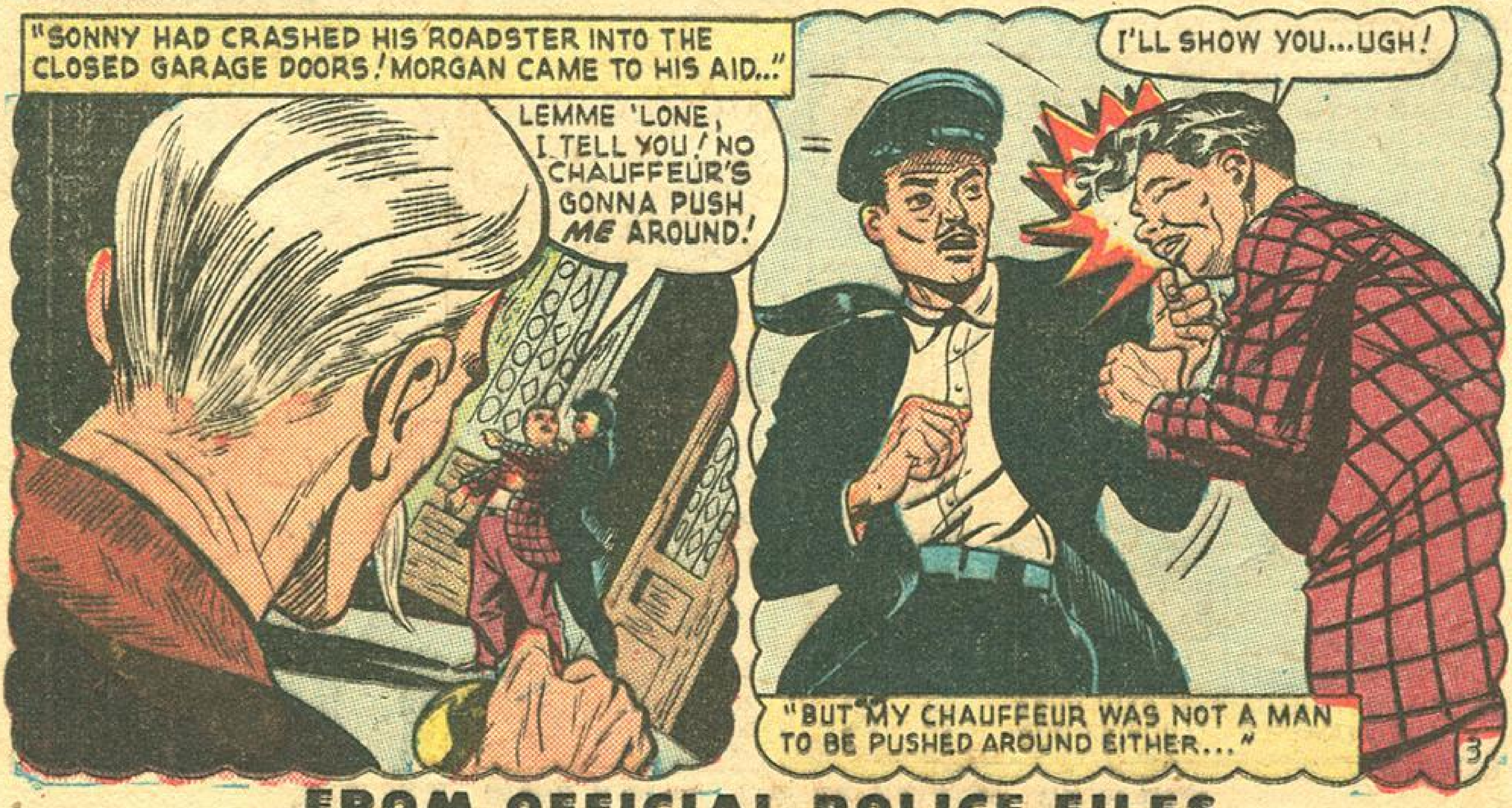

JUST THEN, TWO MEMBERS OF THE PRESS ARRIVED!
HEY, JOE, HERE'S SOMETHING *ODD!* COME LOOK AT THIS!
JUST A SECOND, BILL, TILL I GET MY CAMERA!
COUNTY LINE
ASA LEMON

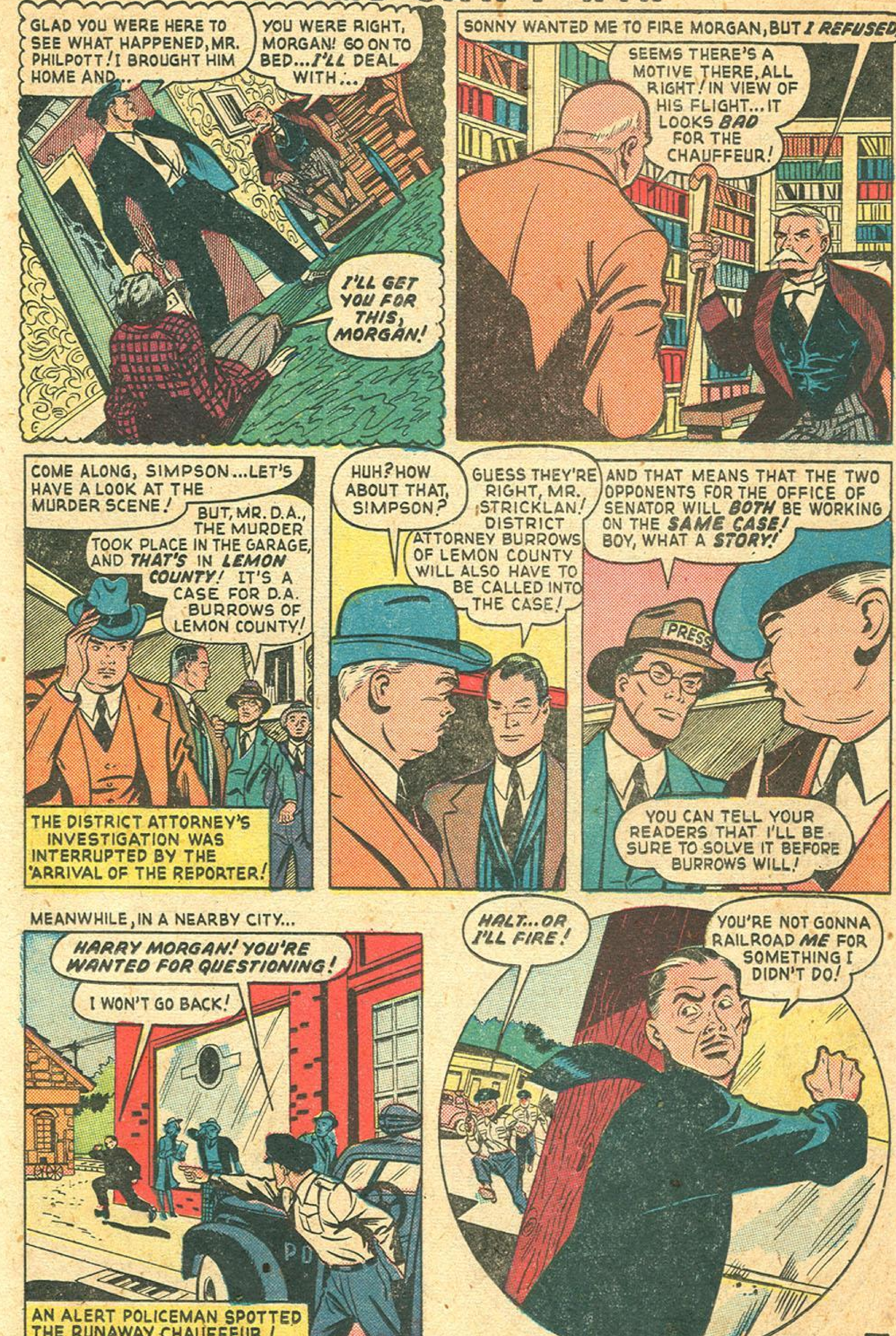

LOOK! THE COUNTY LINE RUNS RIGHT THROUGH THIS PROPERTY! THE HOUSE IS ON ONE SIDE--AND THE GARAGE ON THE OTHER!
YIPE! THAT MEANS THAT EACH DISTRICT ATTORNEY FROM BOTH COUNTIES HAS TO BE CALLED IN ON THE CASE, AND BOTH D.A.'S ARE UP FOR STATE SENATOR NEXT ELECTION!

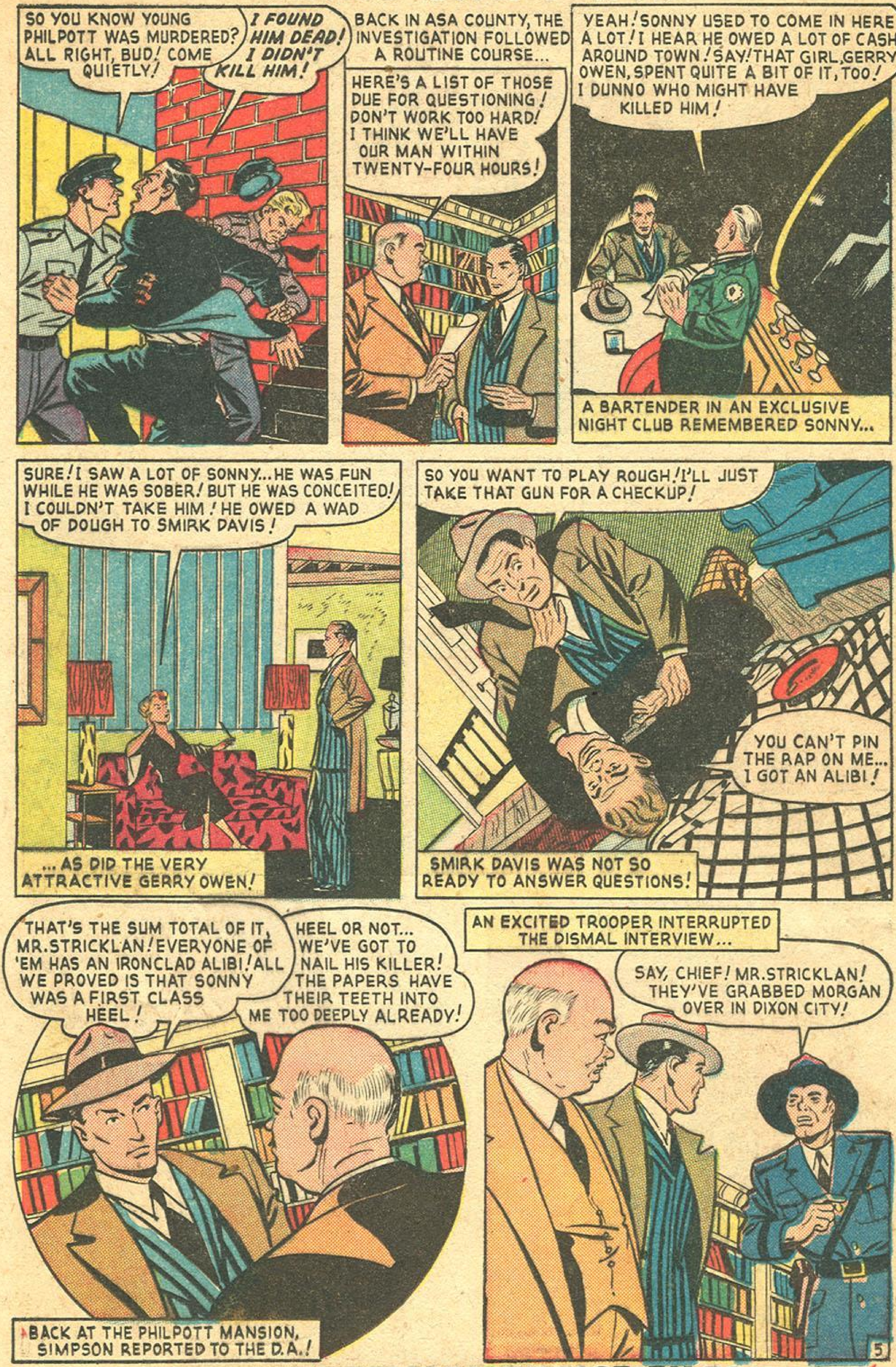

INSIDE THE MANSION, PHILPOTT GREW IMPATIENT AT THE LACK OF ACTIVITY...
SO YOU'RE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THE *MURDER* OF MY *NEPHEW?*
UHM... YES! ER... THEN THERE IS *NO DOUBT* THAT IT IS HE?

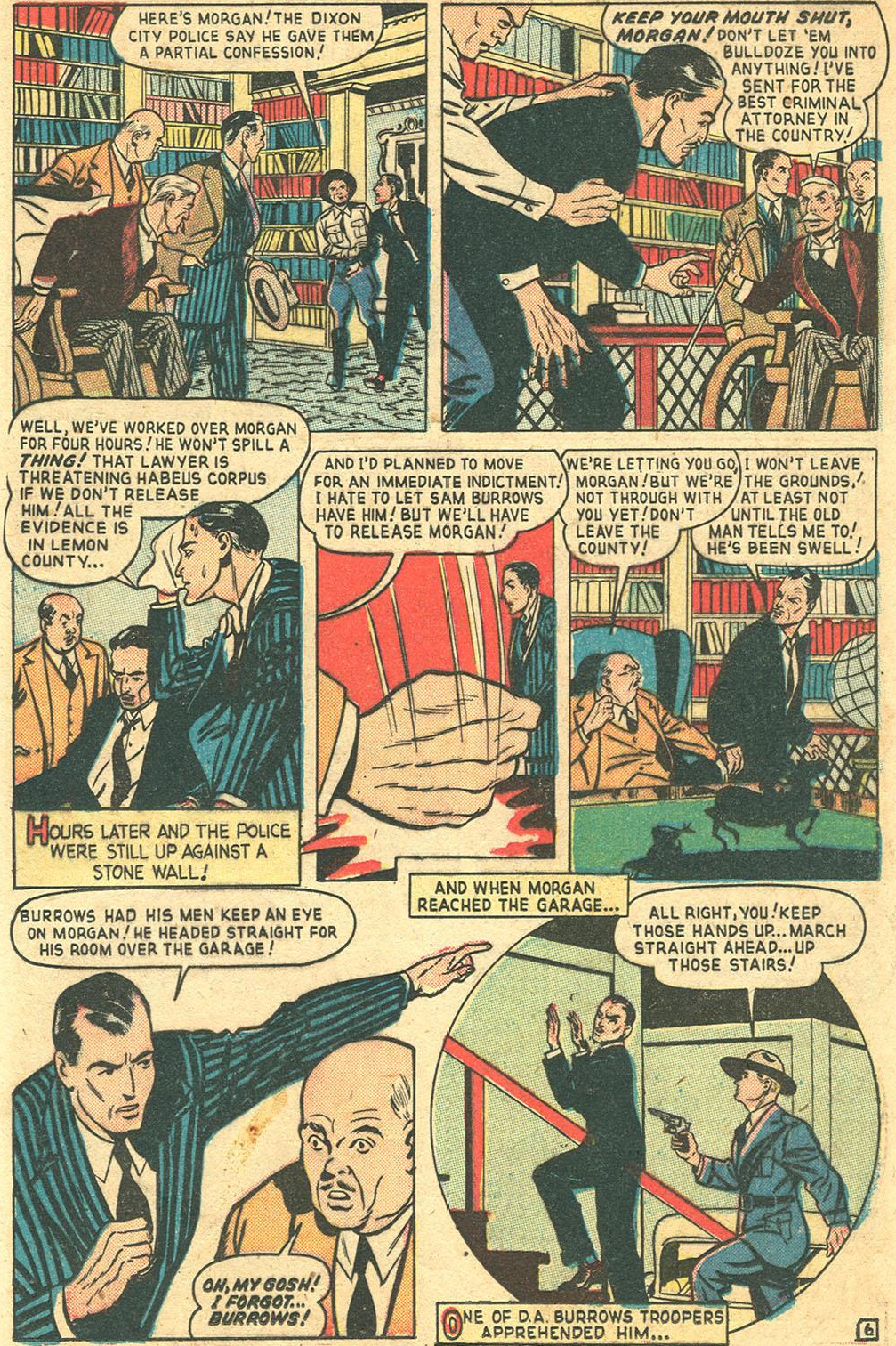

YES, FROM WHAT *I'VE* BEEN ABLE TO LEARN... CHAINED TO THIS *WHEEL CHAIR!* HAVE YOU LOCATED THAT CHAUFFEUR OF MINE?

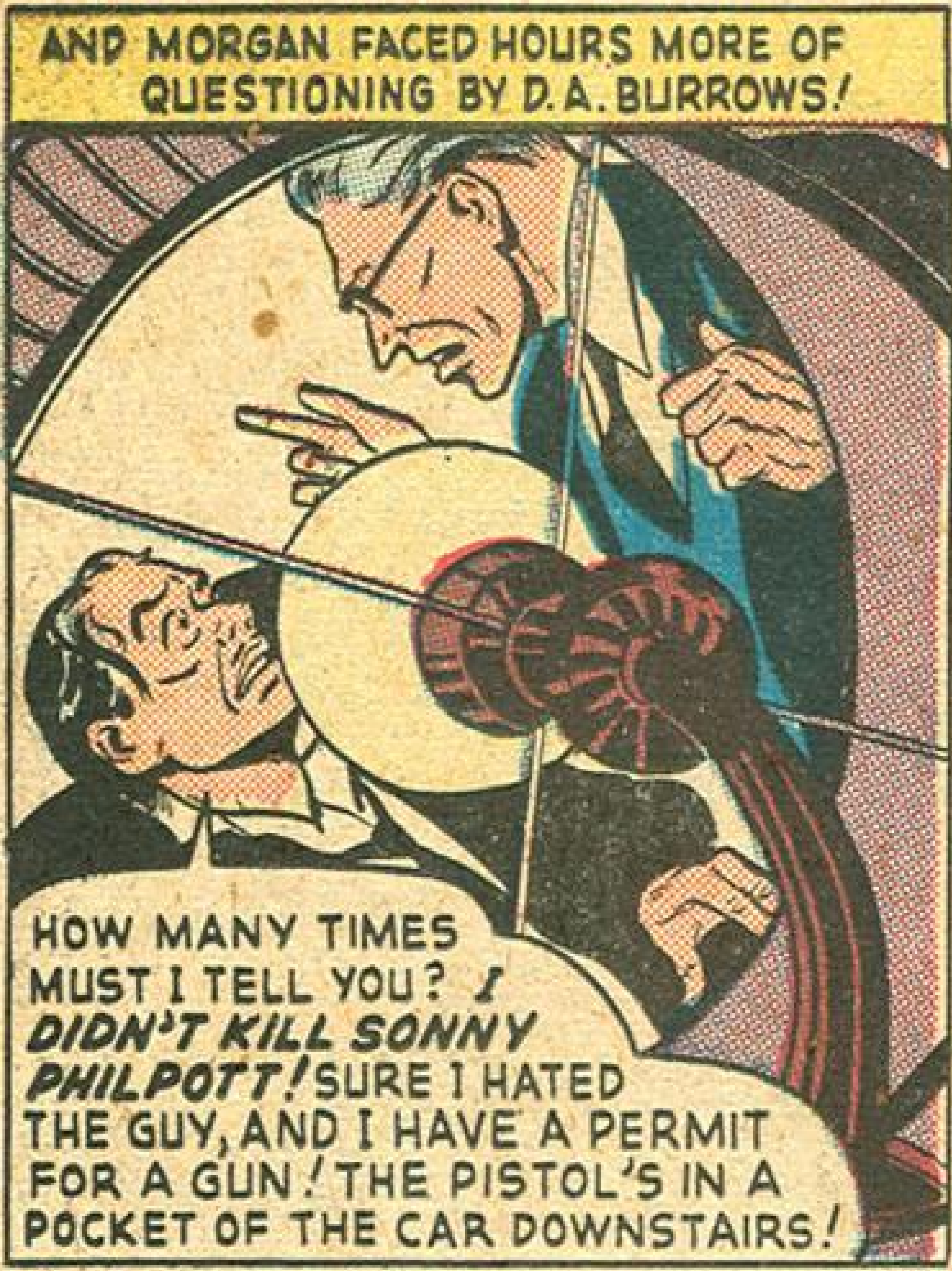

MY OFFICE HAS SENT OUT A STATE-WIDE ALARM FOR HIM! ER... DID HE HAVE REASON TO HATE YOUR NEPHEW?
NO MORE THAN TWENTY OTHER PEOPLE... SONNY WAS NO GOOD! I REMEMBER A NIGHT JUST TWO WEEKS AGO...

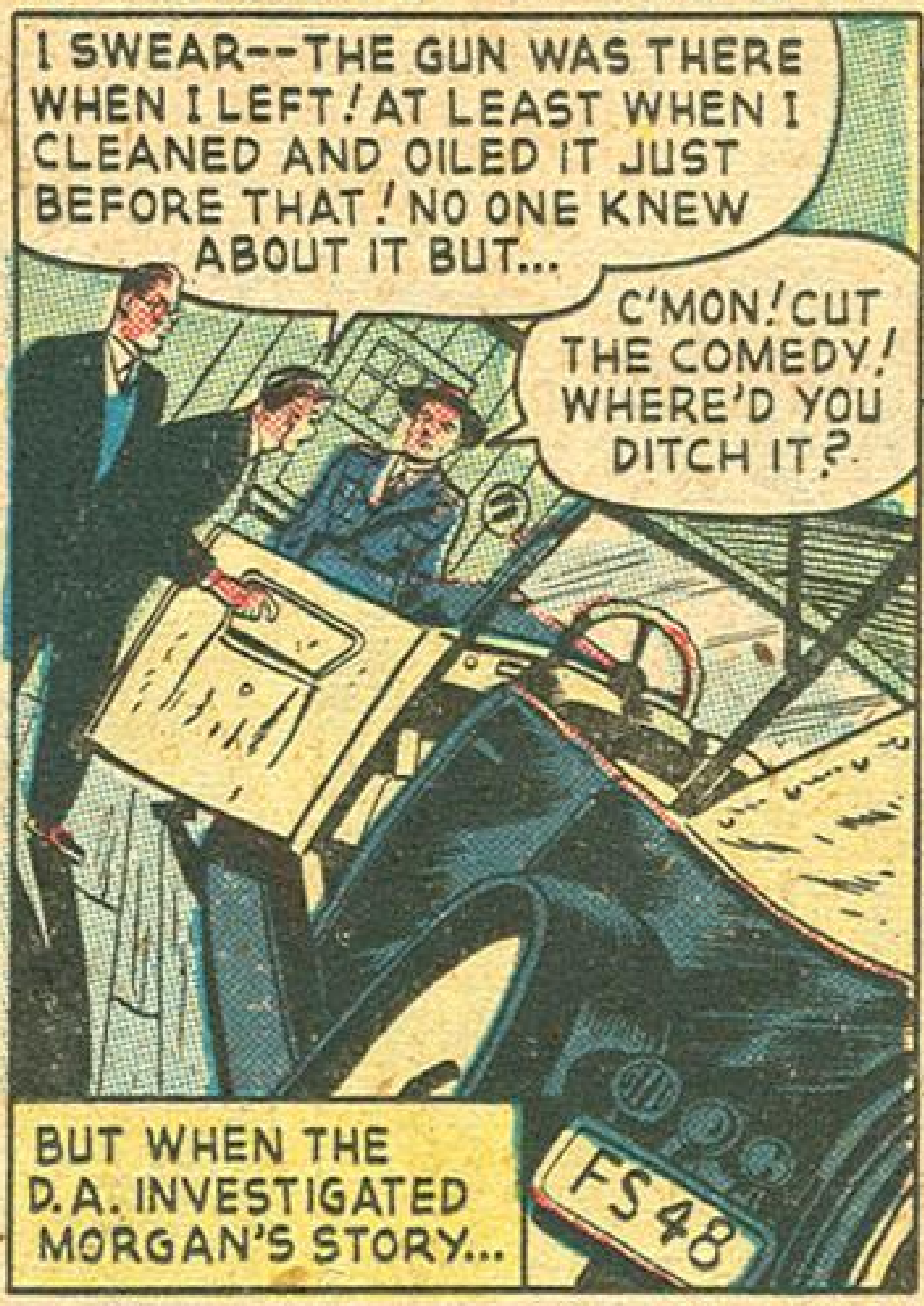

"SONNY HAD CRASHED HIS ROADSTER INTO THE CLOSED GARAGE DOORS! MORGAN CAME TO HIS AID..."
LEMME 'LONE, I TELL YOU! NO CHAUFFEUR'S GONNA PUSH *ME* AROUND!
I'LL SHOW YOU... UGH!
"BUT MY CHAUFFEUR WAS NOT A MAN TO BE PUSHED AROUND EITHER..."

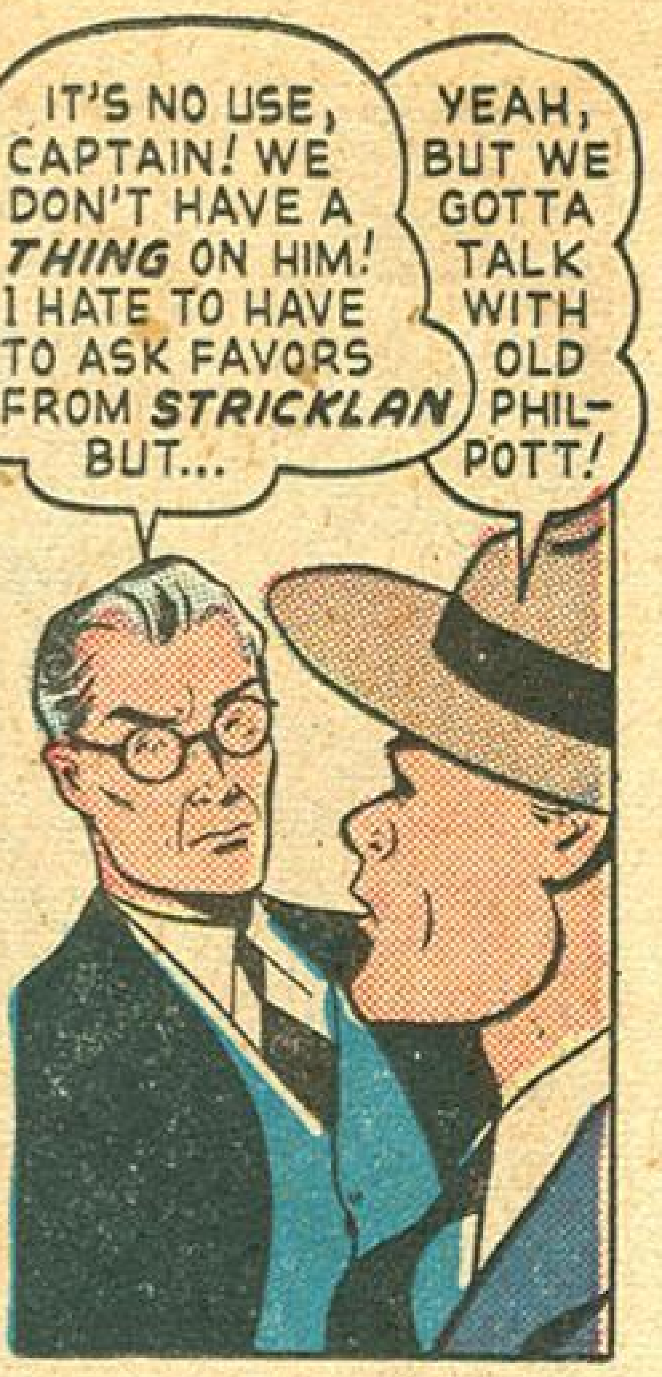

GLAD YOU WERE HERE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED, MR. PHILPOTT! I BROUGHT HIM HOME AND...
YOU WERE RIGHT, MORGAN! GO ON TO BED... *I'LL* DEAL WITH...
I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, MORGAN!
SONNY WANTED ME TO FIRE MORGAN, BUT *I REFUSED!*
SEEMS THERE'S A MOTIVE THERE, ALL RIGHT! IN VIEW OF HIS FLIGHT... IT LOOKS *BAD* FOR THE CHAUFFEUR!
COME ALONG, SIMPSON... LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE MURDER SCENE!
BUT, MR. D.A., THE MURDER TOOK PLACE IN THE GARAGE, AND *THAT'S* IN *LEMON COUNTY!* IT'S A CASE FOR D.A. BURROWS OF LEMON COUNTY!
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S INVESTIGATION WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE REPORTER!
HUH? HOW ABOUT THAT, SIMPSON?
GUESS THEY'RE RIGHT, MR. STRICKLAN! DISTRICT ATTORNEY BURROWS OF LEMON COUNTY WILL ALSO HAVE TO BE CALLED INTO THE CASE!
AND THAT MEANS THAT THE TWO OPPONENTS FOR THE OFFICE OF SENATOR WILL *BOTH* BE WORKING ON THE *SAME CASE!* BOY, WHAT A *STORY!*
PRESS
YOU CAN TELL YOUR READERS THAT I'LL BE SURE TO SOLVE IT BEFORE BURROWS WILL!
MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY CITY...
HARRY MORGAN! YOU'RE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING!
I WON'T GO BACK!
PD
AN ALERT POLICEMAN SPOTTED THE RUNAWAY CHAUFFEUR!
HALT... OR I'LL FIRE!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA RAILROAD *ME* FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO!

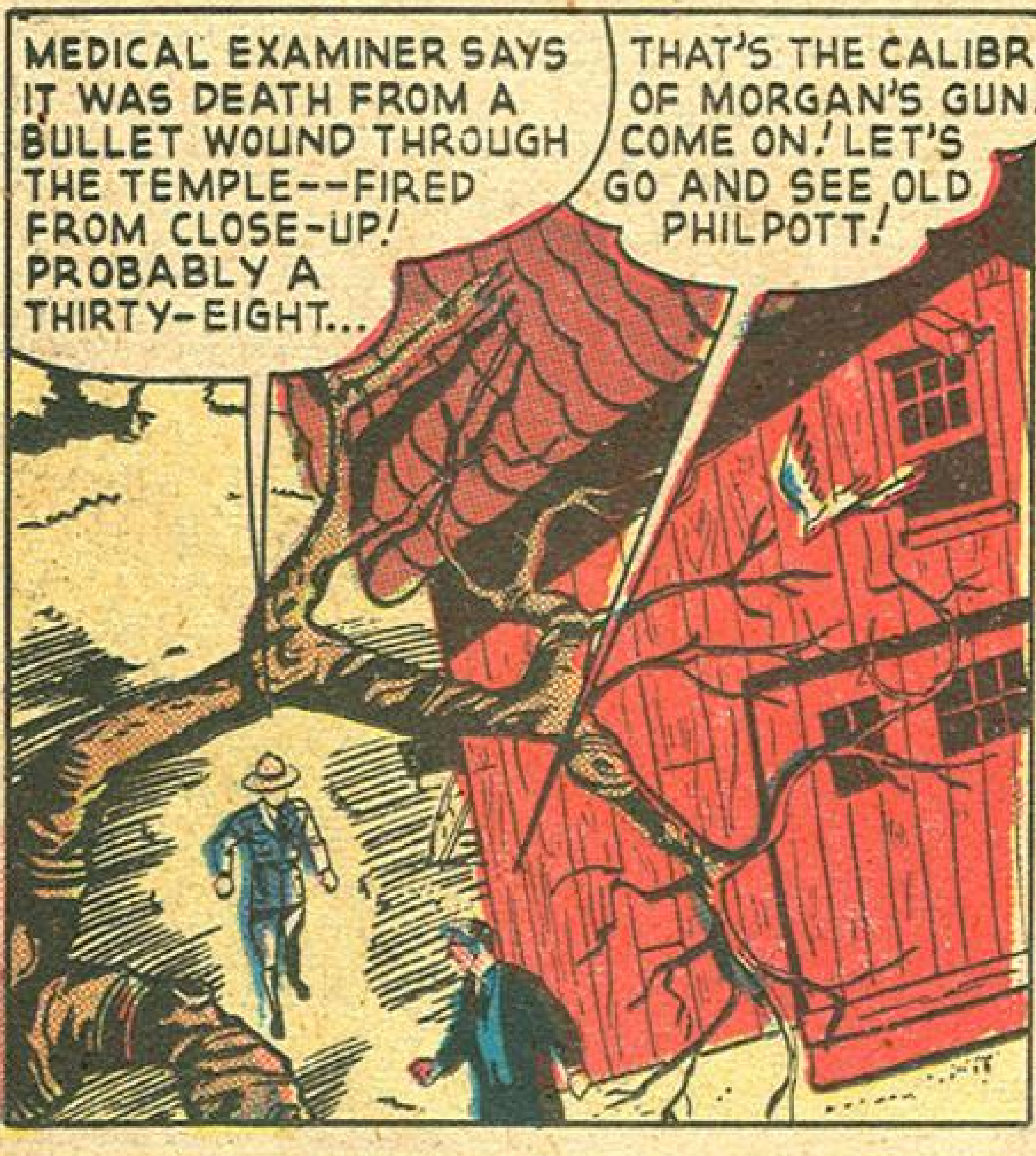

SO YOU KNOW YOUNG PHILPOTT WAS MURDERED? ALL RIGHT, BUD! COME QUIETLY!
I FOUND HIM DEAD! I DIDN'T KILL HIM!
BACK IN ASA COUNTY, THE INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED A ROUTINE COURSE...
HERE'S A LIST OF THOSE DUE FOR QUESTIONING! DON'T WORK TOO HARD! I THINK WE'LL HAVE OUR MAN WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!
YEAH! SONNY USED TO COME IN HERE A LOT! I HEAR HE OWED A LOT OF CASH AROUND TOWN! SAY! THAT GIRL, GERRY OWEN, SPENT QUITE A BIT OF IT, TOO! I DUNNO WHO MIGHT HAVE KILLED HIM!
A BARTENDER IN AN EXCLUSIVE NIGHT CLUB REMEMBERED SONNY...
SURE! I SAW A LOT OF SONNY...HE WAS FUN WHILE HE WAS SOBER! BUT HE WAS CONCEITED! I COULDN'T TAKE HIM! HE OWED A WAD OF DOUGH TO SMIRK DAVIS!
... AS DID THE VERY ATTRACTIVE GERRY OWEN!
SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH! I'LL JUST TAKE THAT GUN FOR A CHECKUP!
YOU CAN'T PIN THE RAP ON ME... I GOT AN ALIBI!
SMIRK DAVIS WAS NOT SO READY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS!
THAT'S THE SUM TOTAL OF IT, MR. STRICKLAN! EVERYONE OF 'EM HAS AN IRONCLAD ALIBI! ALL WE PROVED IS THAT SONNY WAS A FIRST CLASS HEEL!
HEEL OR NOT... WE'VE GOT TO NAIL HIS KILLER! THE PAPERS HAVE THEIR TEETH INTO ME TOO DEEPLY ALREADY!
BACK AT THE PHILPOTT MANSION, SIMPSON REPORTED TO THE D.A.!
AN EXCITED TROOPER INTERRUPTED THE DISMAL INTERVIEW...
SAY, CHIEF! MR. STRICKLAN! THEY'VE GRABBED MORGAN OVER IN DIXON CITY!

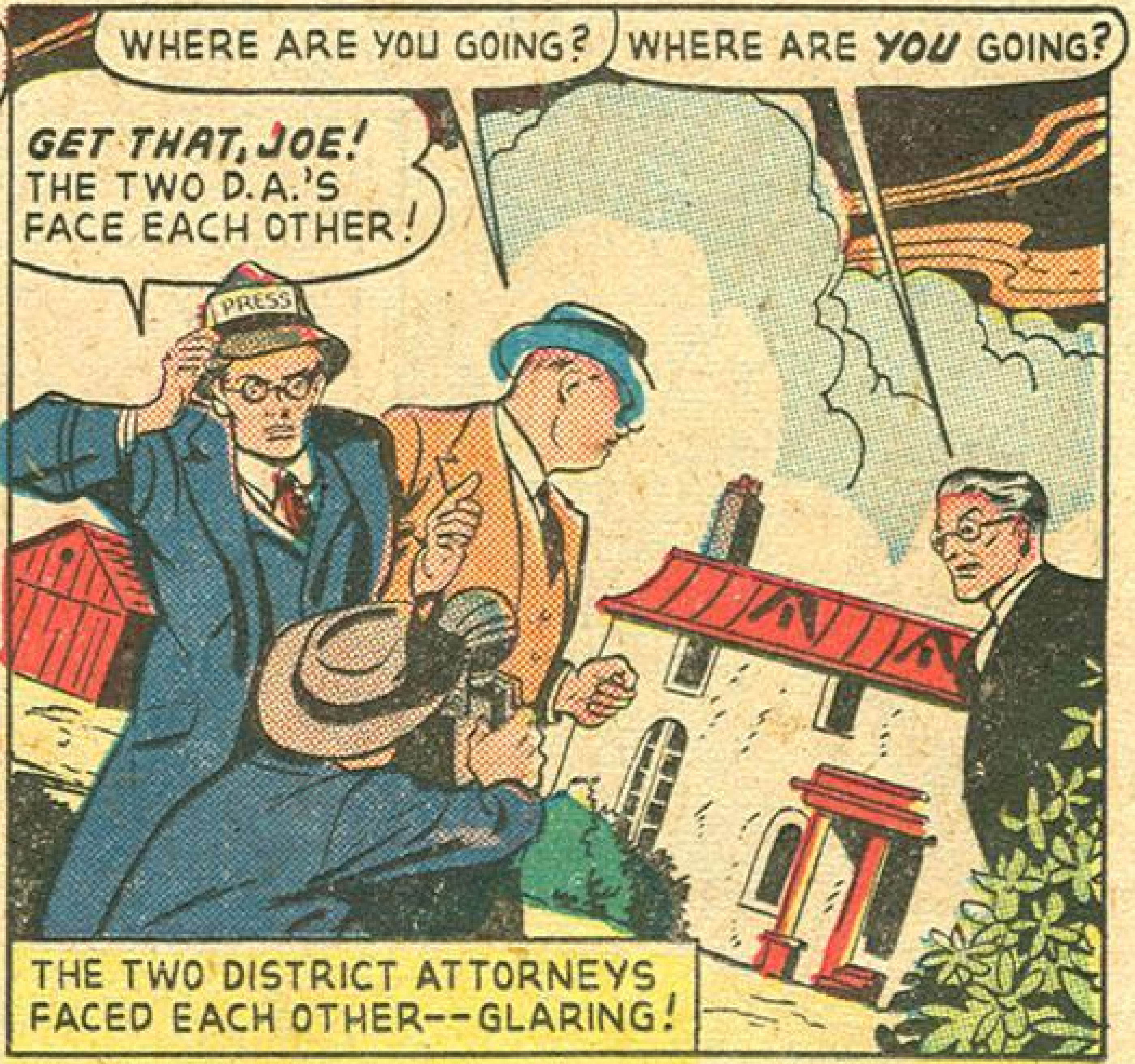

HERE'S MORGAN! THE DIXON CITY POLICE SAY HE GAVE THEM A PARTIAL CONFESSION!
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, MORGAN! DON'T LET 'EM BULLDOZE YOU INTO ANYTHING! I'VE SENT FOR THE BEST CRIMINAL ATTORNEY IN THE COUNTRY!
HOURS LATER AND THE POLICE WERE STILL UP AGAINST A STONE WALL!
WELL, WE'VE WORKED OVER MORGAN FOR FOUR HOURS! HE WON'T SPILL A THING! THAT LAWYER IS THREATENING HABEUS CORPUS IF WE DON'T RELEASE HIM! ALL THE EVIDENCE IS IN LEMON COUNTY...
AND I'D PLANNED TO MOVE FOR AN IMMEDIATE INDICTMENT! I HATE TO LET SAM BURROWS HAVE HIM! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO RELEASE MORGAN!
WE'RE LETTING YOU GO, MORGAN! BUT WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET! DON'T LEAVE THE COUNTY!
I WON'T LEAVE THE GROUNDS, AT LEAST NOT UNTIL THE OLD MAN TELLS ME TO! HE'S BEEN SWELL!
BURROWS HAD HIS MEN KEEP AN EYE ON MORGAN! HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR HIS ROOM OVER THE GARAGE!
OH, MY GOSH! I FORGOT... BURROWS!
AND WHEN MORGAN REACHED THE GARAGE...
ALL RIGHT, YOU! KEEP THOSE HANDS UP... MARCH STRAIGHT AHEAD... UP THOSE STAIRS!
ONE OF D.A. BURROWS TROOPERS APPREHENDED HIM...

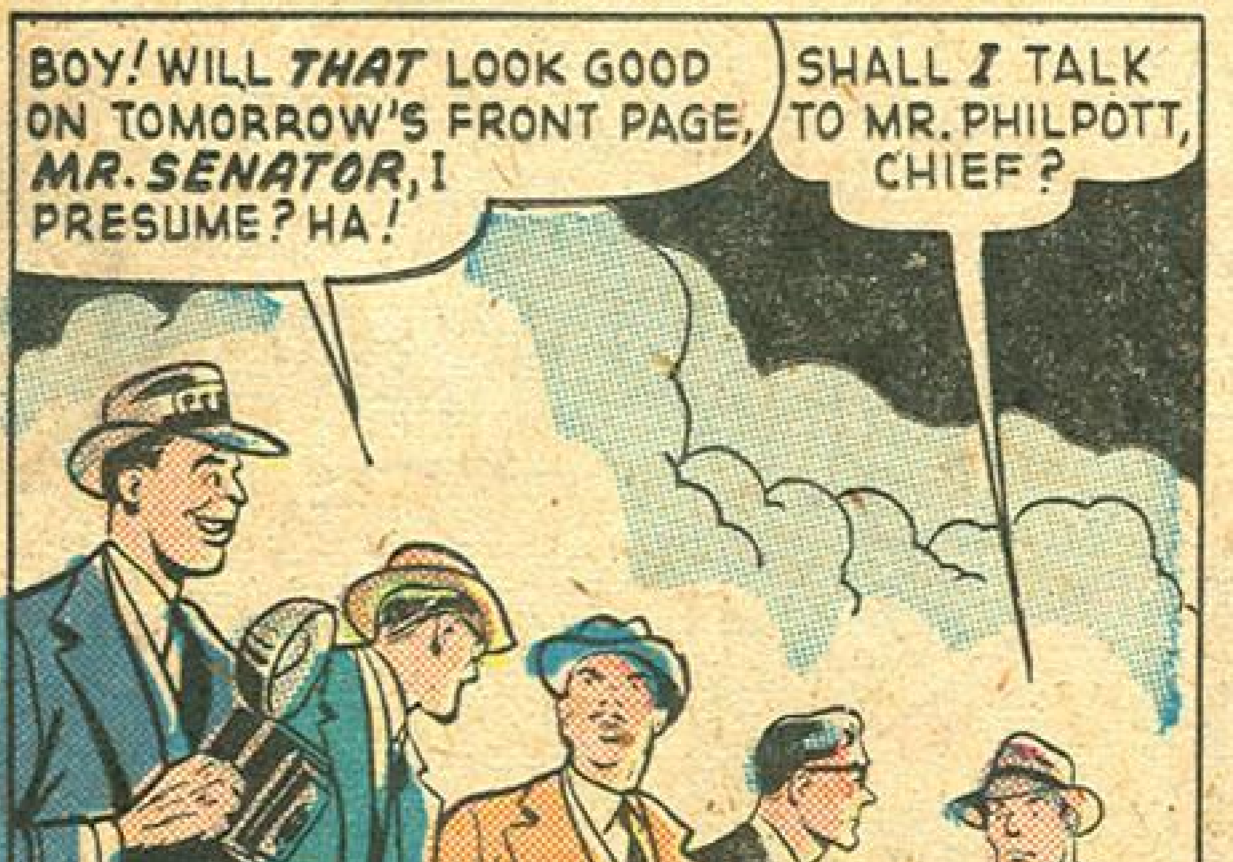

AND MORGAN FACED HOURS MORE OF QUESTIONING BY D.A. BURROWS!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU? *I DIDN'T KILL SONNY PHILPOTT!* SURE I HATED THE GUY, AND I HAVE A PERMIT FOR A GUN! THE PISTOL'S IN A POCKET OF THE CAR DOWNSTAIRS!


I SWEAR--THE GUN WAS THERE WHEN I LEFT! AT LEAST WHEN I CLEANED AND OILED IT JUST BEFORE THAT! NO ONE KNEW ABOUT IT BUT...
C'MON! CUT THE COMEDY! WHERE'D YOU DITCH IT?
BUT WHEN THE D.A. INVESTIGATED MORGAN'S STORY...
FS 48

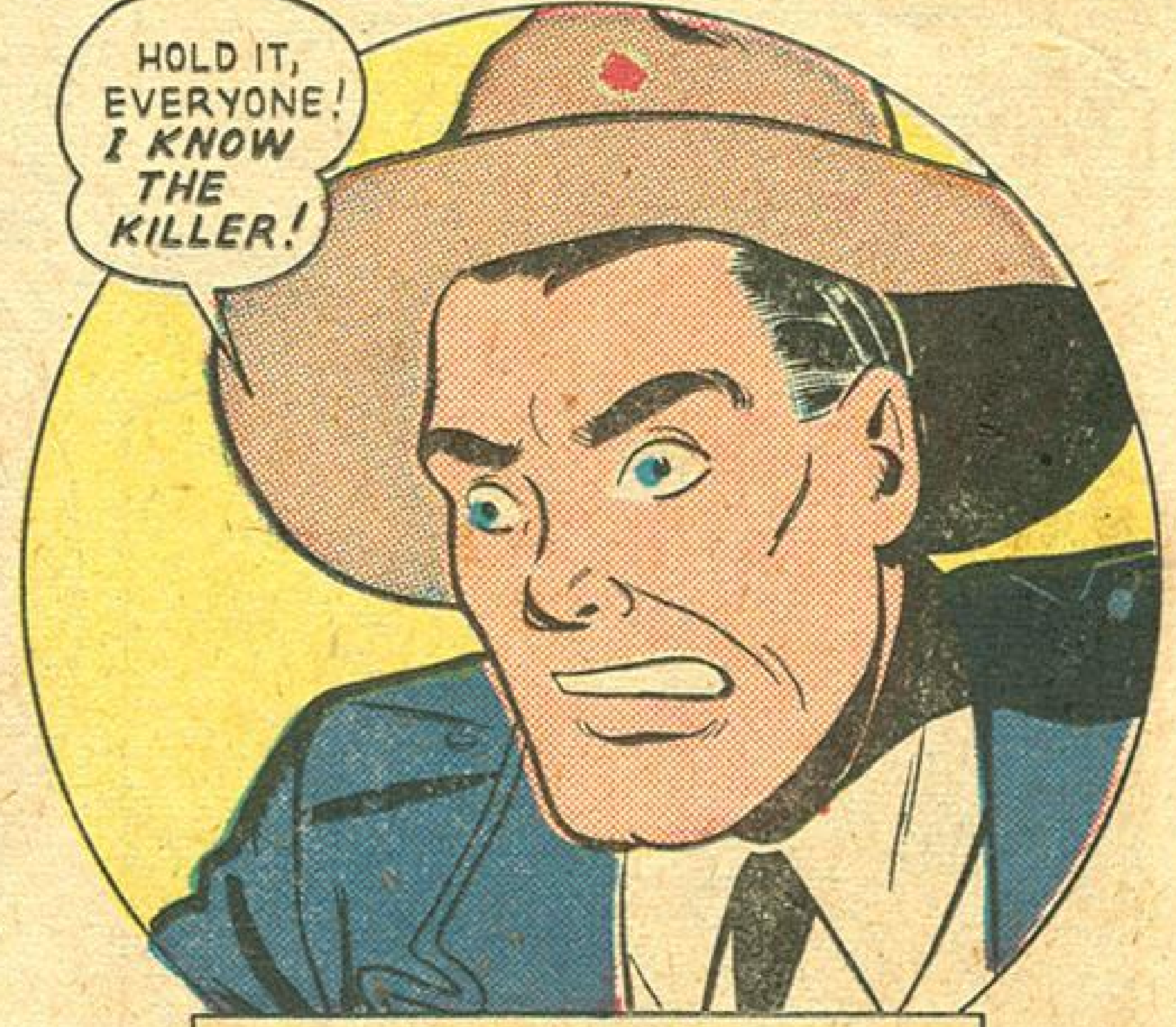

IT'S NO USE, CAPTAIN! WE DON'T HAVE A *THING* ON HIM! I HATE TO HAVE TO ASK FAVORS FROM **STRICKLAN** BUT...
YEAH, BUT WE GOTTA TALK WITH OLD PHILPOTT!

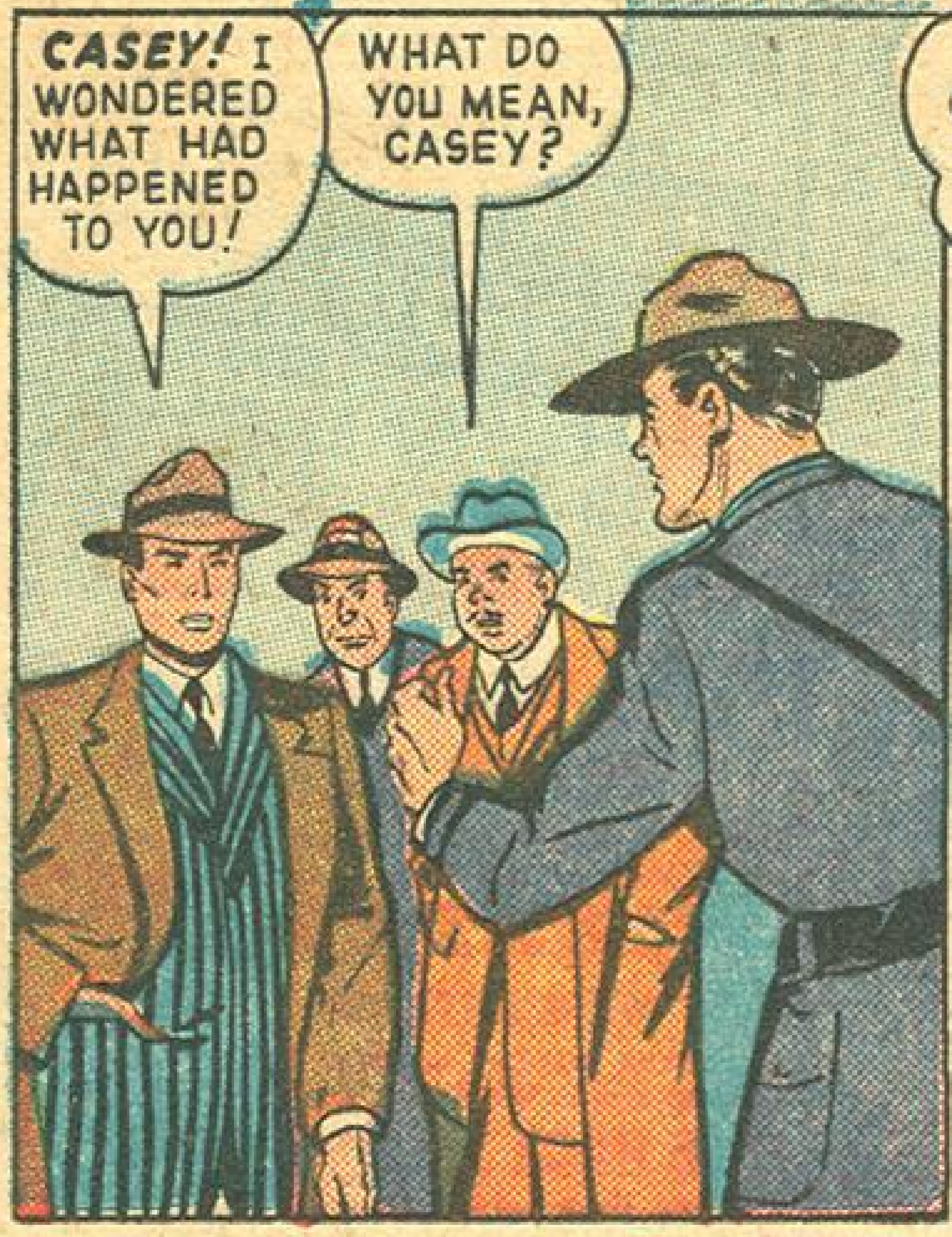

MEDICAL EXAMINER SAYS IT WAS DEATH FROM A BULLET WOUND THROUGH THE TEMPLE--FIRED FROM CLOSE-UP! PROBABLY A THIRTY-EIGHT...
THAT'S THE CALIBRE OF MORGAN'S GUN! COME ON! LET'S GO AND SEE OLD PHILPOTT!

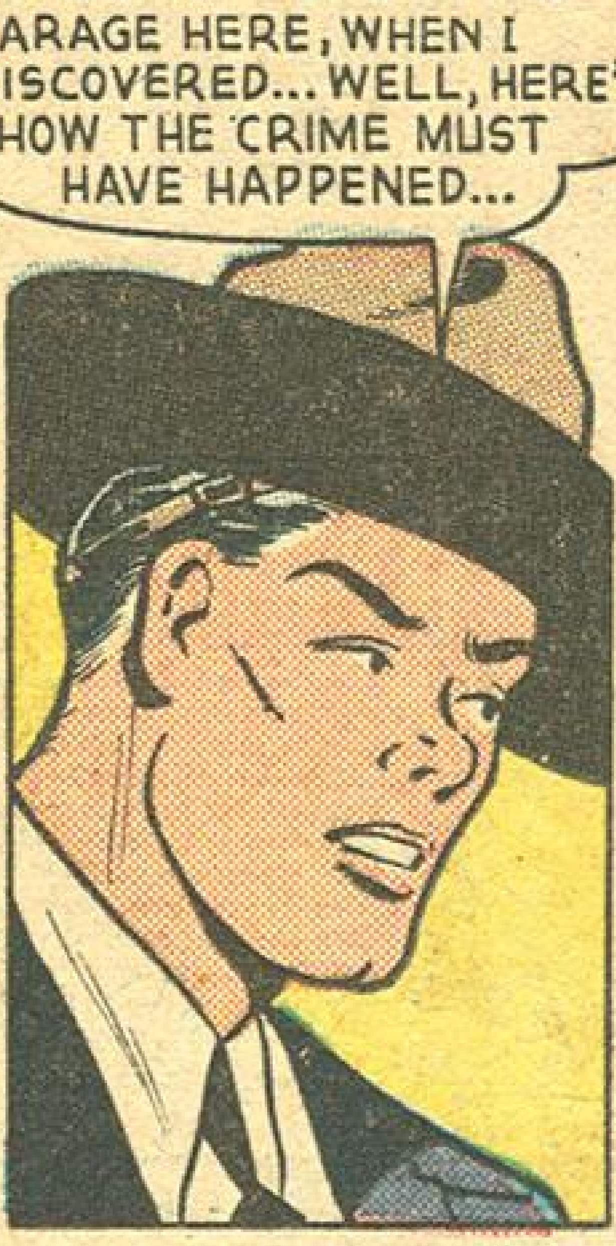

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHERE ARE *YOU* GOING?
GET THAT, JOE! THE TWO D.A.'S FACE EACH OTHER!
PRESS
THE TWO DISTRICT ATTORNEYS FACED EACH OTHER--GLARING!

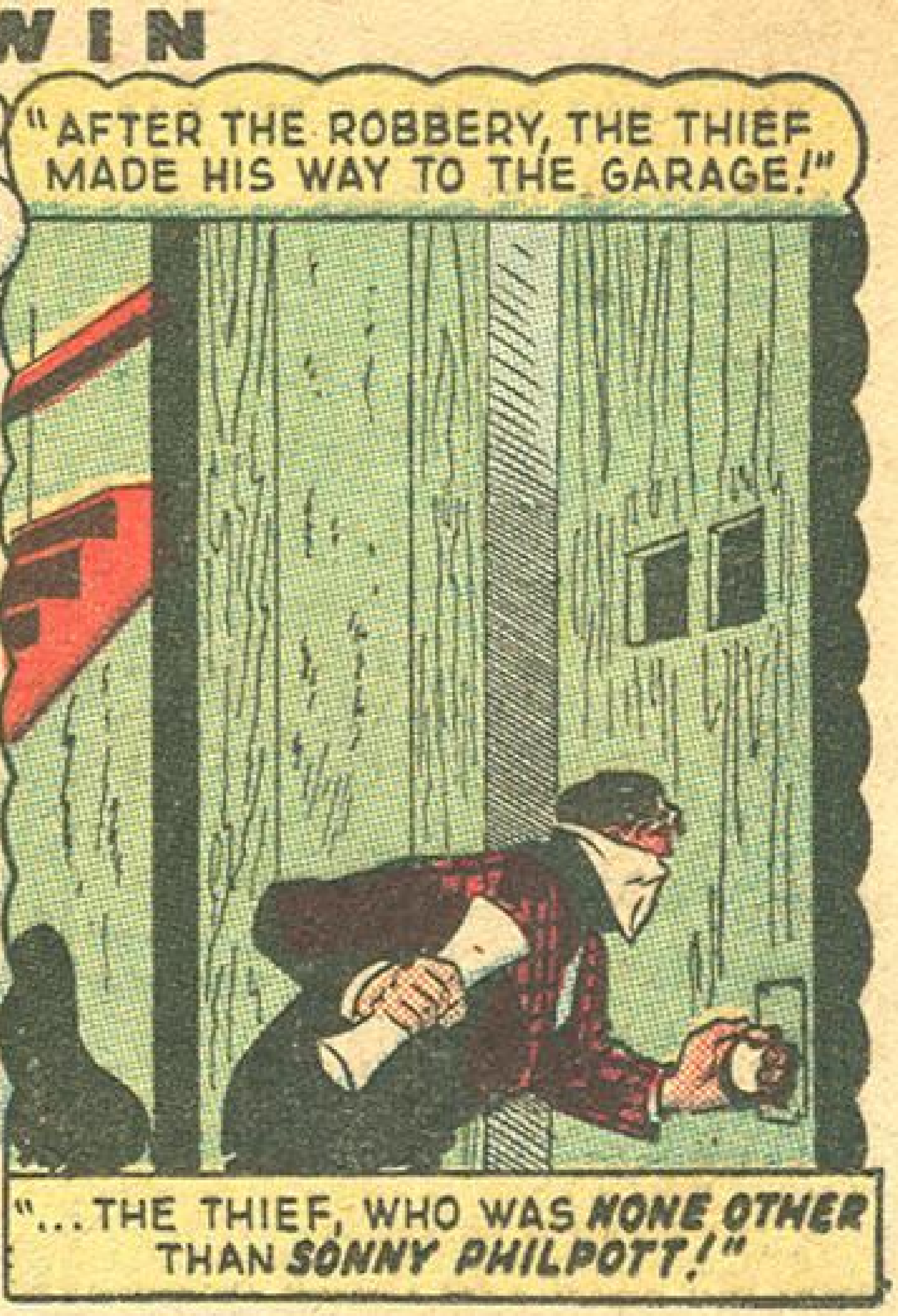

BOY! WILL *THAT* LOOK GOOD ON TOMORROW'S FRONT PAGE, *MR. SENATOR,* I PRESUME? HA!
SHALL *I* TALK TO MR. PHILPOTT, CHIEF?

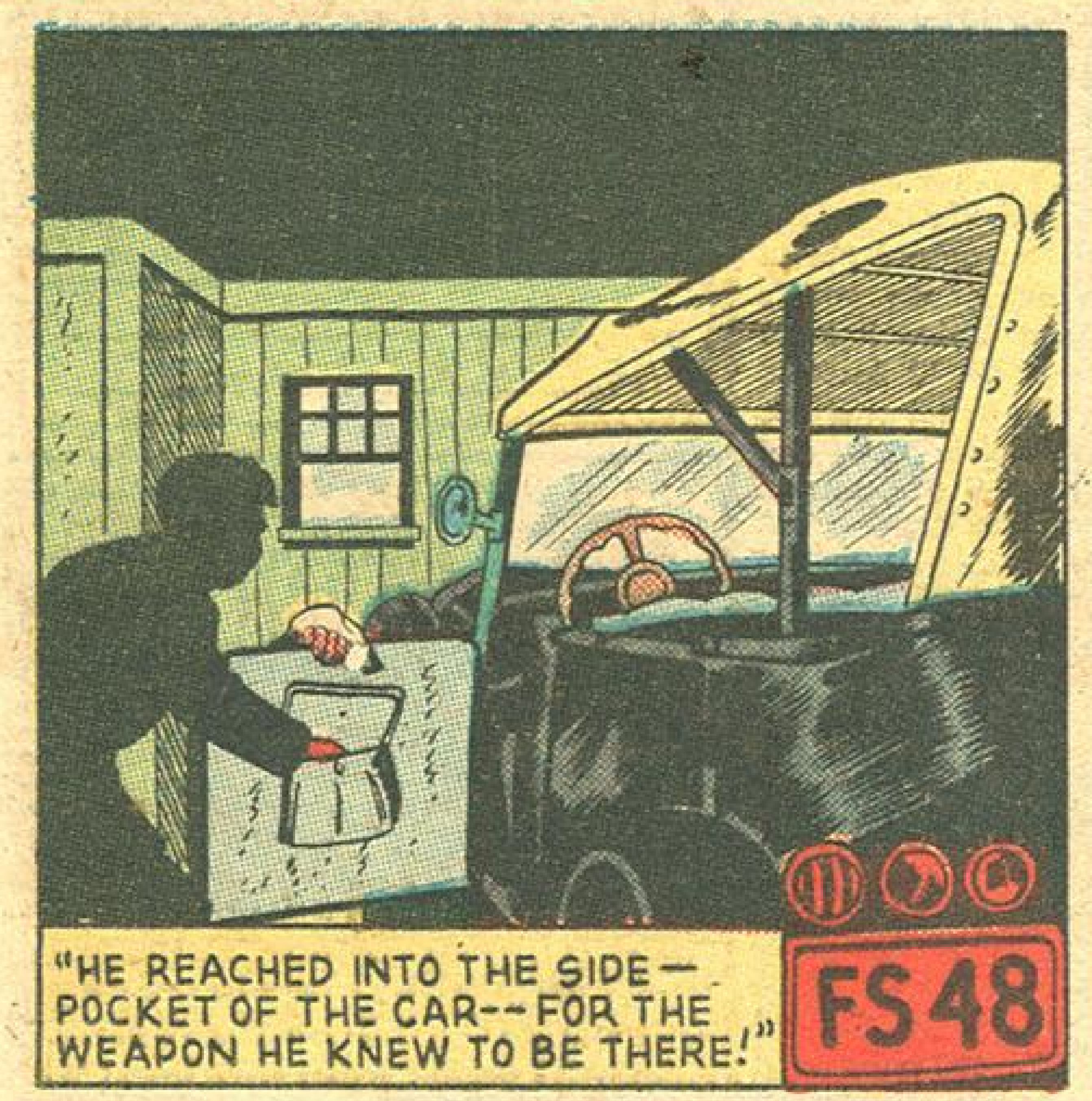
TEMPERS WERE TENSE THEN, NERVES ON EDGE BECAUSE OF THEIR FAILURE TO SOLVE THE CRIME! FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THINGS WERE ABOUT TO EXPLODE! THEN...

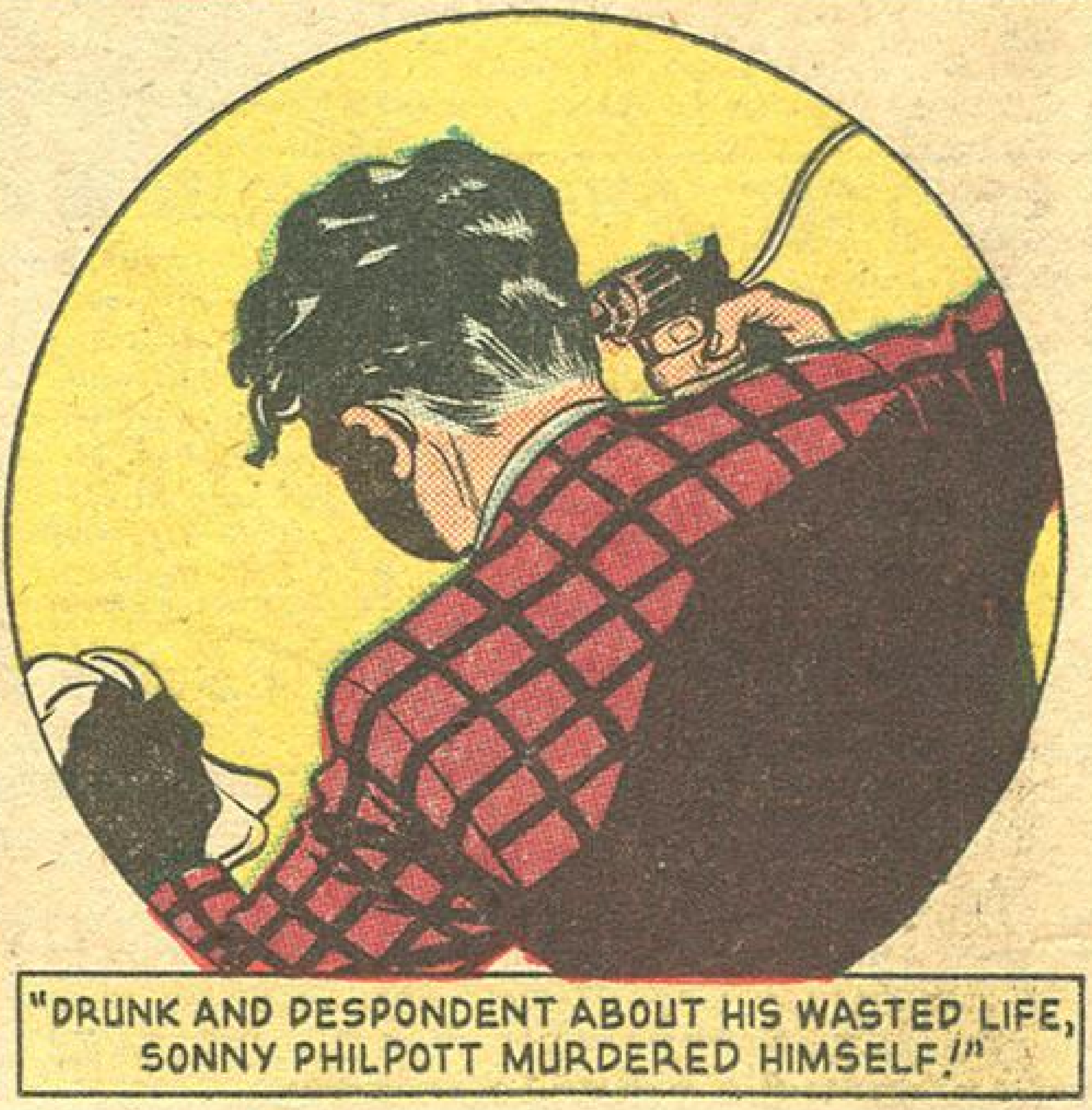

HOLD IT, EVERYONE! *I KNOW THE KILLER!*
BUT JUST THEN TROOPER CASEY DASHED MADLY UPON THE SCENE!

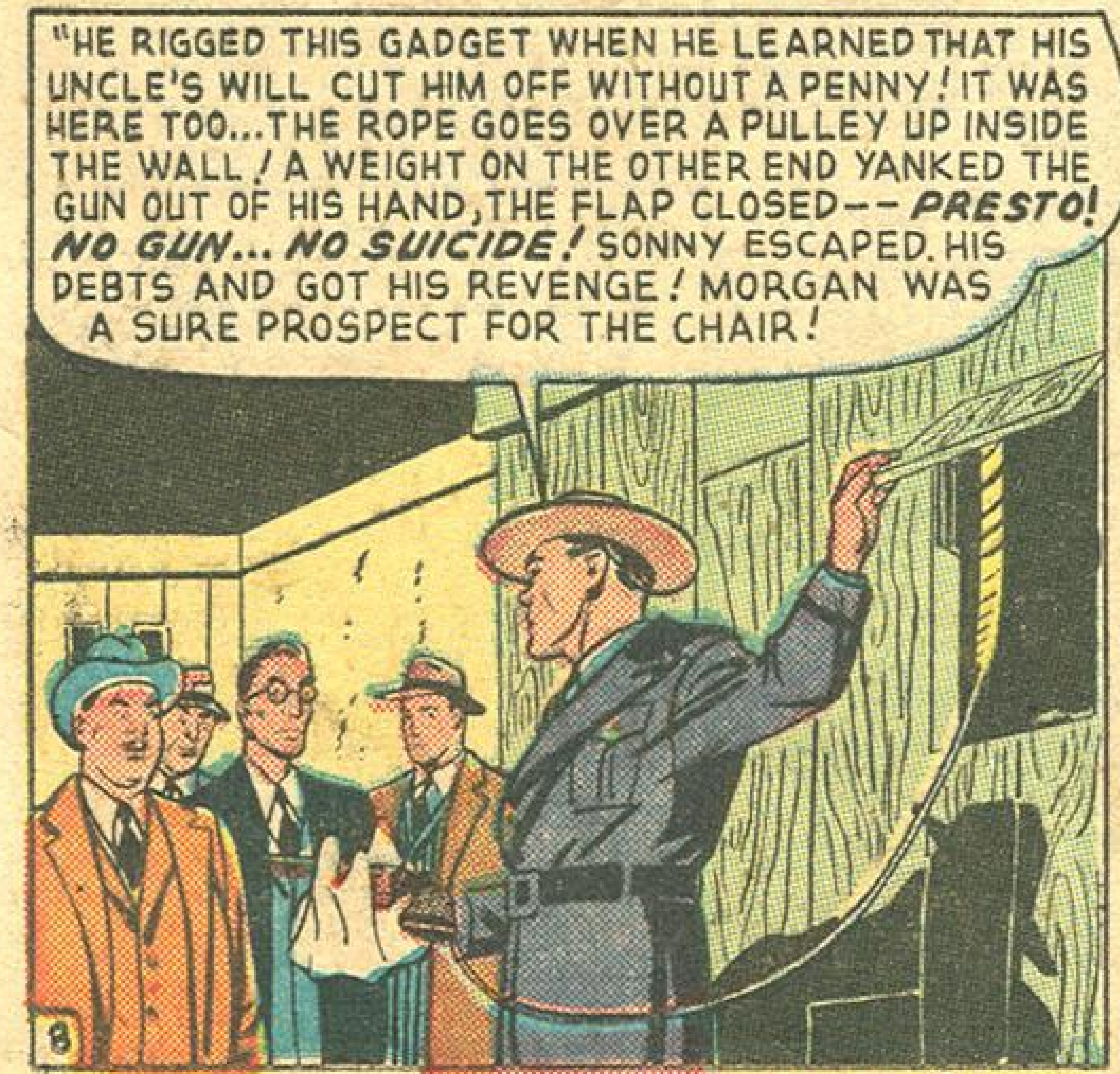

CASEY! I WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO YOU!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CASEY?

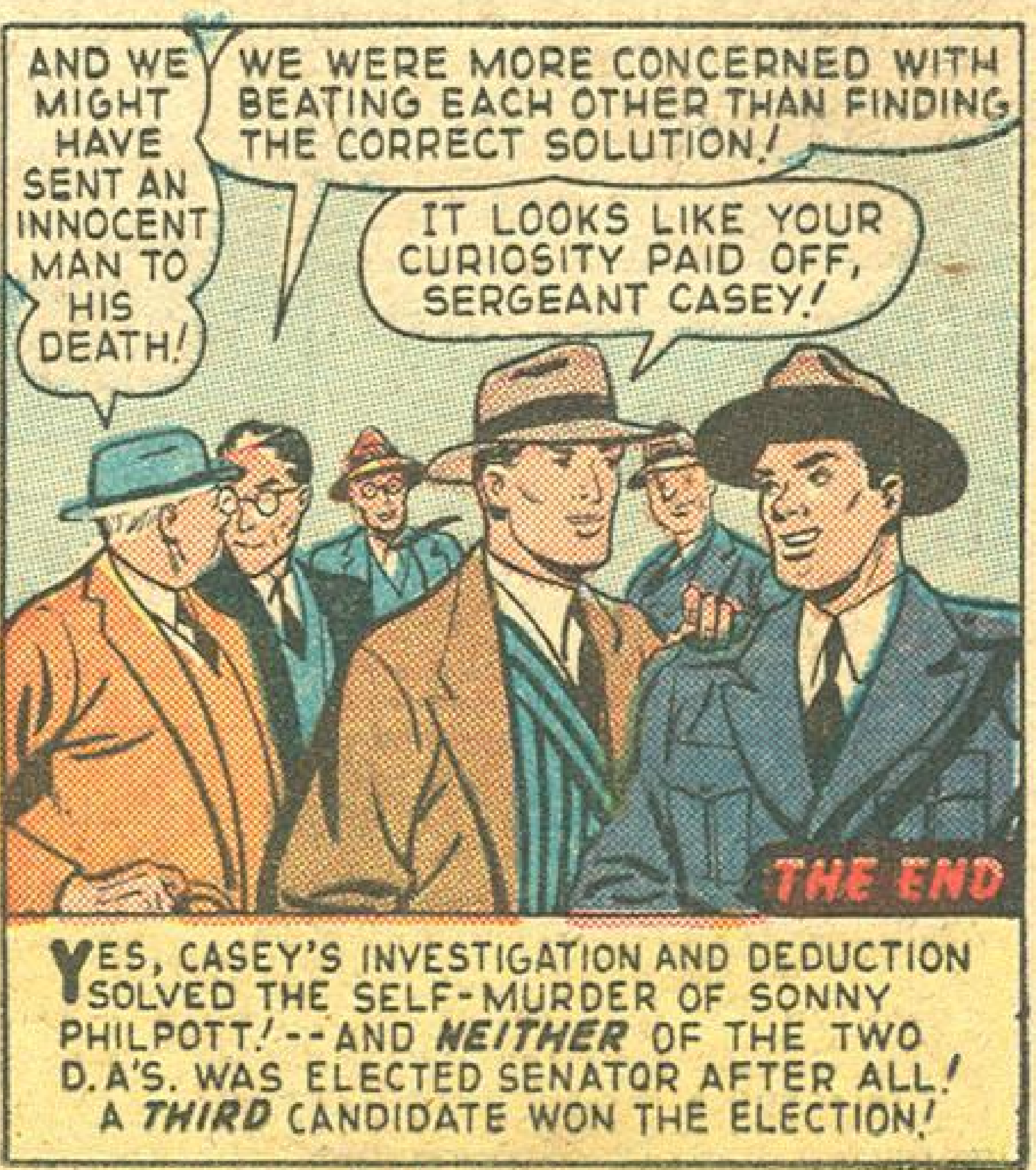

I WAS PROWLING IN THE GARAGE HERE, WHEN I DISCOVERED... WELL, HERE'S HOW THE CRIME MUST HAVE HAPPENED...


"AFTER THE ROBBERY, THE THIEF MADE HIS WAY TO THE GARAGE!"
"...THE THIEF, WHO WAS NONE OTHER THAN SONNY PHILPOTT!"


"HE REACHED INTO THE SIDE-POCKET OF THE CAR--FOR THE WEAPON HE KNEW TO BE THERE!"
FS 48


"DRUNK AND DESPONDENT ABOUT HIS WASTED LIFE, SONNY PHILPOTT MURDERED HIMSELF!"


"HE RIGGED THIS GADGET WHEN HE LEARNED THAT HIS UNCLE'S WILL CUT HIM OFF WITHOUT A PENNY! IT WAS HERE TOO...THE ROPE GOES OVER A PULLEY UP INSIDE THE WALL! A WEIGHT ON THE OTHER END YANKED THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND, THE FLAP CLOSED-- PRESTO! NO GUN... NO SUICIDE! SONNY ESCAPED HIS DEBTS AND GOT HIS REVENGE! MORGAN WAS A SURE PROSPECT FOR THE CHAIR!


AND WE MIGHT HAVE SENT AN INNOCENT MAN TO HIS DEATH!
WE WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH BEATING EACH OTHER THAN FINDING THE CORRECT SOLUTION!
IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR CURIOSITY PAID OFF, SERGEANT CASEY!
THE END
YES, CASEY'S INVESTIGATION AND DEDUCTION SOLVED THE SELF-MURDER OF SONNY PHILPOTT!--AND NEITHER OF THE TWO D.A'S. WAS ELECTED SENATOR AFTER ALL! A THIRD CANDIDATE WON THE ELECTION!

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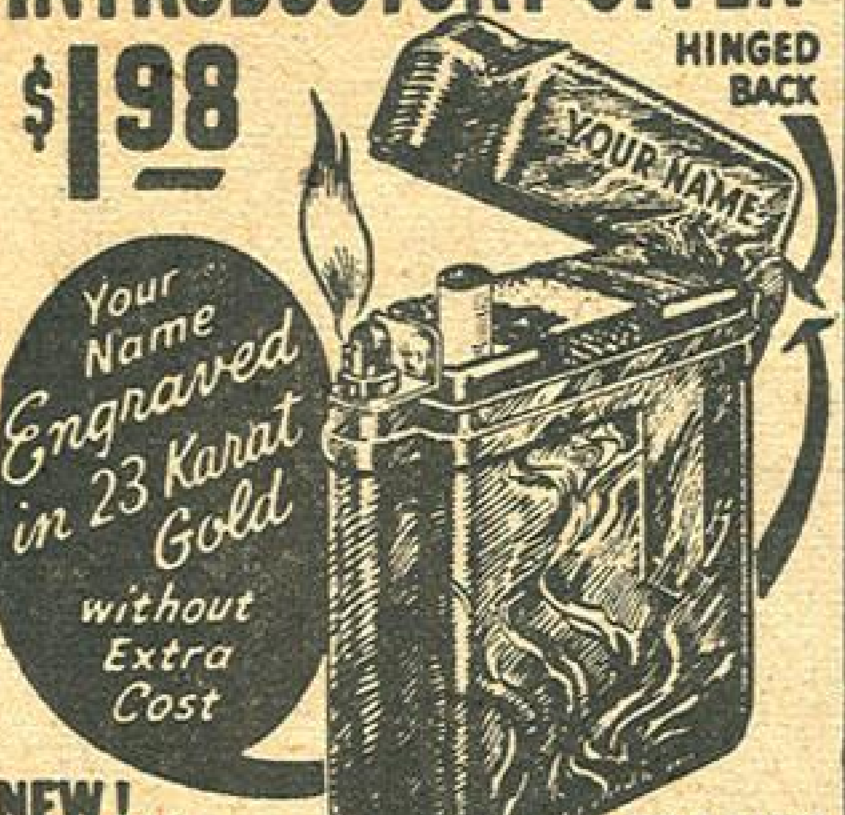
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☐ Enclosed find $1. Send postpaid.
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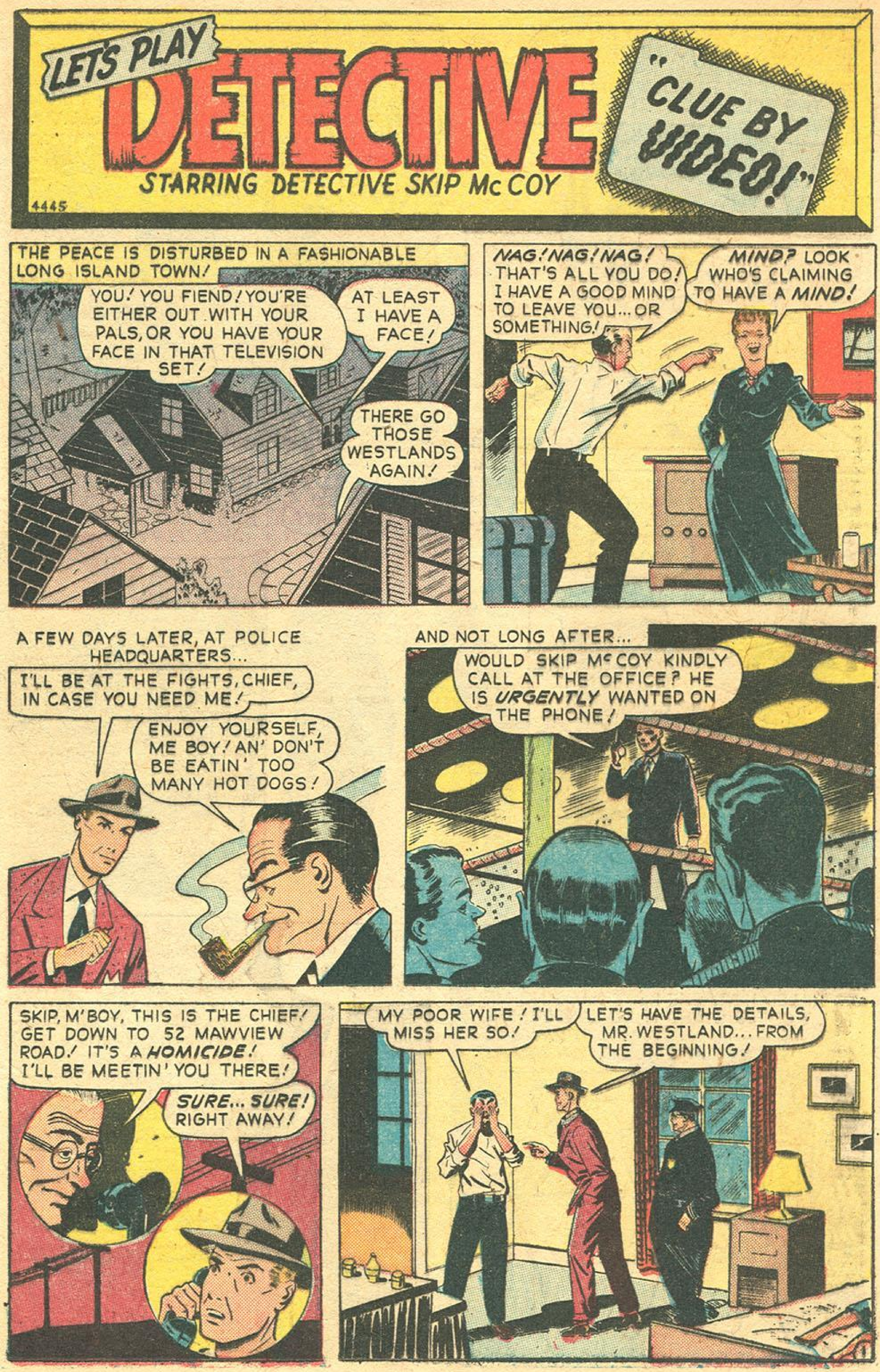
SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U.S.A.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"CLUE BY VIDEO!"
STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY
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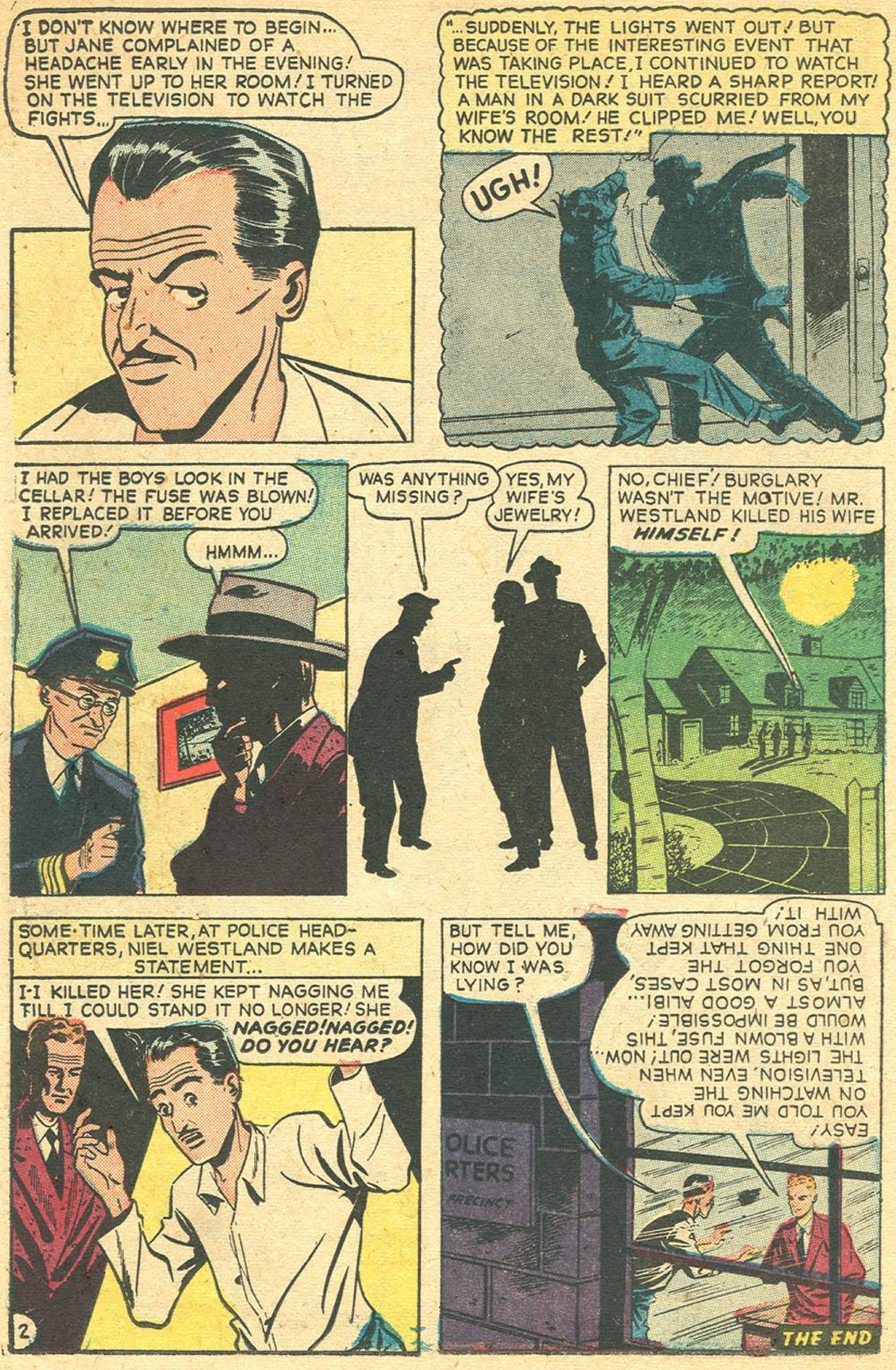
THE PEACE IS DISTURBED IN A FASHIONABLE LONG ISLAND TOWN!
YOU! YOU FIEND! YOU'RE EITHER OUT WITH YOUR PALS, OR YOU HAVE YOUR FACE IN THAT TELEVISION SET!
AT LEAST I HAVE A FACE!
THERE GO THOSE WESTLANDS AGAIN!
NAG! NAG! NAG! THAT'S ALL YOU DO! I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO LEAVE YOU... OR SOMETHING!
MIND? LOOK WHO'S CLAIMING TO HAVE A MIND!
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
I'LL BE AT THE FIGHTS, CHIEF, IN CASE YOU NEED ME!
ENJOY YOURSELF, ME BOY! AN' DON'T BE EATIN' TOO MANY HOT DOGS!
AND NOT LONG AFTER...
WOULD SKIP McCOY KINDLY CALL AT THE OFFICE? HE IS URGENTLY WANTED ON THE PHONE!
SKIP, M'BOY, THIS IS THE CHIEF! GET DOWN TO 52 MAWVIEW ROAD! IT'S A HOMICIDE! I'LL BE MEETIN' YOU THERE!
SURE... SURE! RIGHT AWAY!
MY POOR WIFE! I'LL MISS HER SO!
LET'S HAVE THE DETAILS, MR. WESTLAND... FROM THE BEGINNING!


I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN... BUT JANE COMPLAINED OF A HEADACHE EARLY IN THE EVENING! SHE WENT UP TO HER ROOM! I TURNED ON THE TELEVISION TO WATCH THE FIGHTS...
"...SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT! BUT BECAUSE OF THE INTERESTING EVENT THAT WAS TAKING PLACE, I CONTINUED TO WATCH THE TELEVISION! I HEARD A SHARP REPORT! A MAN IN A DARK SUIT SCURRIED FROM MY WIFE'S ROOM! HE CLIPPED ME! WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!"
UGH!
I HAD THE BOYS LOOK IN THE CELLAR! THE FUSE WAS BLOWN! I REPLACED IT BEFORE YOU ARRIVED!
HMMM...
WAS ANYTHING MISSING?
YES, MY WIFE'S JEWELRY!
NO, CHIEF! BURGLARY WASN'T THE MOTIVE! MR. WESTLAND KILLED HIS WIFE ***HIMSELF!***
SOME TIME LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NIEL WESTLAND MAKES A STATEMENT...
I-I KILLED HER! SHE KEPT NAGGING ME TILL I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER! SHE ***NAGGED! NAGGED! DO YOU HEAR?***
BUT TELL ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS LYING?
EASY! YOU TOLD ME YOU KEPT ON WATCHING THE TELEVISION, EVEN WHEN THE LIGHTS WERE OUT! NOW... WITH A BLOWN FUSE, THIS WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE! ALMOST A GOOD ALIBI... BUT, AS IN MOST CASES, YOU FORGOT THE ONE THING THAT KEPT YOU FROM GETTING AWAY WITH IT!
OLICE
RTERS
PRECINCT
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

You're a "NEAT BODY" in this Two-Way Stretch

All Nylon Girdle!

Girls, you can't imagine how slim-'n'-trim you can look until you actually slip into one of these amazingly s-m-o-o-t-h DuPont NYLON girdles! They're so comfortable you won't know you're wearing one... yet cling to you as though you were born in one! Stretches up and down and sideways for complete freedom! You'll want one to give your clothes that tailor-made look... to enjoy complete freedom in slacks and shorts... and to make you more attractive than ever before.

The ALL-NYLON Two-Way Stretch girdle comes in TWO Styles—REGULAR and PANTY. Both are easily washed — just dip in warm water and suds. Panty has removable garters and crotch. Order Panty or Regular Style in your choice of three exciting shades: NUDE... BLUE... WHITE.

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The Greatest Girdle Buy in America!

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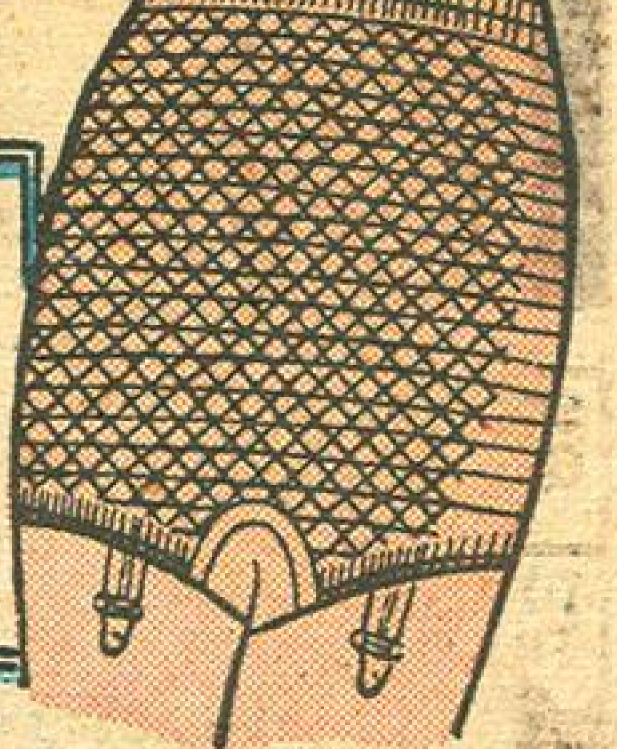
Ideal for sportswear, slacks and shorts.

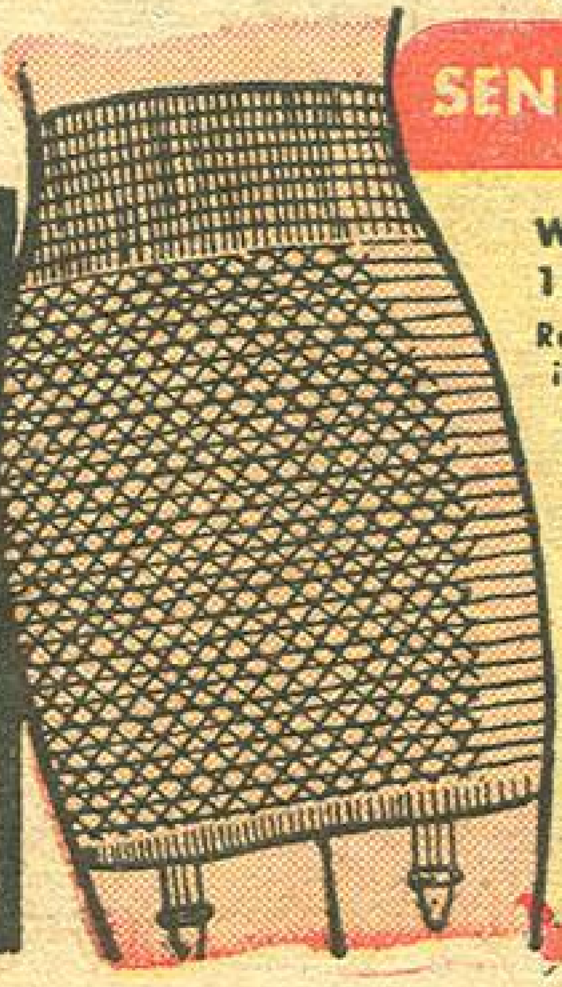


SEND NO MONEY—ORDER ON APPROVAL!

Just mail coupon today. When girdle arrives, wear it for 10 days. Notice the compliments you draw from all your friends. Then, if you are not fully delighted, return the girdle for immediate refund of purchase price.

DETACHABLE GARTERS AND CROTCH →

REGULAR STYLE
Perfect for evening and everyday wear.



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Rush by return mail in sealed package my Nylon Two-Way Stretch girdle in size and color checked below. I'll pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. If not thoroughly delighted, I may return merchandise within 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

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☐ Extra Crotches (for Panty Girdle) at 50¢ a piece

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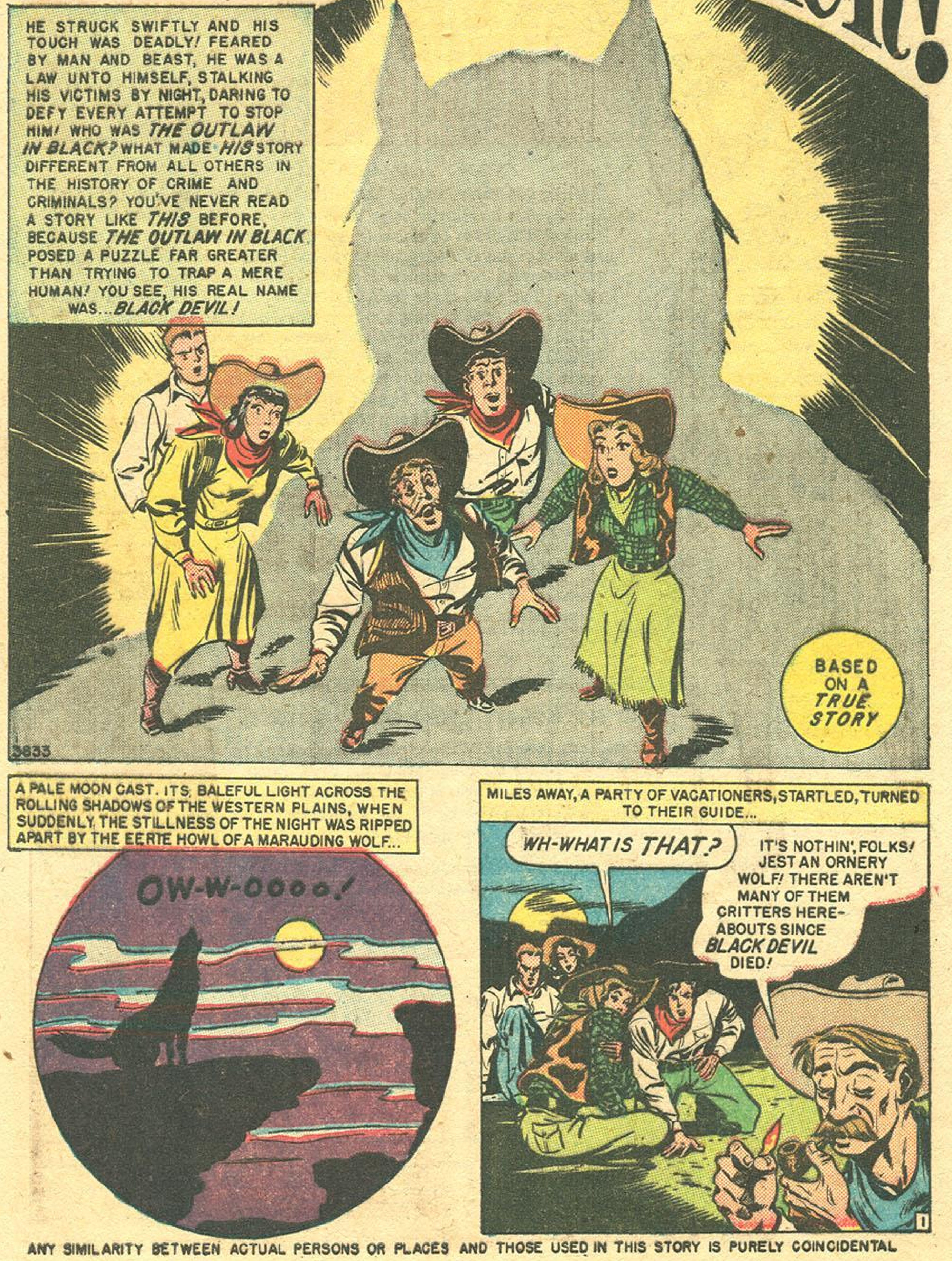
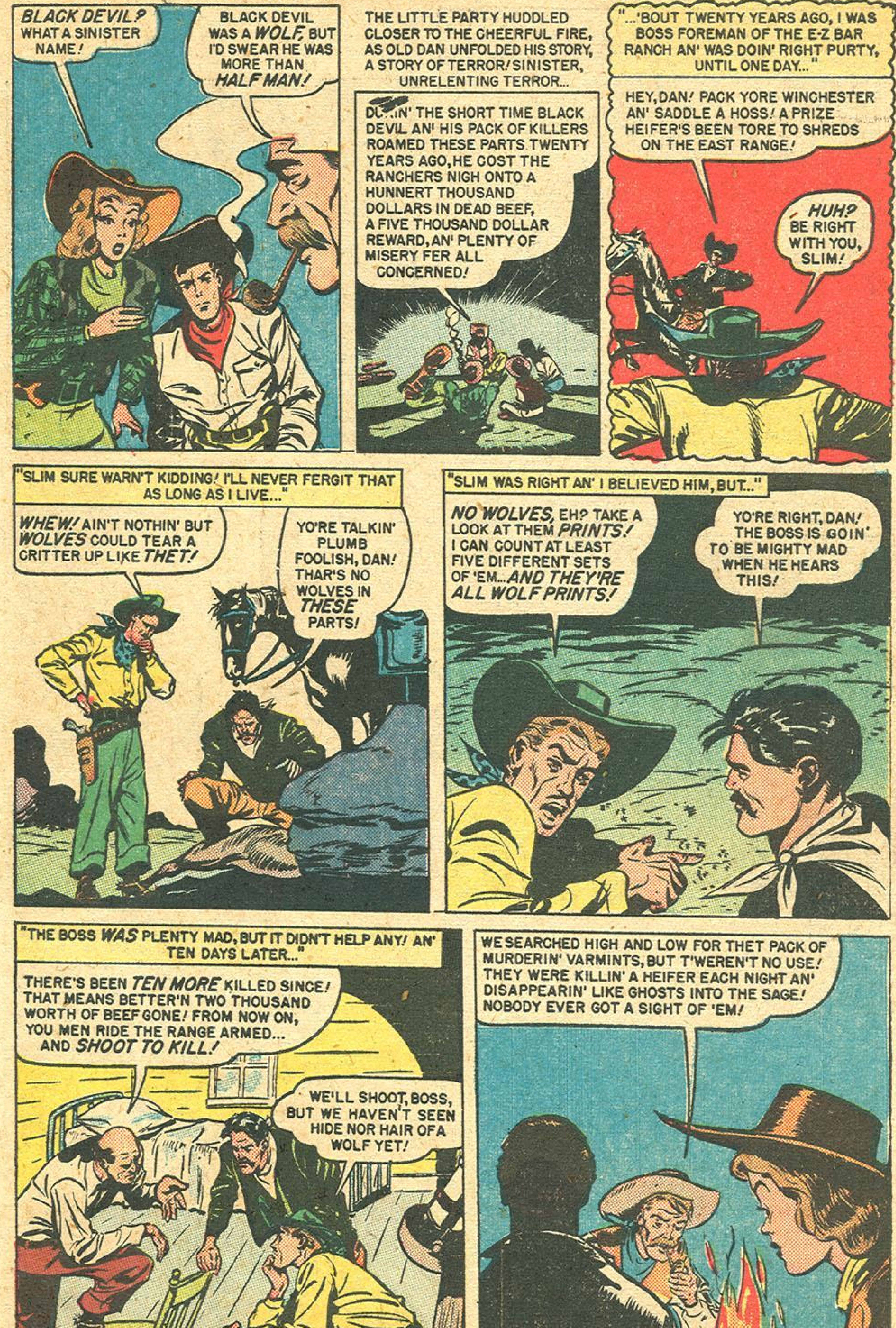
If you prefer, enclose money with coupon and we'll pay postage. Same 10-day refund guarantee.

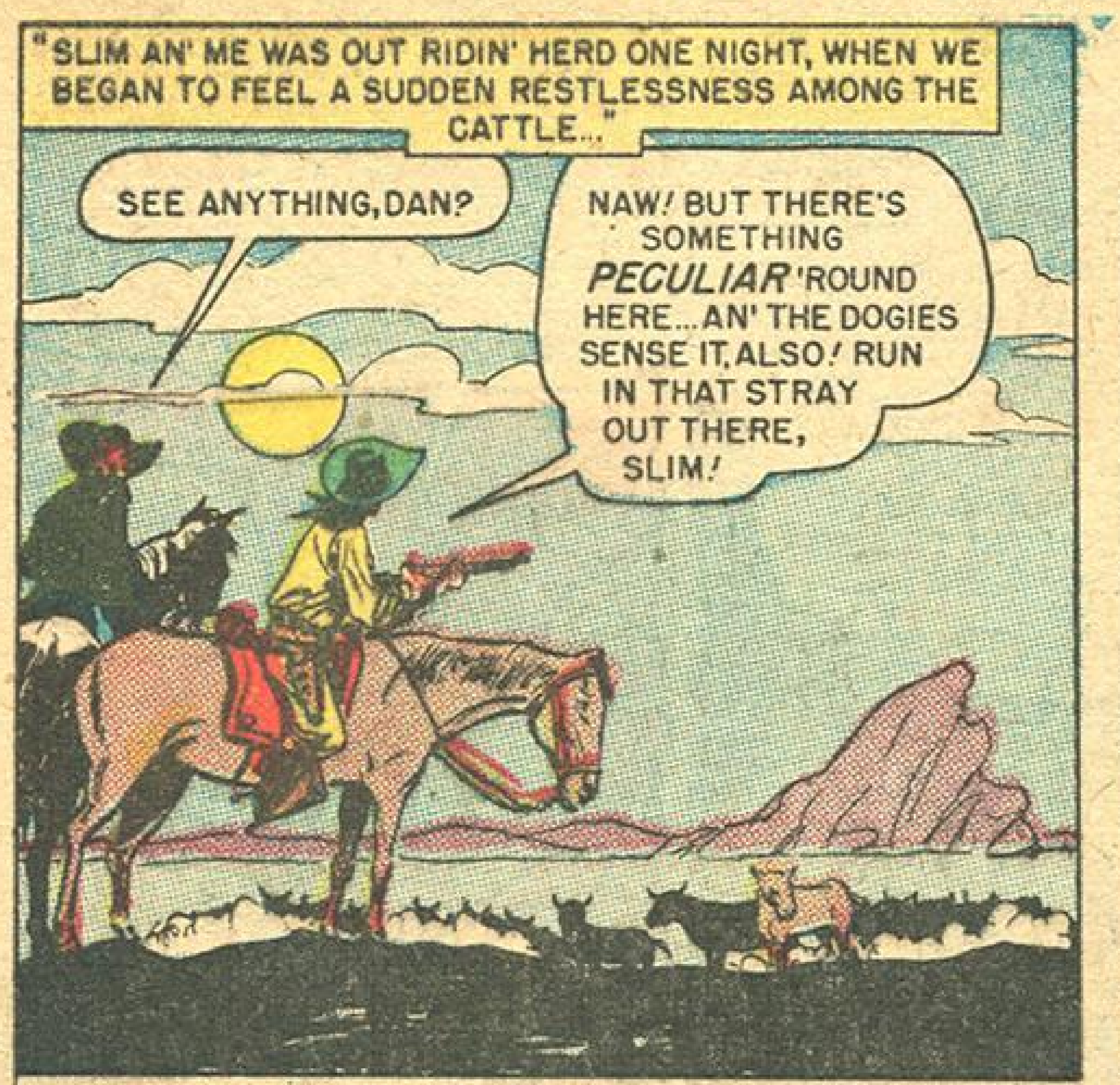
CRIME CAN'T WIN

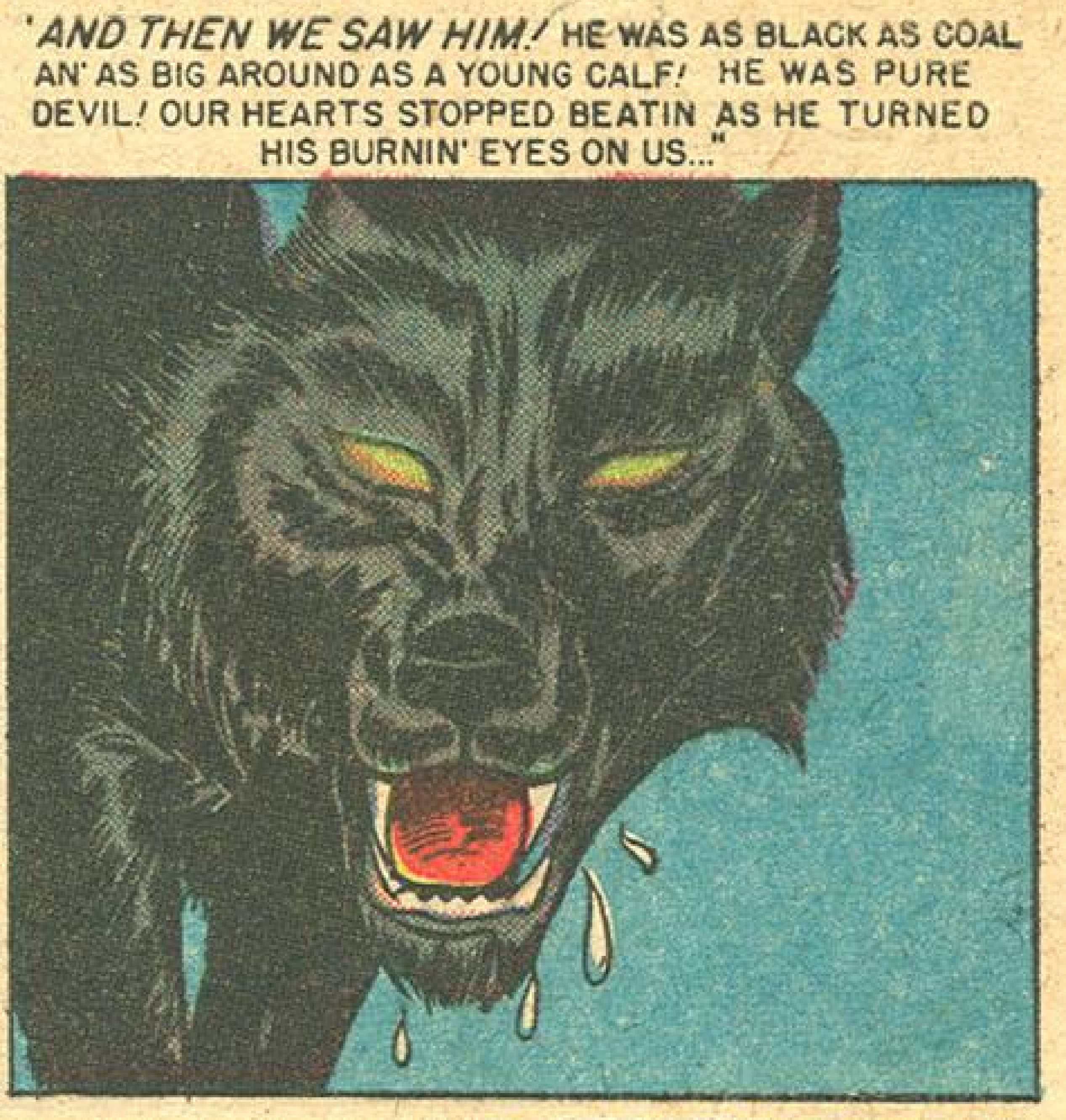
"the Case of the OUTLAW in BLACK!"

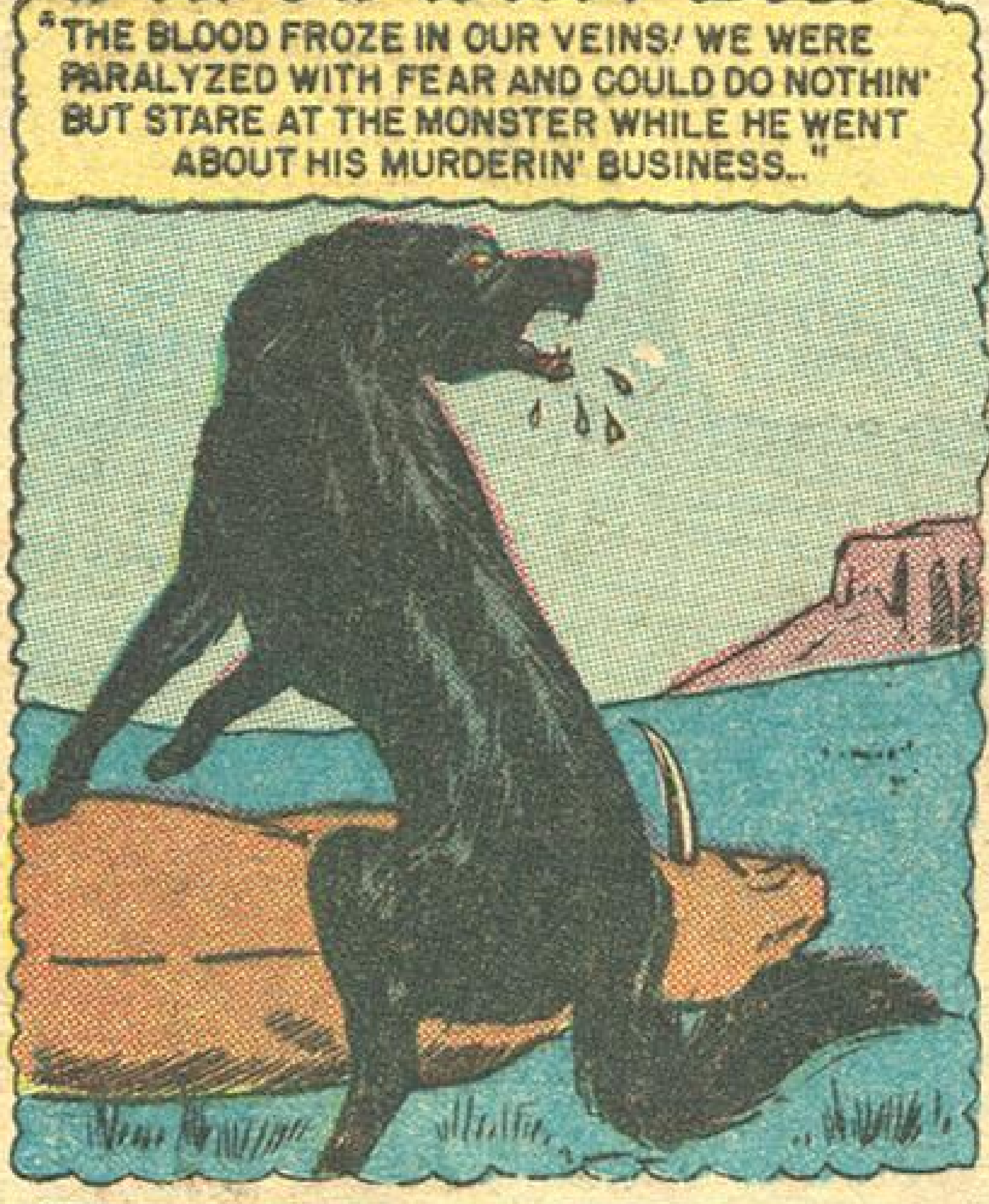

HE STRUCK SWIFTLY AND HIS TOUCH WAS DEADLY! FEARED BY MAN AND BEAST, HE WAS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF, STALKING HIS VICTIMS BY NIGHT, DARING TO DEFY EVERY ATTEMPT TO STOP HIM! WHO WAS *THE OUTLAW IN BLACK?* WHAT MADE *HIS* STORY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS? YOU'VE NEVER READ A STORY LIKE *THIS* BEFORE, BECAUSE *THE OUTLAW IN BLACK* POSED A PUZZLE FAR GREATER THAN TRYING TO TRAP A MERE HUMAN! YOU SEE, HIS REAL NAME WAS... *BLACK DEVIL!*
BASED ON A *TRUE STORY*
3833
A PALE MOON CAST ITS BALEFUL LIGHT ACROSS THE ROLLING SHADOWS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS, WHEN SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT WAS RIPPED APART BY THE EERIE HOWL OF A MARAUDING WOLF...
OW-W-OOOO!
MILES AWAY, A PARTY OF VACATIONERS, STARTLED, TURNED TO THEIR GUIDE...
WH-WHAT IS THAT?
IT'S NOTHIN', FOLKS! JEST AN ORNERY WOLF! THERE AREN'T MANY OF THEM CRITTERS HERE-ABOUTS SINCE *BLACK DEVIL* DIED!
1

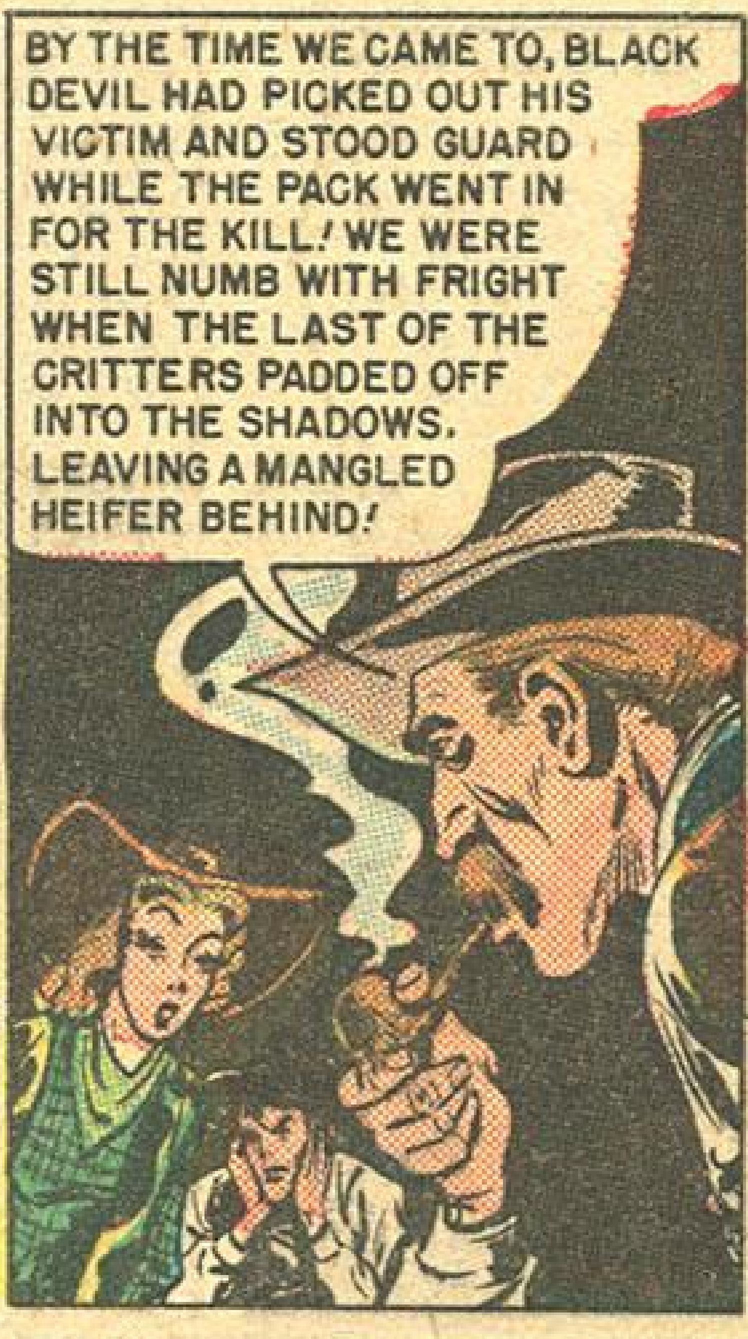
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

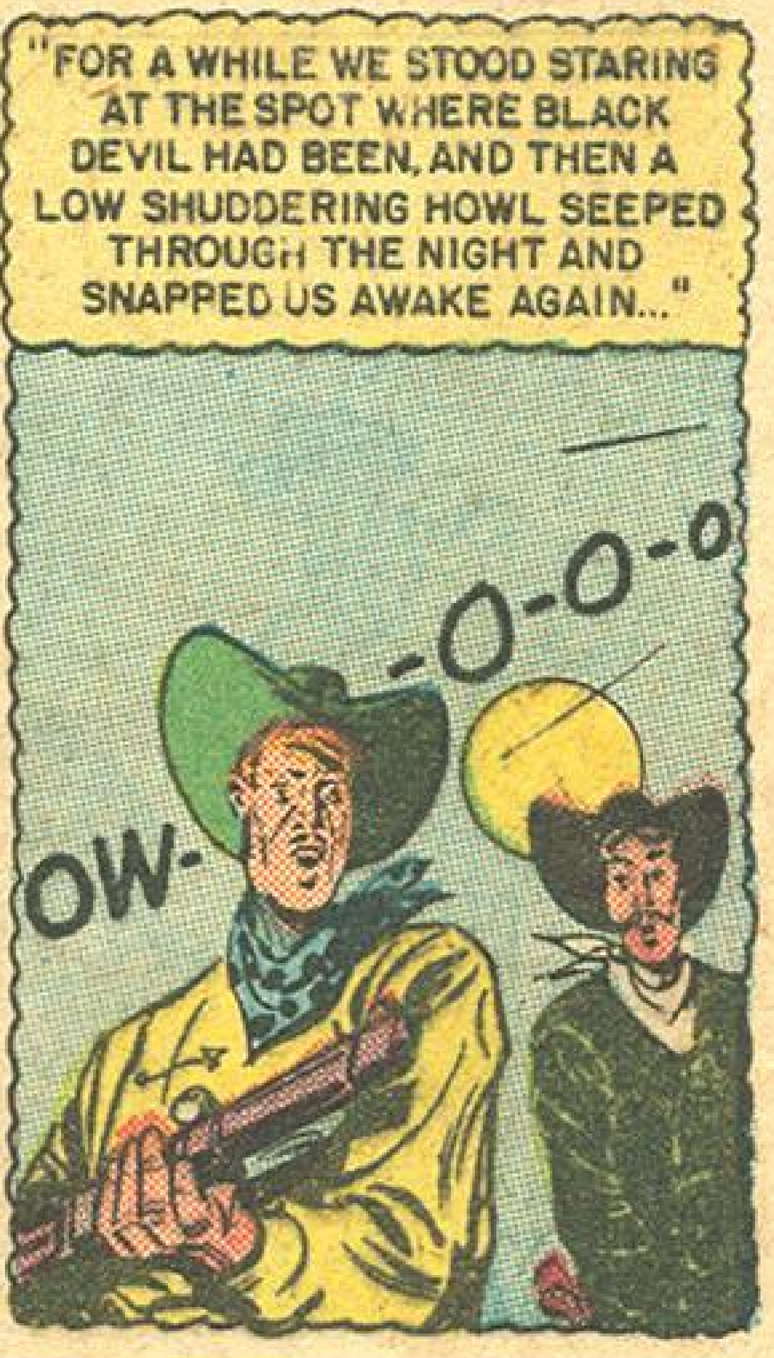

BLACK DEVIL? WHAT A SINISTER NAME!
BLACK DEVIL WAS A WOLF, BUT I'D SWEAR HE WAS MORE THAN HALF MAN!
THE LITTLE PARTY HUDDLED CLOSER TO THE CHEERFUL FIRE, AS OLD DAN UNFOLDED HIS STORY, A STORY OF TERROR! SINISTER, UNRELENTING TERROR...
DURIN' THE SHORT TIME BLACK DEVIL AN' HIS PACK OF KILLERS ROAMED THESE PARTS TWENTY YEARS AGO, HE COST THE RANCHERS NIGH ONTO A HUNNERT THOUSAND DOLLARS IN DEAD BEEF, A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD, AN' PLENTY OF MISERY FER ALL CONCERNED!
"...'BOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, I WAS BOSS FOREMAN OF THE E-Z BAR RANCH AN' WAS DOIN' RIGHT PURTY, UNTIL ONE DAY..."
HEY, DAN! PACK YORE WINCHESTER AN' SADDLE A HOSS! A PRIZE HEIFER'S BEEN TORE TO SHREDS ON THE EAST RANGE!
HUH? BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SLIM!
"SLIM SURE WARN'T KIDDING! I'LL NEVER FERGIT THAT AS LONG AS I LIVE..."
WHEW! AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT WOLVES COULD TEAR A CRITTER UP LIKE THET!
YO'RE TALKIN' PLUMB FOOLISH, DAN! THAR'S NO WOLVES IN THESE PARTS!
"SLIM WAS RIGHT AN' I BELIEVED HIM, BUT..."
NO WOLVES, EH? TAKE A LOOK AT THEM PRINTS! I CAN COUNT AT LEAST FIVE DIFFERENT SETS OF 'EM...AND THEY'RE ALL WOLF PRINTS!
YO'RE RIGHT, DAN! THE BOSS IS GOIN' TO BE MIGHTY MAD WHEN HE HEARS THIS!
"THE BOSS WAS PLENTY MAD, BUT IT DIDN'T HELP ANY! AN' TEN DAYS LATER..."
THERE'S BEEN TEN MORE KILLED SINCE! THAT MEANS BETTER'N TWO THOUSAND WORTH OF BEEF GONE! FROM NOW ON, YOU MEN RIDE THE RANGE ARMED... AND SHOOT TO KILL!
WE'LL SHOOT, BOSS, BUT WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF A WOLF YET!
WE SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR THET PACK OF MURDERIN' VARMINTS, BUT T'WEREN'T NO USE! THEY WERE KILLIN' A HEIFER EACH NIGHT AN' DISAPPEARIN' LIKE GHOSTS INTO THE SAGE! NOBODY EVER GOT A SIGHT OF 'EM!

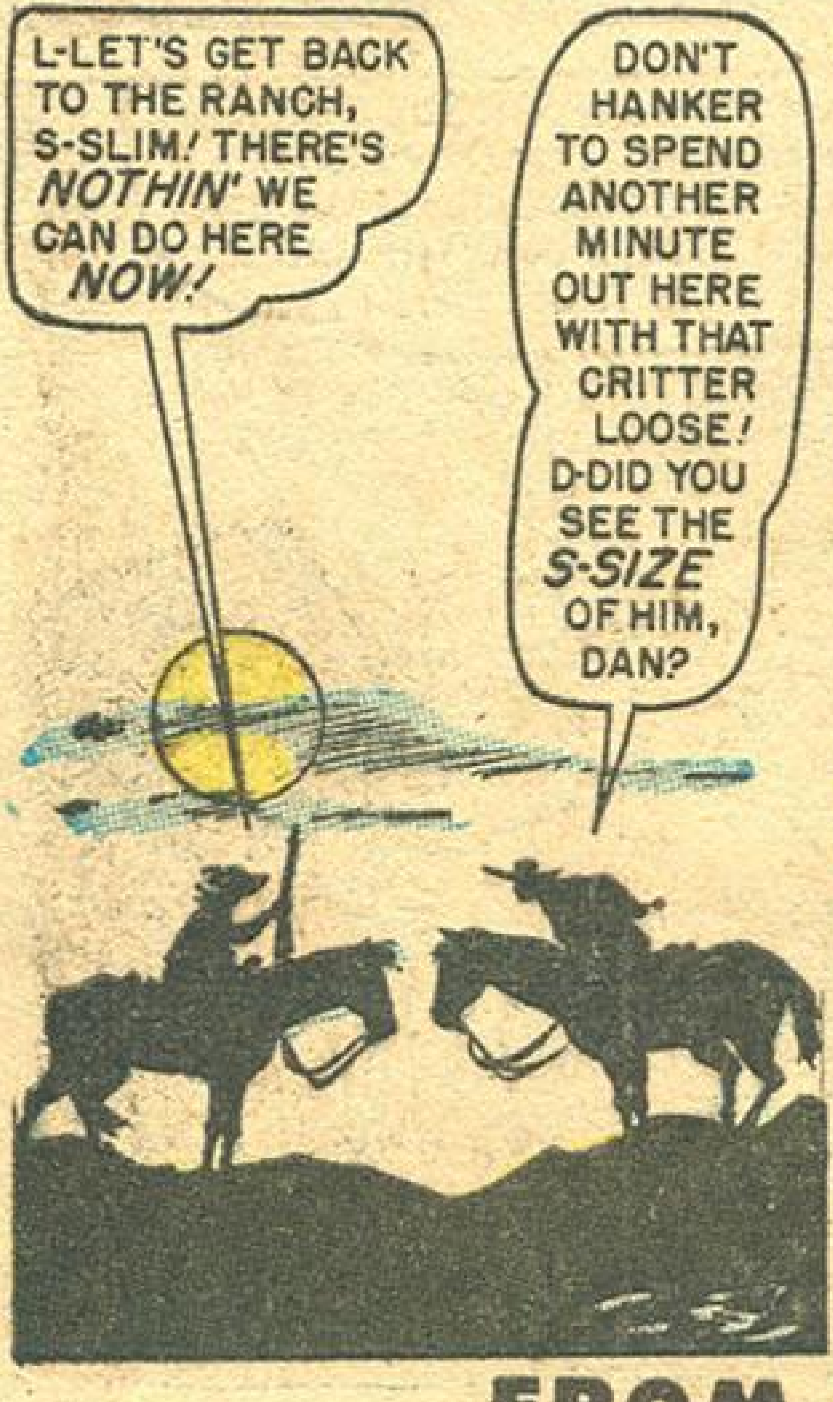

"SLIM AN' ME WAS OUT RIDIN' HERD ONE NIGHT, WHEN WE BEGAN TO FEEL A SUDDEN RESTLESSNESS AMONG THE CATTLE..."
SEE ANYTHING, DAN?
NAW! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *PECULIAR* 'ROUND HERE... AN' THE DOGIES SENSE IT, ALSO! RUN IN THAT STRAY OUT THERE, SLIM!

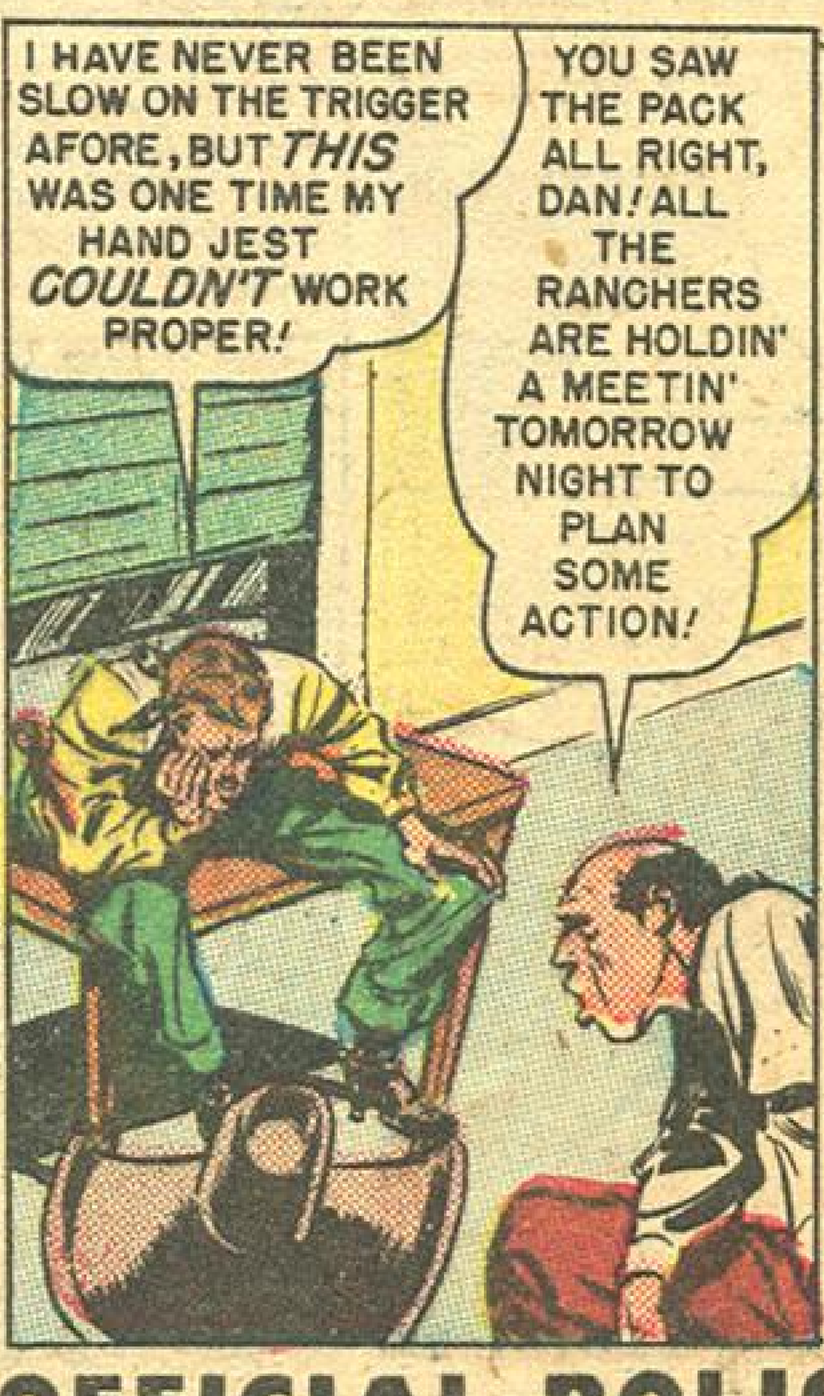

'*AND THEN WE SAW HIM!* HE WAS AS BLACK AS COAL AN' AS BIG AROUND AS A YOUNG CALF! HE WAS PURE DEVIL! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATIN AS HE TURNED HIS BURNIN' EYES ON US..."

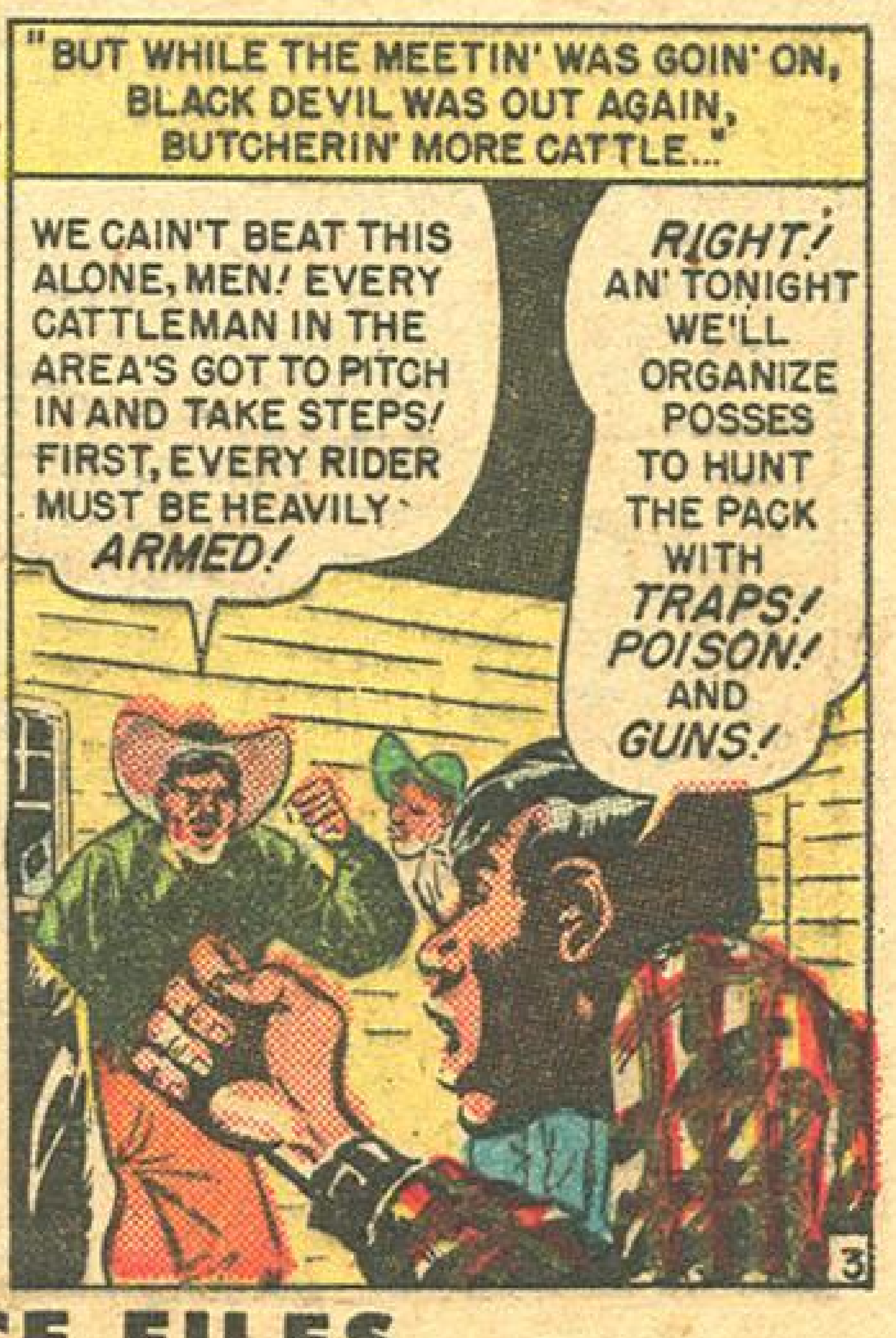

"THE BLOOD FROZE IN OUR VEINS! WE WERE PARALYZED WITH FEAR AND COULD DO NOTHIN' BUT STARE AT THE MONSTER WHILE HE WENT ABOUT HIS MURDERIN' BUSINESS..."

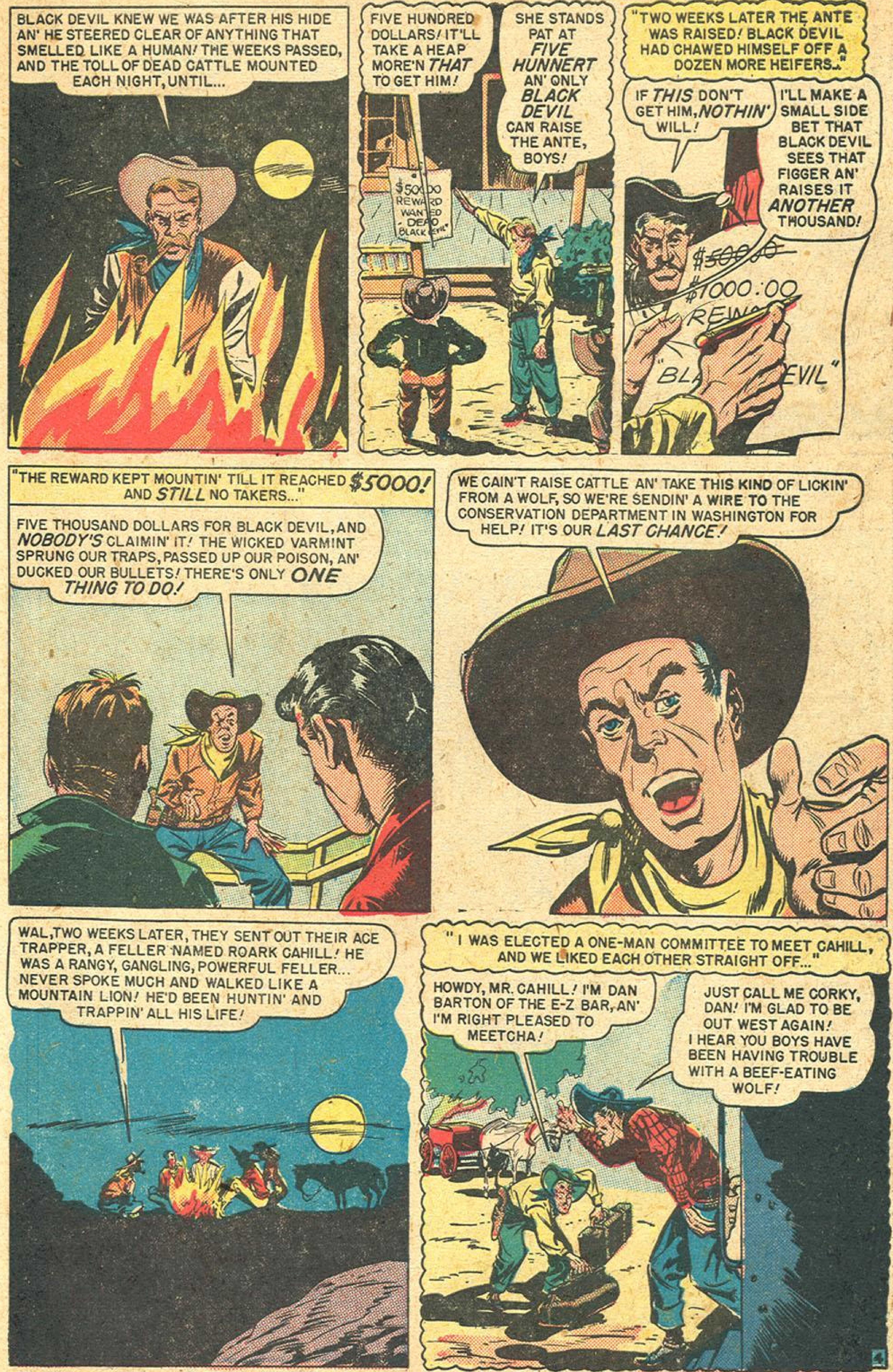

BY THE TIME WE CAME TO, BLACK DEVIL HAD PICKED OUT HIS VICTIM AND STOOD GUARD WHILE THE PACK WENT IN FOR THE KILL! WE WERE STILL NUMB WITH FRIGHT WHEN THE LAST OF THE CRITTERS PADDED OFF INTO THE SHADOWS. LEAVING A MANGLED HEIFER BEHIND!

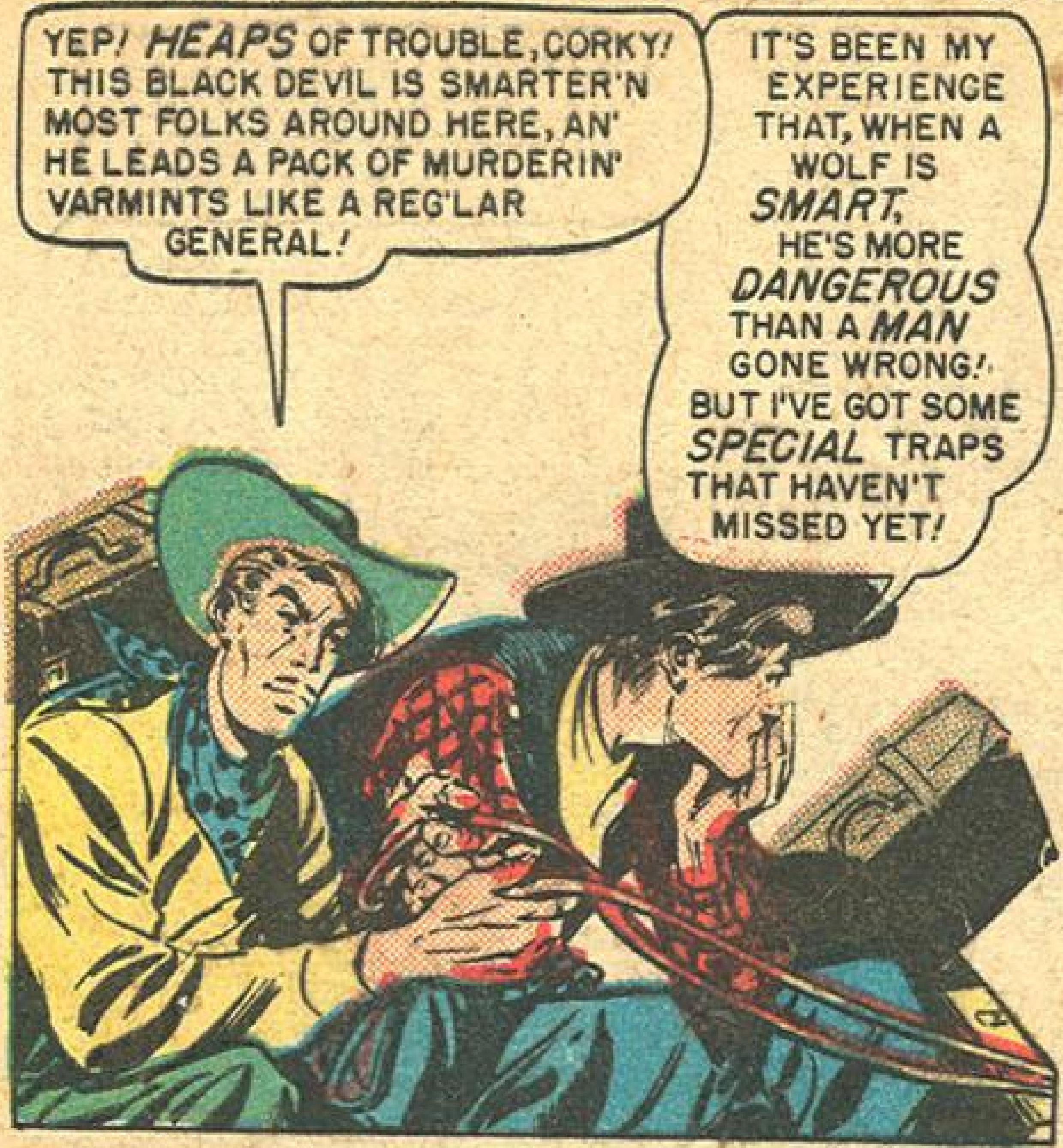

"FOR A WHILE WE STOOD STARING AT THE SPOT WHERE BLACK DEVIL HAD BEEN, AND THEN A LOW SHUDDERING HOWL SEEPED THROUGH THE NIGHT AND SNAPPED US AWAKE AGAIN..."
OW-O-O-O-O

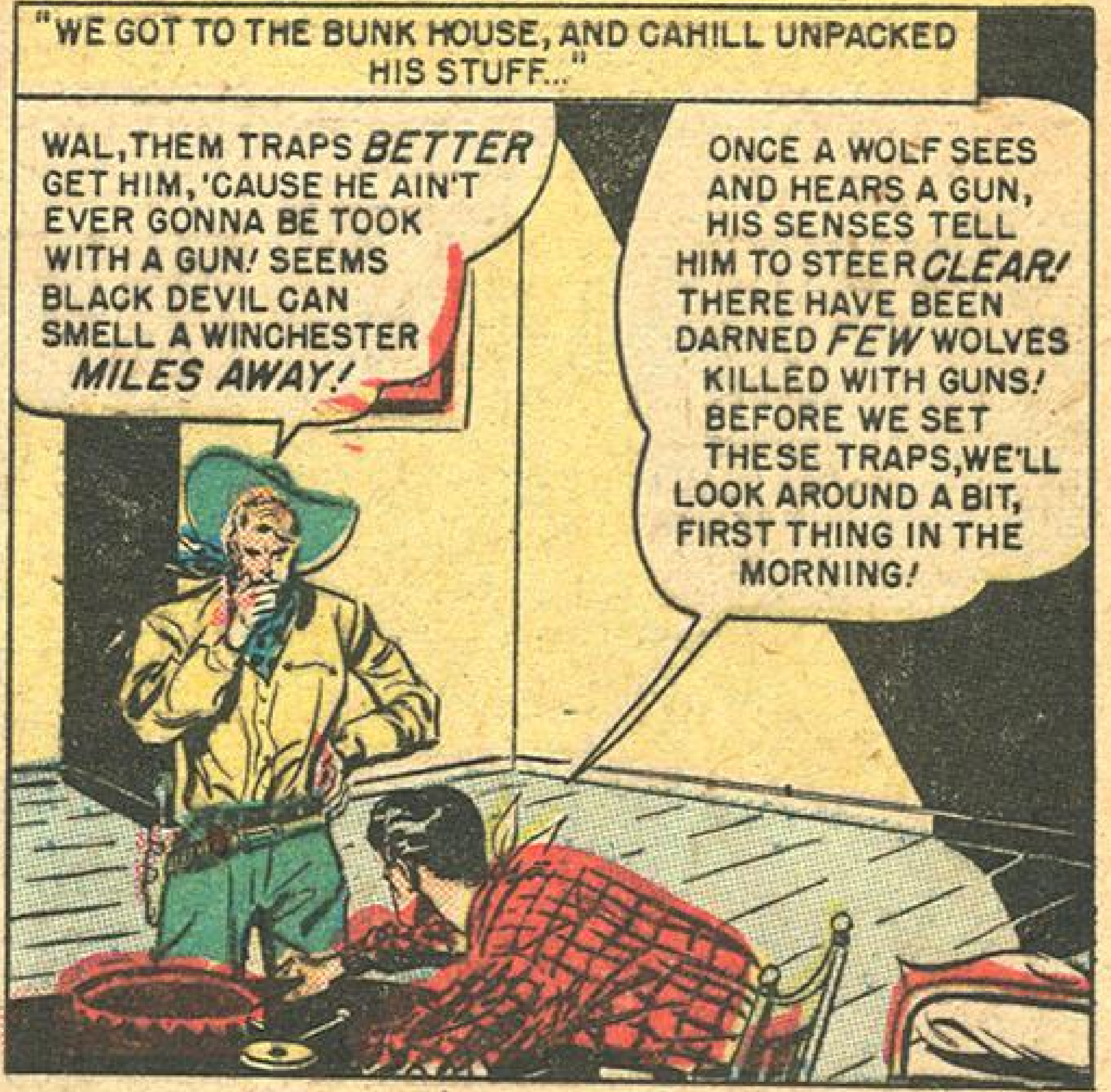

L-LET'S GET BACK TO THE RANCH, S-SLIM! THERE'S *NOTHIN'* WE CAN DO HERE *NOW!*
DON'T HANKER TO SPEND ANOTHER MINUTE OUT HERE WITH THAT CRITTER LOOSE! D-DID YOU SEE THE *S-SIZE* OF HIM, DAN?

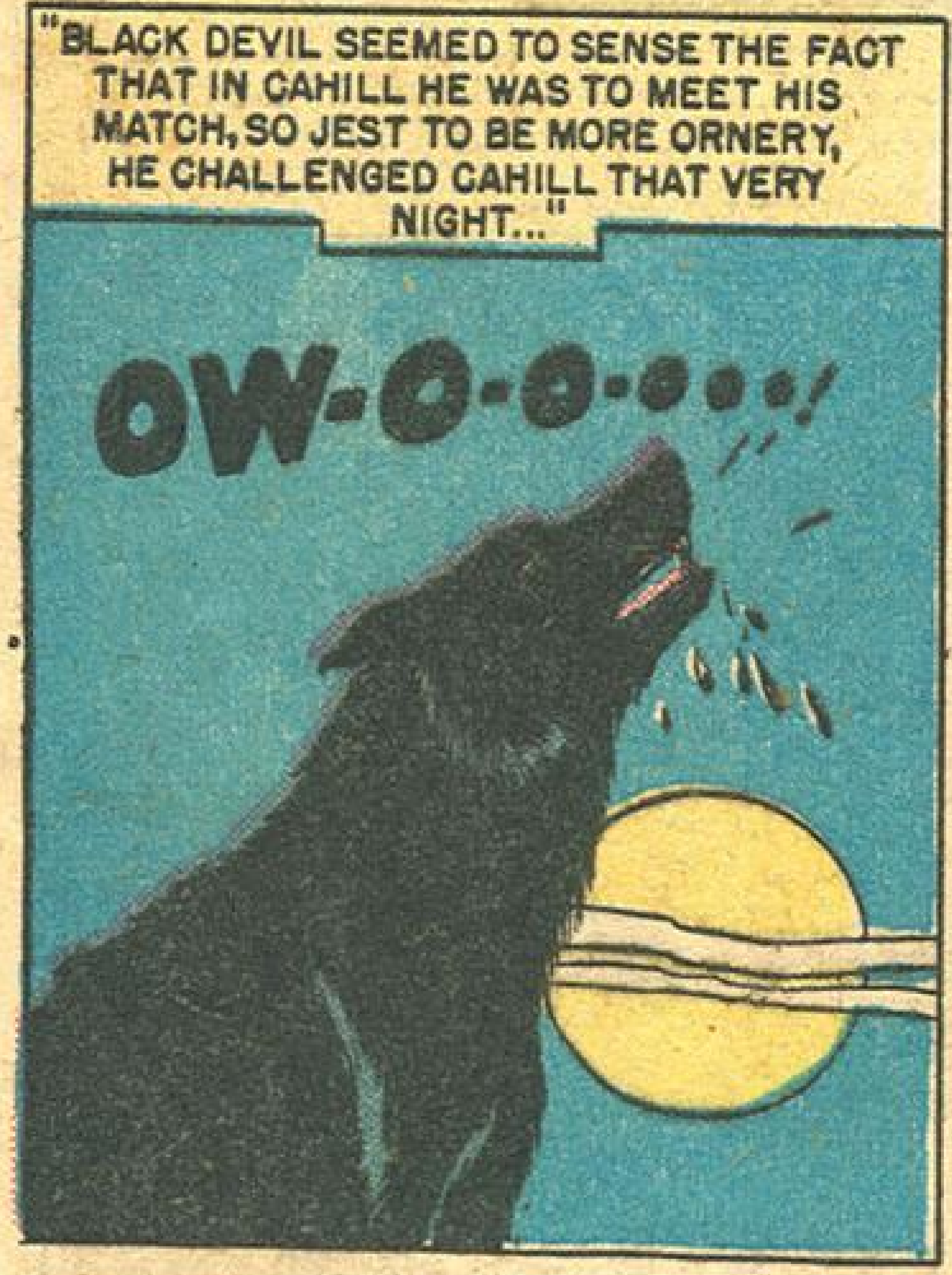

I HAVE NEVER BEEN SLOW ON THE TRIGGER AFORE, BUT *THIS* WAS ONE TIME MY HAND JEST *COULDN'T* WORK PROPER!
YOU SAW THE PACK ALL RIGHT, DAN! ALL THE RANCHERS ARE HOLDIN' A MEETIN' TOMORROW NIGHT TO PLAN SOME ACTION!

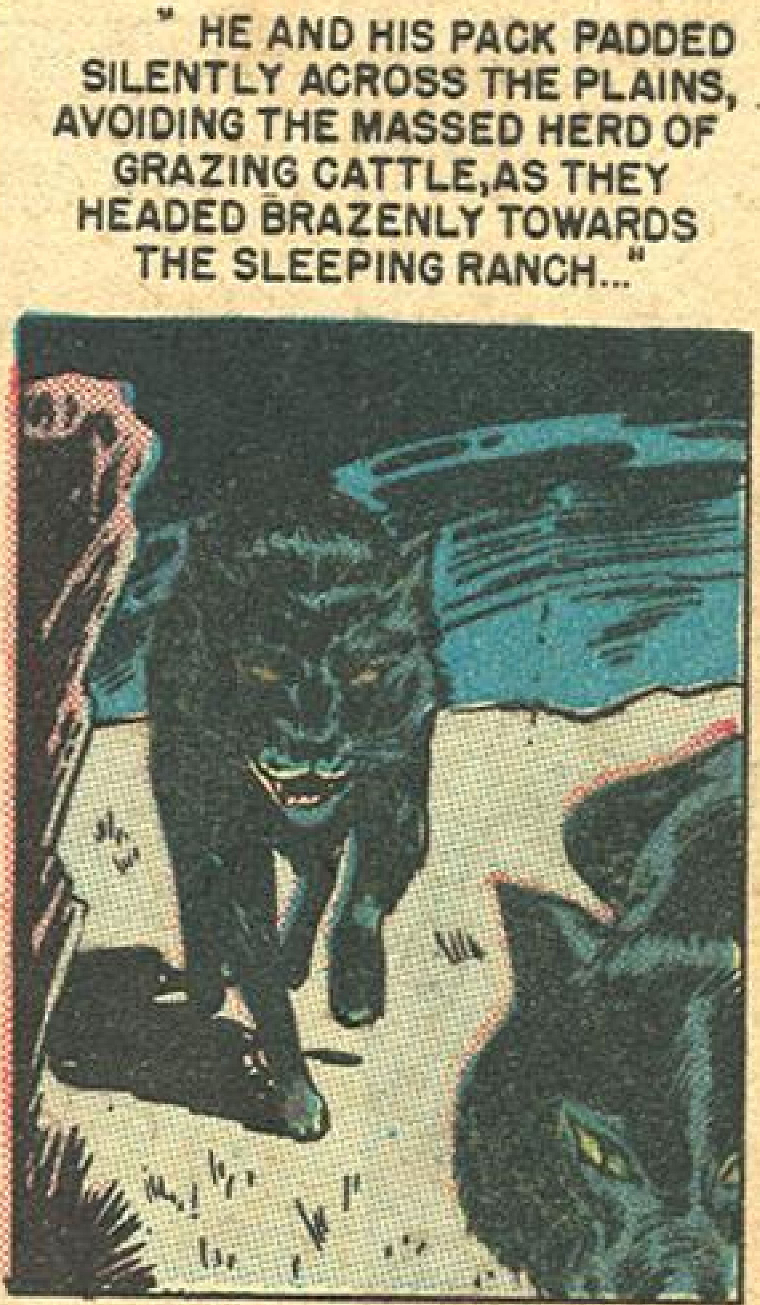

"BUT WHILE THE MEETIN' WAS GOIN' ON, BLACK DEVIL WAS OUT AGAIN, BUTCHERIN' MORE CATTLE..."
WE CAIN'T BEAT THIS ALONE, MEN! EVERY CATTLEMAN IN THE AREA'S GOT TO PITCH IN AND TAKE STEPS! FIRST, EVERY RIDER MUST BE HEAVILY *ARMED!*
RIGHT! AN' TONIGHT WE'LL ORGANIZE POSSES TO HUNT THE PACK WITH *TRAPS! POISON!* AND *GUNS!*

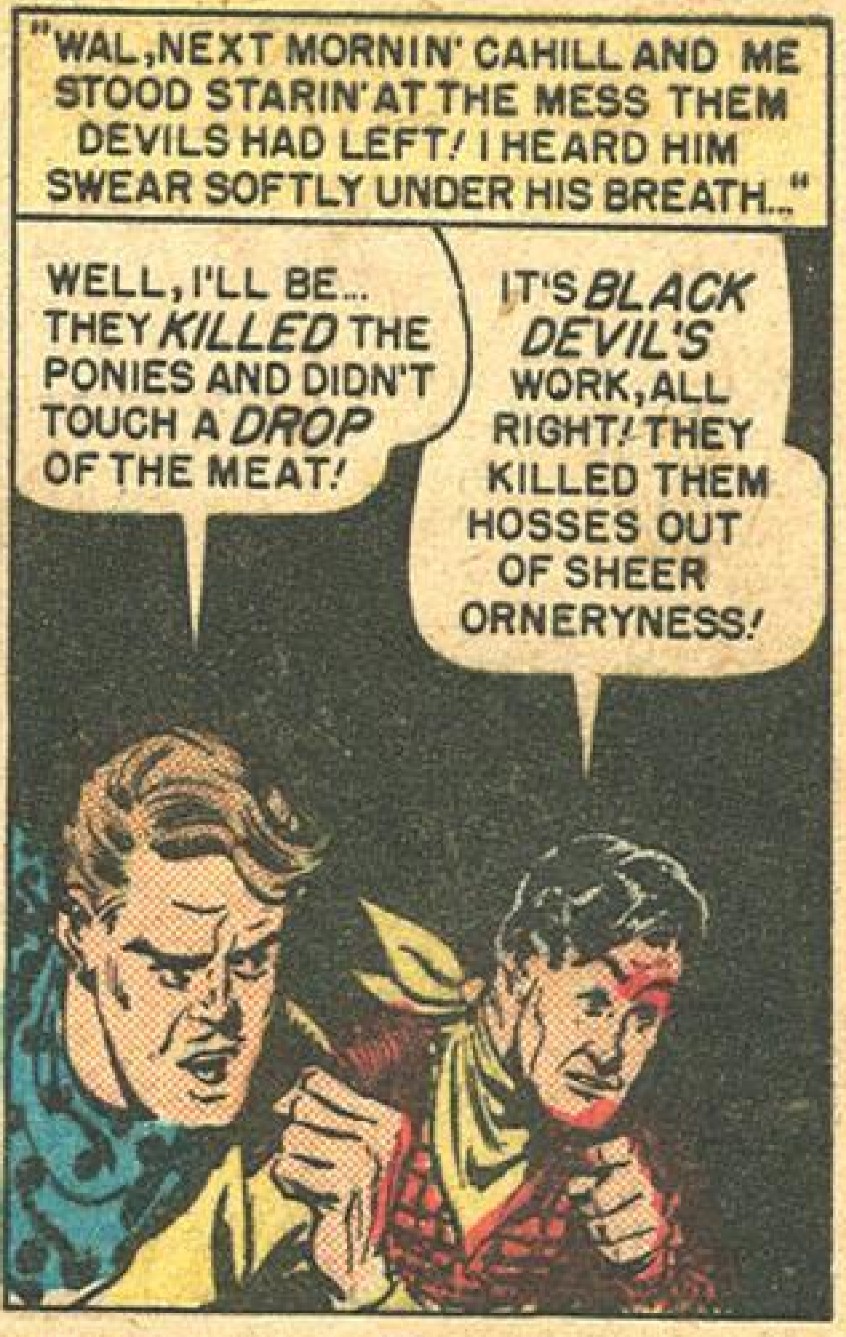

BLACK DEVIL KNEW WE WAS AFTER HIS HIDE AN' HE STEERED CLEAR OF ANYTHING THAT SMELLED LIKE A HUMAN! THE WEEKS PASSED, AND THE TOLL OF DEAD CATTLE MOUNTED EACH NIGHT, UNTIL...
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'LL TAKE A HEAP MORE'N THAT TO GET HIM!
SHE STANDS PAT AT FIVE HUNNERT AN' ONLY BLACK DEVIL CAN RAISE THE ANTE, BOYS!
$500.00 REWARD WANTED DEAD BLACK DEVIL
"TWO WEEKS LATER THE ANTE WAS RAISED! BLACK DEVIL HAD CHAWED HIMSELF OFF A DOZEN MORE HEIFERS..."
IF THIS DON'T GET HIM, NOTHIN' WILL!
I'LL MAKE A SMALL SIDE BET THAT BLACK DEVIL SEES THAT FIGGER AN' RAISES IT ANOTHER THOUSAND!
~~$500.00~~ $1000:00 REW
"BL EVIL"
"THE REWARD KEPT MOUNTIN' TILL IT REACHED $5000! AND STILL NO TAKERS..."
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR BLACK DEVIL, AND NOBODY'S CLAIMIN' IT! THE WICKED VARMINT SPRUNG OUR TRAPS, PASSED UP OUR POISON, AN' DUCKED OUR BULLETS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
WE CAIN'T RAISE CATTLE AN' TAKE THIS KIND OF LICKIN' FROM A WOLF, SO WE'RE SENDIN' A WIRE TO THE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON FOR HELP! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE!
WAL, TWO WEEKS LATER, THEY SENT OUT THEIR ACE TRAPPER, A FELLER NAMED ROARK CAHILL! HE WAS A RANGY, GANGLING, POWERFUL FELLER... NEVER SPOKE MUCH AND WALKED LIKE A MOUNTAIN LION! HE'D BEEN HUNTIN' AND TRAPPIN' ALL HIS LIFE!
" I WAS ELECTED A ONE-MAN COMMITTEE TO MEET CAHILL, AND WE LIKED EACH OTHER STRAIGHT OFF..."
HOWDY, MR. CAHILL! I'M DAN BARTON OF THE E-Z BAR, AN' I'M RIGHT PLEASED TO MEETCHA!
JUST CALL ME CORKY, DAN! I'M GLAD TO BE OUT WEST AGAIN! I HEAR YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH A BEEF-EATING WOLF!

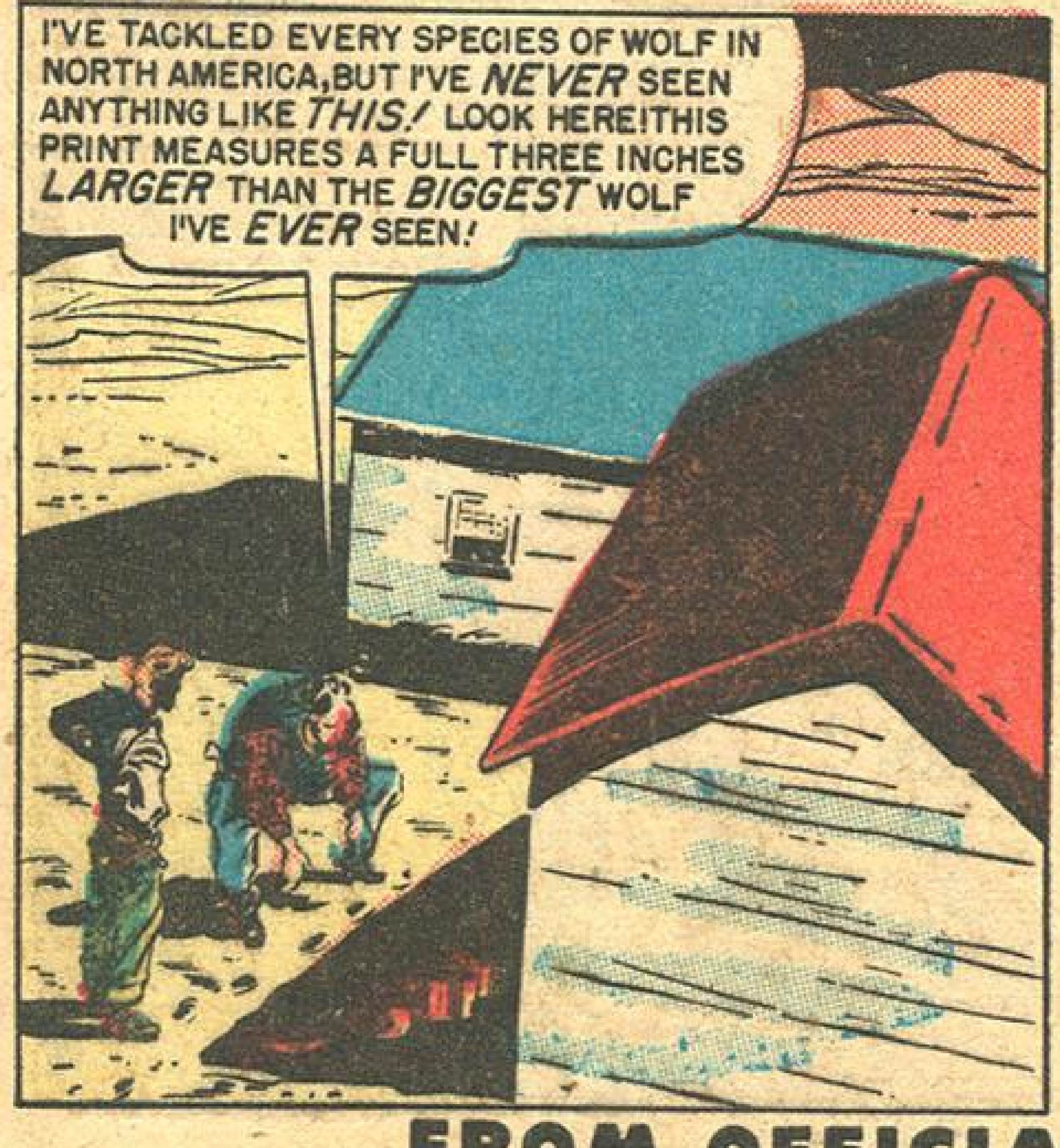

YEP! *HEAPS* OF TROUBLE, CORKY! THIS BLACK DEVIL IS SMARTER'N MOST FOLKS AROUND HERE, AN' HE LEADS A PACK OF MURDERIN' VARMINTS LIKE A REG'LAR GENERAL!
IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE THAT, WHEN A WOLF IS *SMART*, HE'S MORE *DANGEROUS* THAN A *MAN* GONE WRONG! BUT I'VE GOT SOME *SPECIAL* TRAPS THAT HAVEN'T MISSED YET!

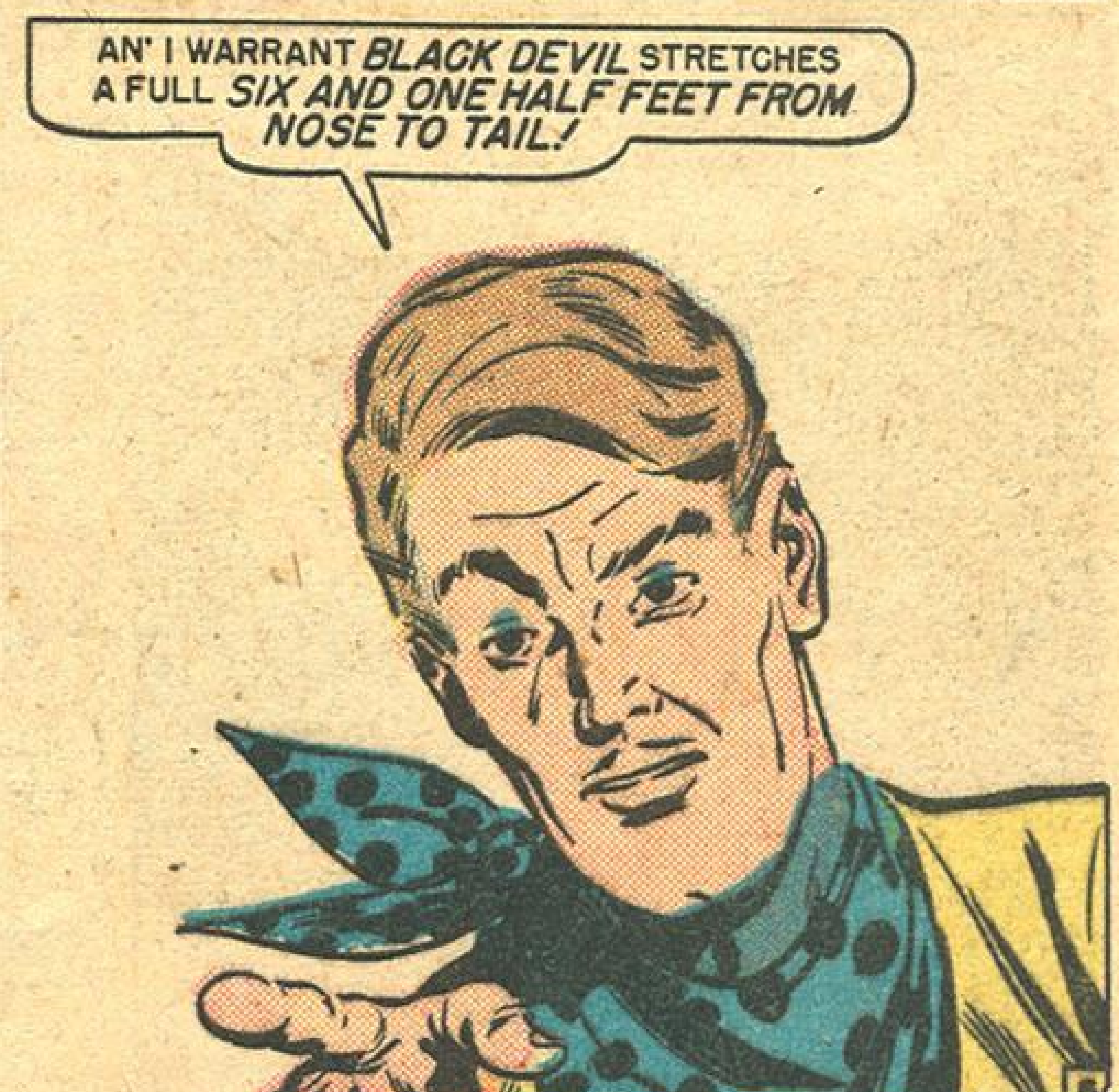

"WE GOT TO THE BUNK HOUSE, AND CAHILL UNPACKED HIS STUFF..."
WAL, THEM TRAPS *BETTER* GET HIM, 'CAUSE HE AIN'T EVER GONNA BE TOOK WITH A GUN! SEEMS BLACK DEVIL CAN SMELL A WINCHESTER *MILES AWAY!*
ONCE A WOLF SEES AND HEARS A GUN, HIS SENSES TELL HIM TO STEER *CLEAR!* THERE HAVE BEEN DARNED *FEW* WOLVES KILLED WITH GUNS! BEFORE WE SET THESE TRAPS, WE'LL LOOK AROUND A BIT, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

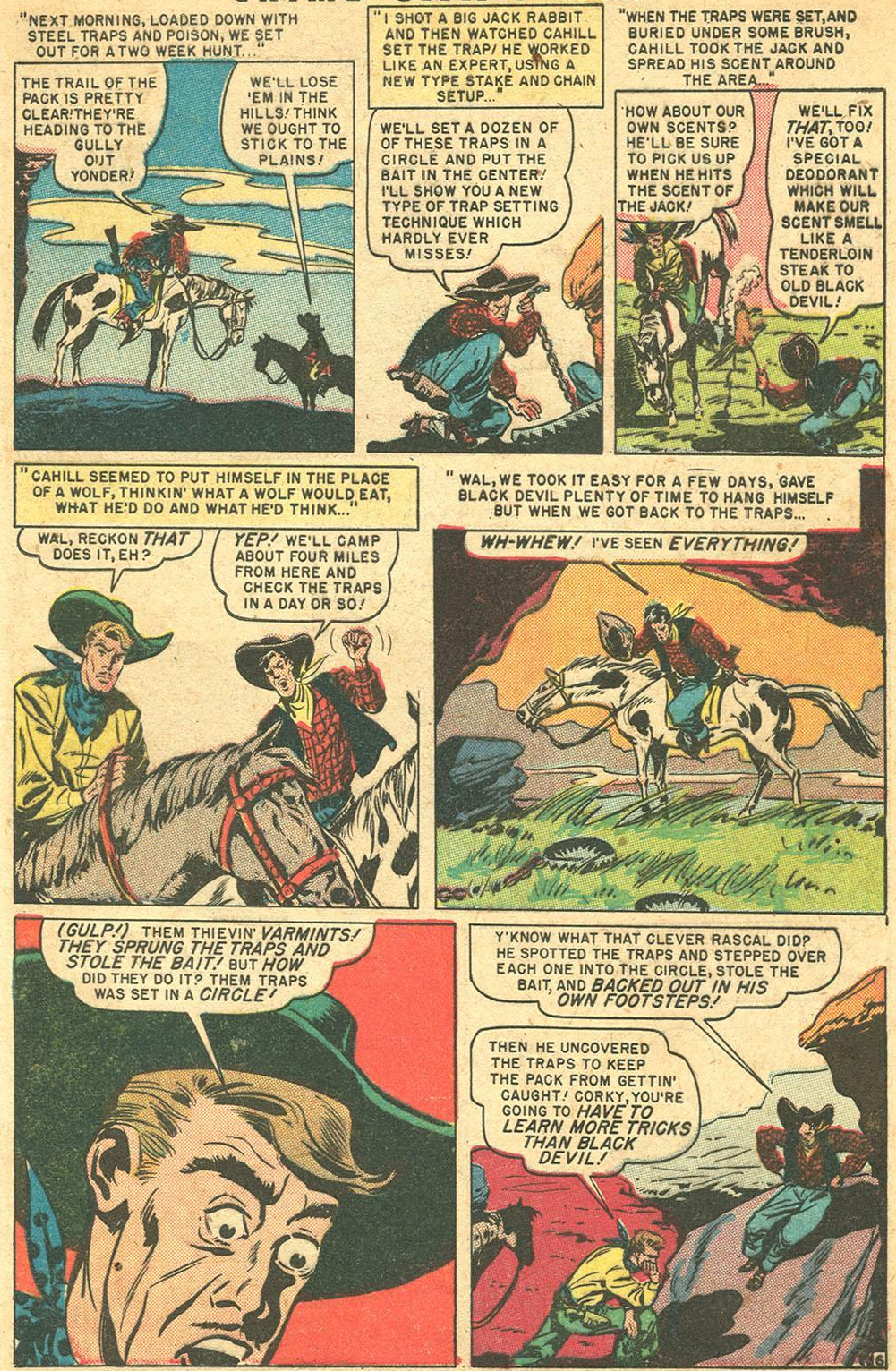

"BLACK DEVIL SEEMED TO SENSE THE FACT THAT IN CAHILL HE WAS TO MEET HIS MATCH, SO JEST TO BE MORE ORNERY, HE CHALLENGED CAHILL THAT VERY NIGHT..."
OW-O-O-ooo!

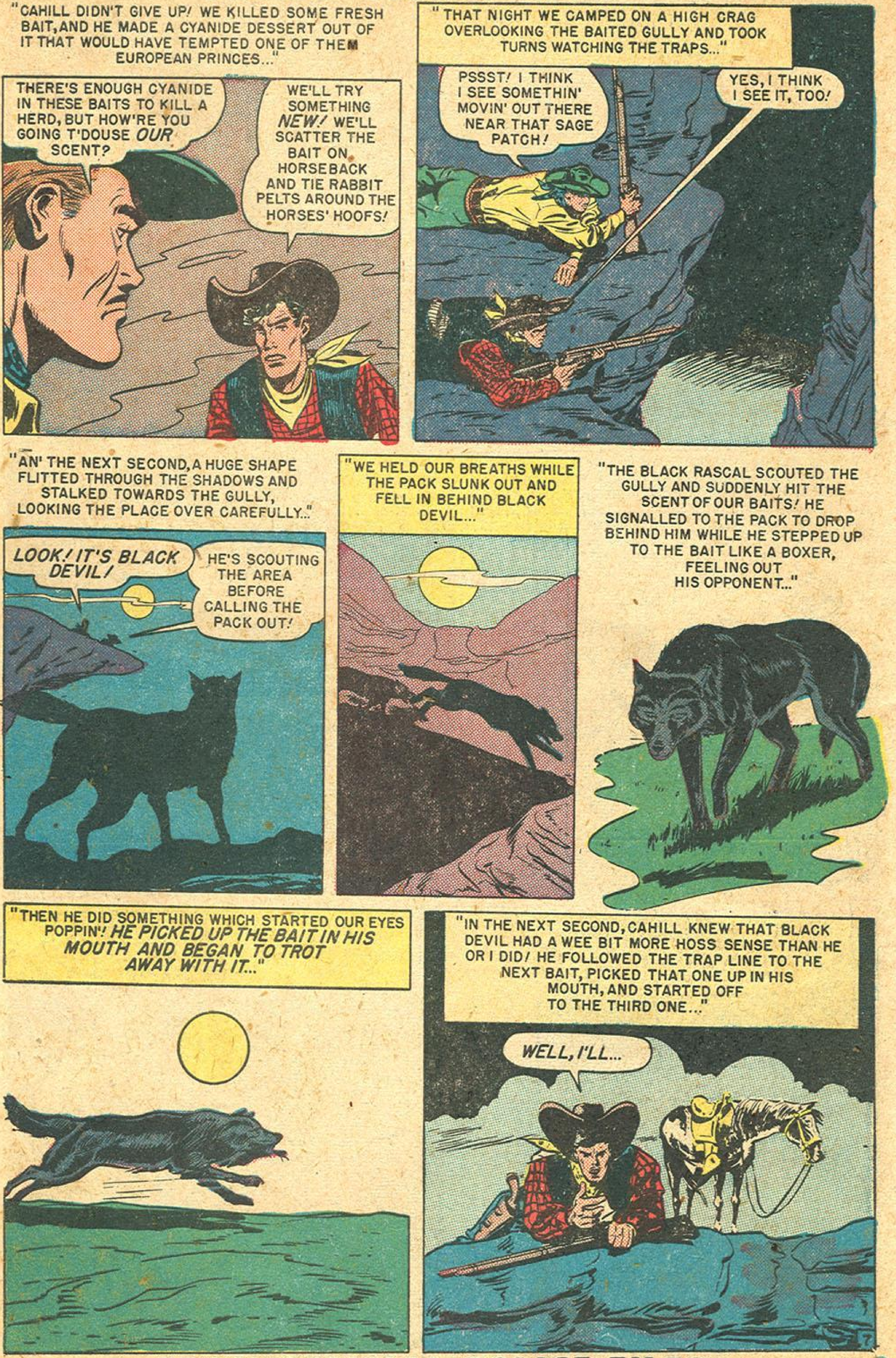

" HE AND HIS PACK PADDED SILENTLY ACROSS THE PLAINS, AVOIDING THE MASSED HERD OF GRAZING CATTLE, AS THEY HEADED BRAZENLY TOWARDS THE SLEEPING RANCH..."

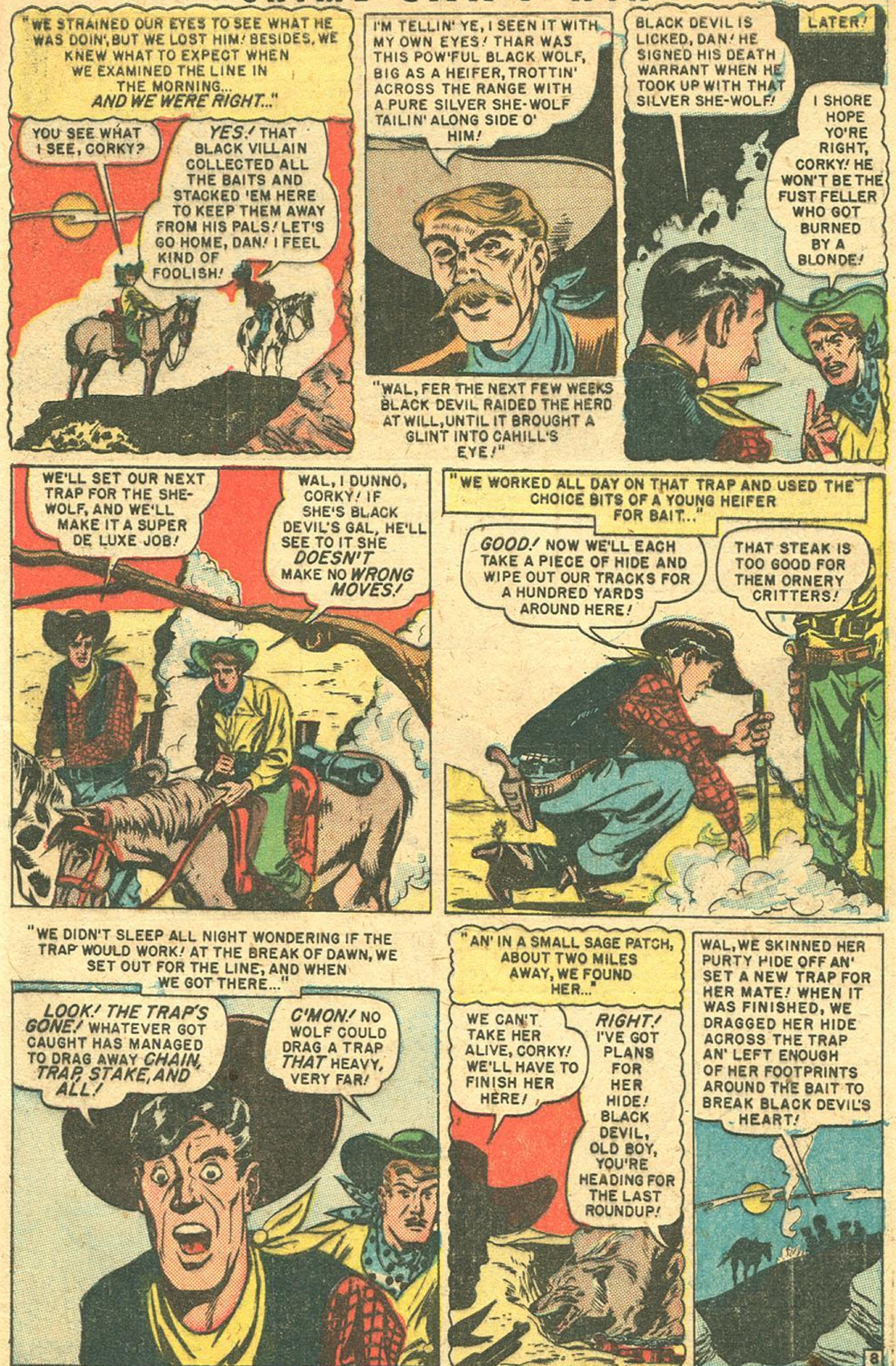

"WAL, NEXT MORNIN' CAHILL AND ME STOOD STARIN' AT THE MESS THEM DEVILS HAD LEFT! I HEARD HIM SWEAR SOFTLY UNDER HIS BREATH..."
WELL, I'LL BE... THEY *KILLED* THE PONIES AND DIDN'T TOUCH A *DROP* OF THE MEAT!
IT'S *BLACK DEVIL'S* WORK, ALL RIGHT! THEY KILLED THEM HOSSES OUT OF SHEER ORNERYNESS!

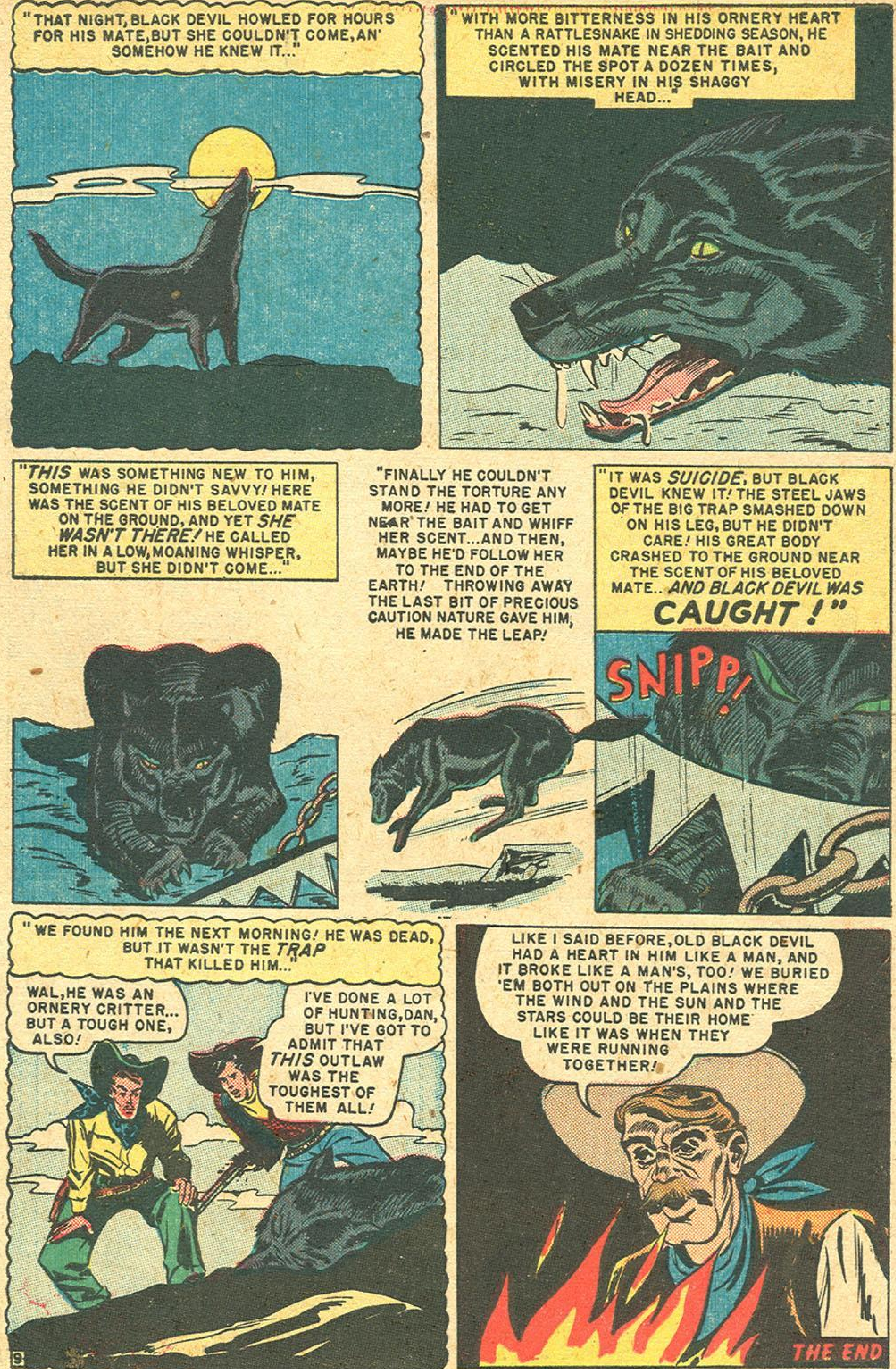

I'VE TACKLED EVERY SPECIES OF WOLF IN NORTH AMERICA, BUT I'VE *NEVER* SEEN ANYTHING LIKE *THIS!* LOOK HERE! THIS PRINT MEASURES A FULL THREE INCHES *LARGER* THAN THE *BIGGEST* WOLF I'VE *EVER* SEEN!


AN' I WARRANT *BLACK DEVIL* STRETCHES A FULL *SIX AND ONE HALF FEET FROM NOSE TO TAIL!*


"NEXT MORNING, LOADED DOWN WITH STEEL TRAPS AND POISON, WE SET OUT FOR A TWO WEEK HUNT..."
THE TRAIL OF THE PACK IS PRETTY CLEAR! THEY'RE HEADING TO THE GULLY OUT YONDER!
WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN THE HILLS! THINK WE OUGHT TO STICK TO THE PLAINS!
"I SHOT A BIG JACK RABBIT AND THEN WATCHED CAHILL SET THE TRAP! HE WORKED LIKE AN EXPERT, USING A NEW TYPE STAKE AND CHAIN SETUP..."
WE'LL SET A DOZEN OF OF THESE TRAPS IN A CIRCLE AND PUT THE BAIT IN THE CENTER! I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW TYPE OF TRAP SETTING TECHNIQUE WHICH HARDLY EVER MISSES!
"WHEN THE TRAPS WERE SET, AND BURIED UNDER SOME BRUSH, CAHILL TOOK THE JACK AND SPREAD HIS SCENT AROUND THE AREA..."
HOW ABOUT OUR OWN SCENTS? HE'LL BE SURE TO PICK US UP WHEN HE HITS THE SCENT OF THE JACK!
WE'LL FIX *THAT*, TOO! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL DEODORANT WHICH WILL MAKE OUR SCENT SMELL LIKE A TENDERLOIN STEAK TO OLD BLACK DEVIL!
"CAHILL SEEMED TO PUT HIMSELF IN THE PLACE OF A WOLF, THINKIN' WHAT A WOLF WOULD EAT, WHAT HE'D DO AND WHAT HE'D THINK..."
WAL, RECKON *THAT* DOES IT, EH?
YEP! WE'LL CAMP ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM HERE AND CHECK THE TRAPS IN A DAY OR SO!
"WAL, WE TOOK IT EASY FOR A FEW DAYS, GAVE BLACK DEVIL PLENTY OF TIME TO HANG HIMSELF BUT WHEN WE GOT BACK TO THE TRAPS...
WH-WHEW! I'VE SEEN *EVERYTHING!*
(GULP!) THEM THIEVIN' *VARMINTS! THEY SPRUNG THE TRAPS AND STOLE THE BAIT!* BUT *HOW* DID THEY DO IT? THEM TRAPS WAS SET IN A *CIRCLE!*
Y'KNOW WHAT THAT CLEVER RASCAL DID? HE SPOTTED THE TRAPS AND STEPPED OVER EACH ONE INTO THE CIRCLE, STOLE THE BAIT, AND *BACKED OUT IN HIS OWN FOOTSTEPS!*
THEN HE UNCOVERED THE TRAPS TO KEEP THE PACK FROM GETTIN' CAUGHT! CORKY, YOU'RE GOING TO *HAVE TO LEARN MORE TRICKS THAN BLACK DEVIL!*
6


"CAHILL DIDN'T GIVE UP! WE KILLED SOME FRESH BAIT, AND HE MADE A CYANIDE DESSERT OUT OF IT THAT WOULD HAVE TEMPTED ONE OF THEM EUROPEAN PRINCES..."
THERE'S ENOUGH CYANIDE IN THESE BAITS TO KILL A HERD, BUT HOW'RE YOU GOING T'DOUSE *OUR* SCENT?
WE'LL TRY SOMETHING *NEW!* WE'LL SCATTER THE BAIT ON HORSEBACK AND TIE RABBIT PELTS AROUND THE HORSES' HOOFS!
"THAT NIGHT WE CAMPED ON A HIGH CRAG OVERLOOKING THE BAITED GULLY AND TOOK TURNS WATCHING THE TRAPS..."
PSSST! I THINK I SEE SOMETHIN' MOVIN' OUT THERE NEAR THAT SAGE PATCH!
YES, I THINK I SEE IT, TOO!
"AN' THE NEXT SECOND, A HUGE SHAPE FLITTED THROUGH THE SHADOWS AND STALKED TOWARDS THE GULLY, LOOKING THE PLACE OVER CAREFULLY..."
LOOK! IT'S BLACK DEVIL!
HE'S SCOUTING THE AREA BEFORE CALLING THE PACK OUT!
"WE HELD OUR BREATHS WHILE THE PACK SLUNK OUT AND FELL IN BEHIND BLACK DEVIL..."
"THE BLACK RASCAL SCOUTED THE GULLY AND SUDDENLY HIT THE SCENT OF OUR BAITS! HE SIGNALLED TO THE PACK TO DROP BEHIND HIM WHILE HE STEPPED UP TO THE BAIT LIKE A BOXER, FEELING OUT HIS OPPONENT..."
"THEN HE DID SOMETHING WHICH STARTED OUR EYES POPPIN'! *HE PICKED UP THE BAIT IN HIS MOUTH AND BEGAN TO TROT AWAY WITH IT...*"
"IN THE NEXT SECOND, CAHILL KNEW THAT BLACK DEVIL HAD A WEE BIT MORE HOSS SENSE THAN HE OR I DID! HE FOLLOWED THE TRAP LINE TO THE NEXT BAIT, PICKED THAT ONE UP IN HIS MOUTH, AND STARTED OFF TO THE THIRD ONE..."
WELL, I'LL...


"WE STRAINED OUR EYES TO SEE WHAT HE WAS DOIN', BUT WE LOST HIM! BESIDES, WE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN WE EXAMINED THE LINE IN THE MORNING... *AND WE WERE RIGHT...*"
YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, CORKY?
YES! THAT BLACK VILLAIN COLLECTED ALL THE BAITS AND STACKED 'EM HERE TO KEEP THEM AWAY FROM HIS PALS! LET'S GO HOME, DAN! I FEEL KIND OF FOOLISH!
I'M TELLIN' YE, I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES! THAR WAS THIS POW'FUL BLACK WOLF, BIG AS A HEIFER, TROTTIN' ACROSS THE RANGE WITH A PURE SILVER SHE-WOLF TAILIN' ALONG SIDE O' HIM!
"WAL, FER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS BLACK DEVIL RAIDED THE HERD AT WILL, UNTIL IT BROUGHT A GLINT INTO CAHILL'S EYE!"
LATER!
BLACK DEVIL IS LICKED, DAN! HE SIGNED HIS DEATH WARRANT WHEN HE TOOK UP WITH THAT SILVER SHE-WOLF!
I SHORE HOPE YO'RE RIGHT, CORKY! HE WON'T BE THE FUST FELLER WHO GOT BURNED BY A BLONDE!
WE'LL SET OUR NEXT TRAP FOR THE SHE-WOLF, AND WE'LL MAKE IT A SUPER DE LUXE JOB!
WAL, I DUNNO, CORKY! IF SHE'S BLACK DEVIL'S GAL, HE'LL SEE TO IT SHE *DOESN'T* MAKE NO *WRONG MOVES!*
"WE WORKED ALL DAY ON THAT TRAP AND USED THE CHOICE BITS OF A YOUNG HEIFER FOR BAIT..."
GOOD! NOW WE'LL EACH TAKE A PIECE OF HIDE AND WIPE OUT OUR TRACKS FOR A HUNDRED YARDS AROUND HERE!
THAT STEAK IS TOO GOOD FOR THEM ORNERY CRITTERS!
"WE DIDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT WONDERING IF THE TRAP WOULD WORK! AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, WE SET OUT FOR THE LINE, AND WHEN WE GOT THERE..."
LOOK! THE TRAP'S GONE! WHATEVER GOT CAUGHT HAS MANAGED TO DRAG AWAY *CHAIN, TRAP, STAKE, AND ALL!*
C'MON! NO WOLF COULD DRAG A TRAP *THAT* HEAVY, VERY FAR!
"AN' IN A SMALL SAGE PATCH, ABOUT TWO MILES AWAY, WE FOUND HER..."
WE CAN'T TAKE HER ALIVE, CORKY! WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH HER HERE!
RIGHT! I'VE GOT PLANS FOR HER HIDE! BLACK DEVIL, OLD BOY, YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE LAST ROUNDUP!
WAL, WE SKINNED HER PURTY HIDE OFF AN' SET A NEW TRAP FOR HER MATE! WHEN IT WAS FINISHED, WE DRAGGED HER HIDE ACROSS THE TRAP AN' LEFT ENOUGH OF HER FOOTPRINTS AROUND THE BAIT TO BREAK BLACK DEVIL'S HEART!
8


"THAT NIGHT, BLACK DEVIL HOWLED FOR HOURS FOR HIS MATE, BUT SHE COULDN'T COME, AN' SOMEHOW HE KNEW IT..."
"WITH MORE BITTERNESS IN HIS ORNERY HEART THAN A RATTLESNAKE IN SHEDDING SEASON, HE SCENTED HIS MATE NEAR THE BAIT AND CIRCLED THE SPOT A DOZEN TIMES, WITH MISERY IN HIS SHAGGY HEAD..."
"*THIS* WAS SOMETHING NEW TO HIM, SOMETHING HE DIDN'T SAVVY! HERE WAS THE SCENT OF HIS BELOVED MATE ON THE GROUND, AND YET *SHE WASN'T THERE!* HE CALLED HER IN A LOW, MOANING WHISPER, BUT SHE DIDN'T COME..."
"FINALLY HE COULDN'T STAND THE TORTURE ANY MORE! HE HAD TO GET NEAR THE BAIT AND WHIFF HER SCENT...AND THEN, MAYBE HE'D FOLLOW HER TO THE END OF THE EARTH! THROWING AWAY THE LAST BIT OF PRECIOUS CAUTION NATURE GAVE HIM, HE MADE THE LEAP!
"IT WAS *SUICIDE*, BUT BLACK DEVIL KNEW IT! THE STEEL JAWS OF THE BIG TRAP SMASHED DOWN ON HIS LEG, BUT HE DIDN'T CARE! HIS GREAT BODY CRASHED TO THE GROUND NEAR THE SCENT OF HIS BELOVED MATE.. *AND BLACK DEVIL WAS* **CAUGHT!"**
SNIPP!
"WE FOUND HIM THE NEXT MORNING! HE WAS DEAD, BUT IT WASN'T THE *TRAP* THAT KILLED HIM..."
WAL, HE WAS AN ORNERY CRITTER... BUT A TOUGH ONE, ALSO!
I'VE DONE A LOT OF HUNTING, DAN, BUT I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT *THIS* OUTLAW WAS THE TOUGHEST OF THEM ALL!
LIKE I SAID BEFORE, OLD BLACK DEVIL HAD A HEART IN HIM LIKE A MAN, AND IT BROKE LIKE A MAN'S, TOO! WE BURIED 'EM BOTH OUT ON THE PLAINS WHERE THE WIND AND THE SUN AND THE STARS COULD BE THEIR HOME LIKE IT WAS WHEN THEY WERE RUNNING TOGETHER!
8
THE END

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STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

Most of the philatelic information which has appeared in this department recently has related to stamps being issued by the United States. That is not surprising, because the deluge of U. S. issues which began in January has continued uninterruptedly—until now it is certain that Uncle Sam's 1948 postal program calls for at least 29 stamps; and who knows but that there will be still others?

In addition to the ones previously noted in these columns, the Post Office Department either committed itself, or was directed either by Congress or President Truman, to the following before 1948 closed:

(1) A 3c purple honoring William Allen White (1868-1944), Emporia, Kansas, newspaper editor. Released on July 31, it bears his portrait.

(2) A 3c commemorating "Youth Month" (September). This was issued on Aug. 11 and pictures a girl and a boy walking with books under their arms, and "Saluting Young America" is inscribed.

(3) Honoring Juliette Gordon Lowe (1860-1927), who in 1912 organized the Girl Scouts of America.

(4) Honoring Moina Michael (1870-1944), who in 1918 originated the Flanders Field Poppy Day idea on behalf of disabled veterans and their dependents.

(5) Honoring Gold Star Mothers. A September release.

(6) For the semicentenary of the organizing of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

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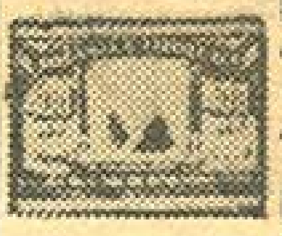
31 WASHINGTON STAMPS



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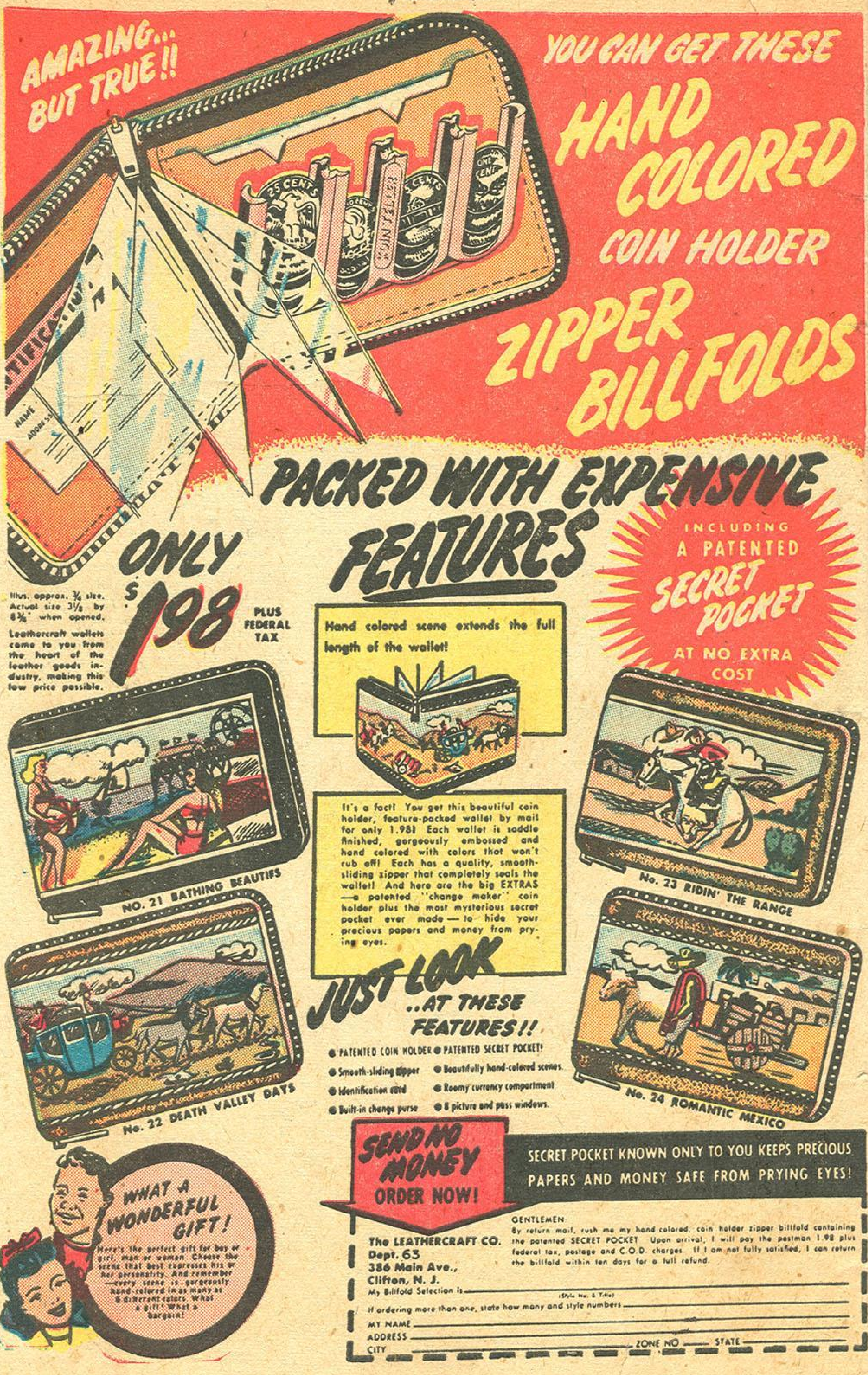

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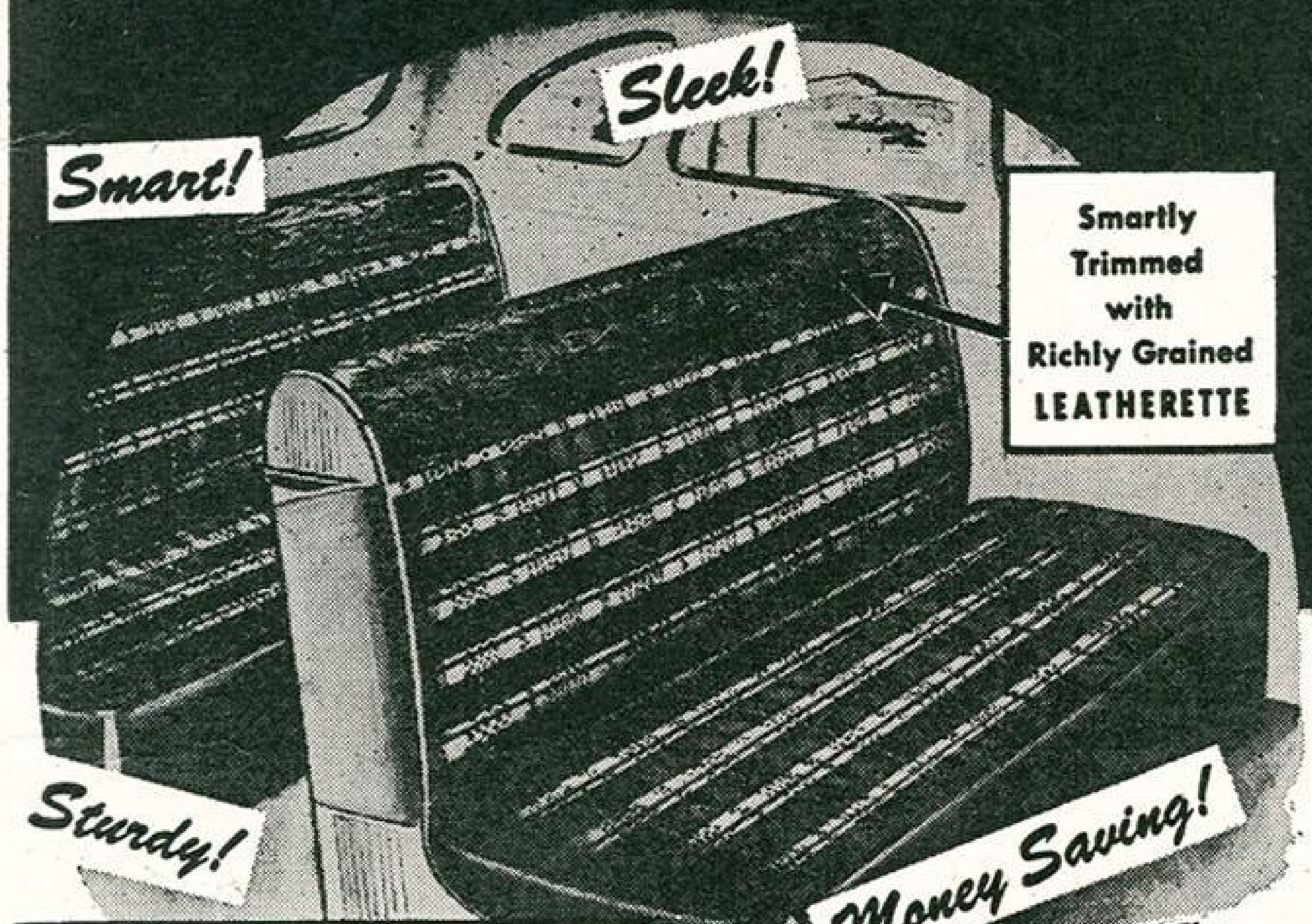
Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS

Way Below Retail!


Smart!
Sleek!
Smartly Trimmed with Richly Grained LEATHERETTE
Sturdy!
Money Saving!

ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME MATERIAL USED IN COVERS SELLING UP TO $25!

Our direct-factory prices offer you tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger! More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in quality, smart styling and value. Stunning plaid designs in softly harmonious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto Seat Cover is carefully finished with elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit. Just the handsome, thoroughbred accent of elegance your car deserves.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely 100% satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.

$3.98 FOR COUPE OR FRONT SEAT

$7.95 COMPLETE SET OF COVERS FOR SEDAN OR COACH

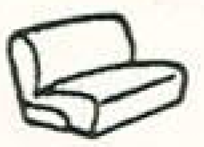
JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make Auto—New or Old Models

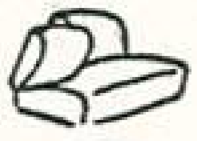
FORD
PLYMOUTH
DODGE
CHRYSLER
PONTIAC
MERCURY
WILLYS
PACKARD
FRAZER
CADILLAC
LA SALLE
CHEVROLET
DeSOTO
NASH
TERRAPLANE
STUDEBAKER
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
HUDSON
KAISER
LINCOLN
LAFAYETTE

EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

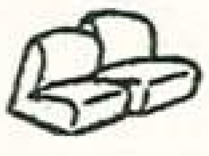
Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door sedan—front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe



2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE BY MAIL

Our Factory-to-You Prices Mean Guaranteed Savings

SEND NO MONEY

GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. B.Z
2483 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee.

☐ complete front & back covers..$7.95 My car is a 19___ Make_____
☐ front seat cover only........ 3.98 ☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3
☐ back seat cover only........ 3.98 ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door
☐ Rush postpaid ... $______enclosed ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage

Name____________________
(please print)

Address____________________

City__________ Zone_____ State_____

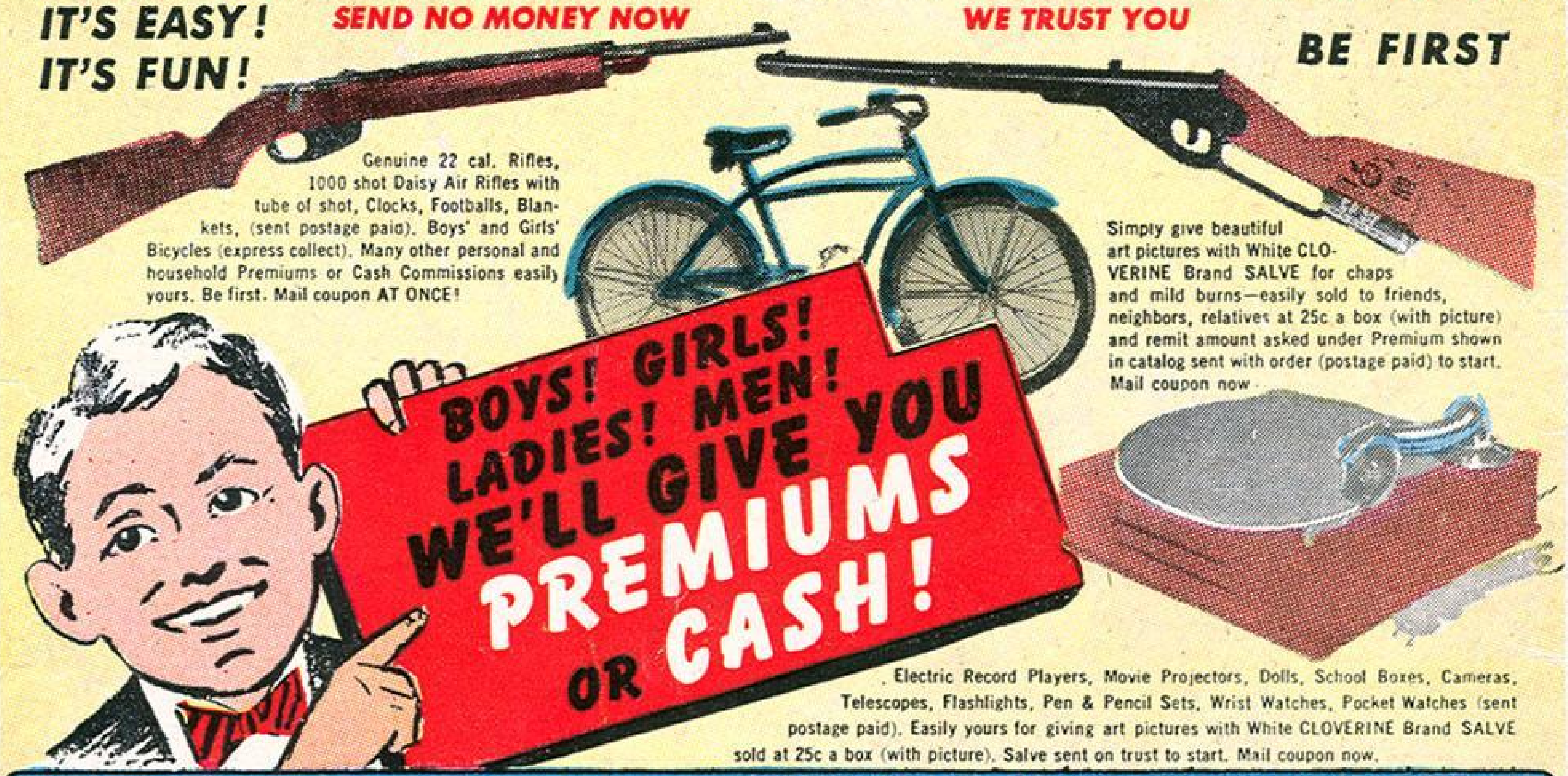
☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at $1.00 per set.
☐ Wedge cushion to match. $1.00.

GAYLARK PRODUCTS 2483 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

GIVEN! ACT NOW MAIL COUPON GIVEN!

SEND NO MONEY NOW **WE TRUST YOU**

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! **BE FIRST**

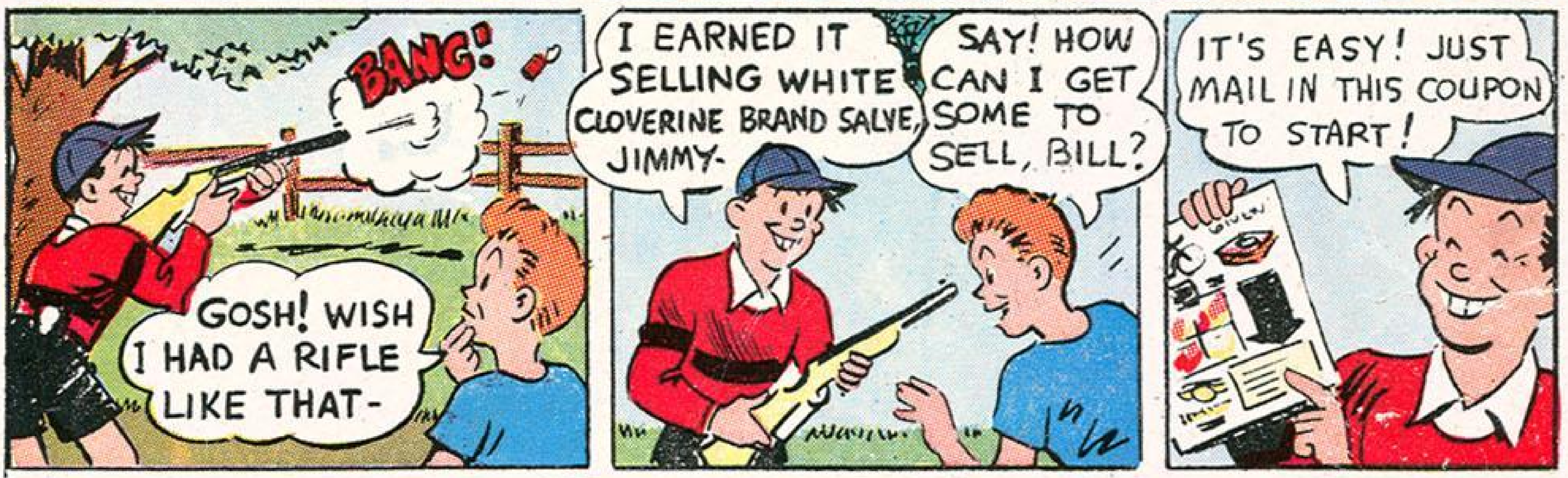

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES! MEN!
WE'LL GIVE YOU
PREMIUMS
OR CASH!

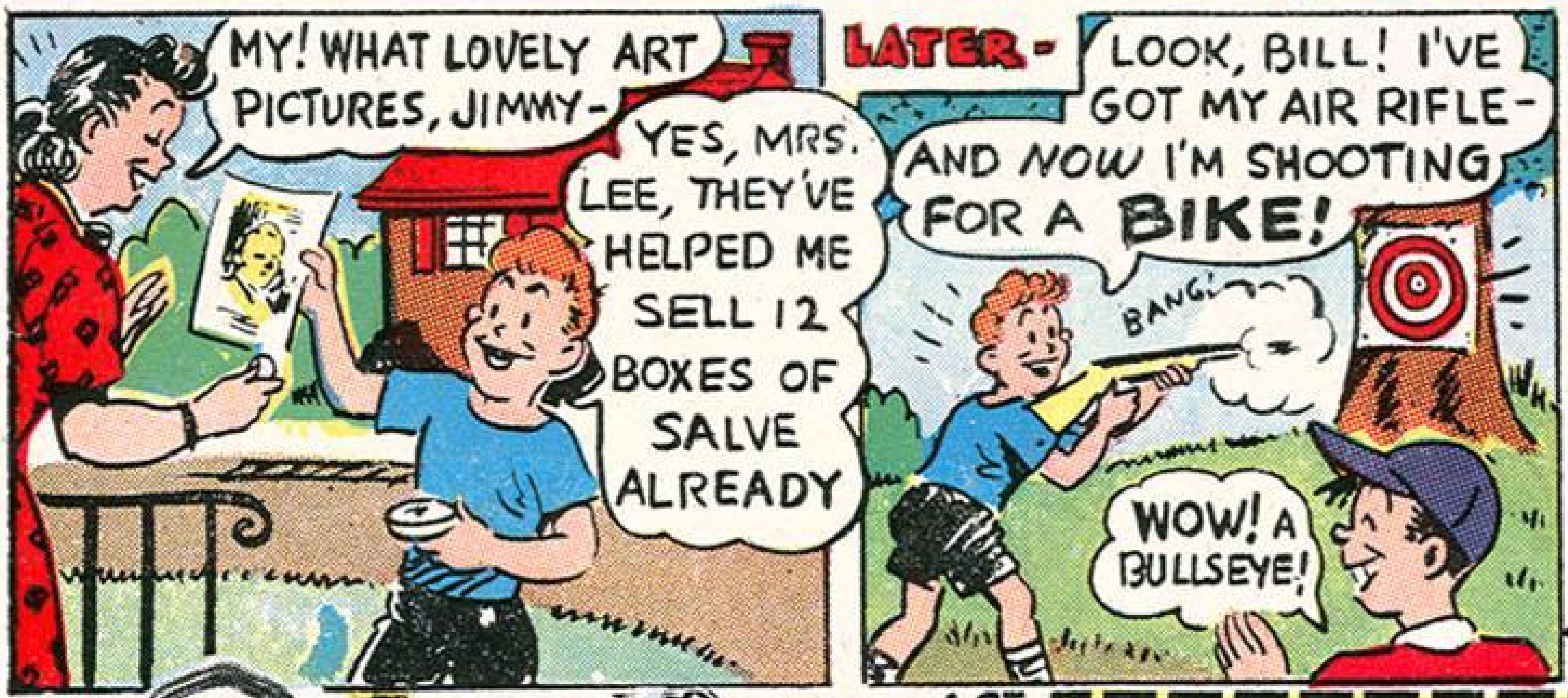
Genuine 22 cal. Rifles, 1000 shot Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, (sent postage paid). Boys' and Girls' Bicycles (express collect). Many other personal and household Premiums or Cash Commissions easily yours. Be first. Mail coupon AT ONCE!

Simply give beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns—easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order (postage paid) to start. Mail coupon now

Electric Record Players, Movie Projectors, Dolls, School Boxes, Cameras, Telescopes, Flashlights, Pen & Pencil Sets, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Easily yours for giving art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture). Salve sent on trust to start. Mail coupon now.

JIMMY FINDS A WAY TO MAKE HIS WISHES COME TRUE!


BANG!
GOSH! WISH I HAD A RIFLE LIKE THAT-
I EARNED IT SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, JIMMY-
SAY! HOW CAN I GET SOME TO SELL, BILL?
IT'S EASY! JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON TO START!


MY! WHAT LOVELY ART PICTURES, JIMMY-
YES, MRS. LEE, THEY'VE HELPED ME SELL 12 BOXES OF SALVE ALREADY
LATER-
LOOK, BILL! I'VE GOT MY AIR RIFLE- AND NOW I'M SHOOTING FOR A BIKE!
BANG!
WOW! A BULLSEYE!

DOZENS OF VALUABLE PREMIUMS IN OUR BIG CATALOG

Rifles — Watches — Footballs — Dolls — School-Boxes—Pen & Pencil Sets Flashlights — Telescopes Blankets — Towels Aluminum Ware — Movie Machines.

MAIL COUPON NOW

ACT NOW
ACT NOW

NO MONEY NOW! WE TRUST YOU

Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid) now easily yours. Simply give colorful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit amount asked for under Premium in catalog sent with order to start. Mail Coupon Now.

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. M-148 Tyrone, Pa., Date..........

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name.................................Age..........

St.................................RD.................Box..........

Town.................................Zone No.............State..........

Print Last Name Here ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope today.

Comics downloaded from the website

Newcomic.org

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www.comicsall.net